

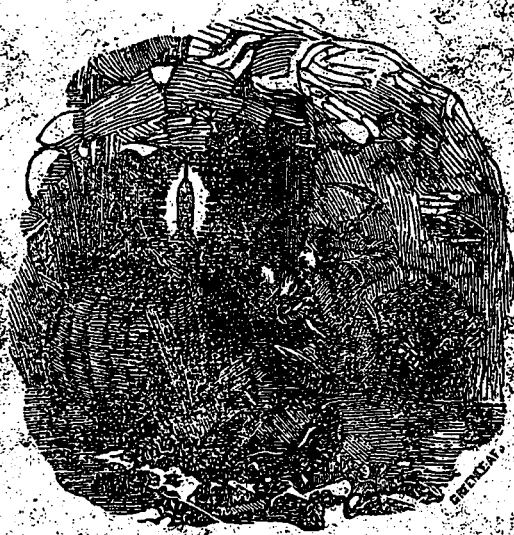
Pages Missing

John Burleigh

VOL. I.

NO. VI.

THE
CANADIAN GEM
AND
FAMILY VISITOR
JUNE



COBBOURG, C. W.

EDITED BY JOSEPH H. LEONARD.

1848.

TERMS, \$1 a year, in advance; 6s. 3d. at 3 months, and
7s. 6d. where payment is delayed 6 months.

VIEWS IN MEXICO.



View of Point Isabel.



Private Residence in Matamoros.



FRAGARIA VESCA.

BY HENRY M. PARSONS.

As the floral disk of the morning flower,
Turns aye to the sun in its onward course;
As the strawberry, blossoms where glaciers tower,
Or the gentle streamlet derives its source,
Thus constant, the light of the truth we should trace,
Nor shrink from a rugged or even obscure way,
If duty should clearly appoint us a place,
Where toil is our portion through life's transient day.

THE
CANADIAN GEM

AND

FAMILY VISITOR.

JUNE, 1848.

Original.

ANCIENT ATHENS.

ST. PAUL'S VISIT THERE IN THE FIRST CENTURY.—NOVELTY.

BY J. H. JOHNSON.

(Continued.)

3. But the love of change is not confined to the *political* world. It has descended into the affairs of *social life*, marred the peace of the *domestic* circle, and penetrated even the sanctuary of the Lord. The Athenian method of spending time "in nothing else but either to tell or to hear some new thing," is at this very day so punctually observed throughout the community, that the ordinary concerns of life are neglected and other great sacrifices made to indulge in the practice. As the men of Athens did when the Apostle visited them, so do people now leave their several avocations, and collect to hear something *novel*. The great facilities at present afforded in the way of news, by means of papers, periodicals, railways, telegraphs, &c. &c.,

however, give us a decided advantage over the Athenians; so that the Apostle's description of them is even more applicable to the *sober, religious* people of Christendom. In the very house of God, when men are assembled on the Sabbath day, we witness the practice under consideration. Thousands seem to love novelty only for *novelty's sake*.

As another proof of the prevalence of this disposition, we may refer to the universal salutation of neighbors which at present exists. Who on meeting with a friend now first inquires concerning his *spiritual* welfare? The question, "What's the news?"—is the first that falls upon the ear. A modern writer has well observed that, "It is a principle or established law in our nature, that whatever subject lies nearest our heart, and is interwoven with the affections, will be one of constant thought, and consequently, of spontaneous conversation." Tried by this rule, how awfully deficient, in genuine piety must those professed Christians be whose

whole conversation is sensual, earthly, destitute of religion! How different from those whose "conversation," St. Paul says, "is in heaven!" Such conduct places our holy religion in the background altogether, and renders it an object of mere secondary importance. It is emphatically being "ashamed of Jesus."

4. The success which has attended the work of *divisionists* and *religious speculators* in all ages, exhibits the love of novelty in another important phase. Various examples might be adduced of individuals who have arisen in the earlier as well as later history of the Church, and drawn multitudes after them. The rapidity of their progress in such work is doubtless attributable in a great degree to the extreme folly of that class of persons who are more immediately vulnerable to their insinuations. The mental constitution of some people is such as to render them extremely sensitive on religious subjects, and they are easily gulled by evil and designing men. It is, moreover, a lamentable fact that the success of these ephemeral schemes argues the grossest ignorance of a considerable portion of the Christian world. Among religious enthusiasts, a system obtains place only in proportion to its *extravagance*; and a story gains credence in a direct ratio to its *improbability*.

Dr. Franklin in his autobiography has furnished us with an example of what a man's motives *may* be in originating a new sect. It was proposed to him by one Keimer, a printer, with whom he resided, to unite in the establishment of a new religion on the basis of tenets which Keimer had long entertained. "He was

to propagate the doctrine by preaching," says Franklin, "and I to refute every opponent. When he explained to me his tenets, I found many absurdities which I refused to admit, unless he would agree in turn to adopt some of my opinions.— Keimer wore his beard long, because Moses had somewhere said, 'Thou shalt not mar the corners of thy beard.' He likewise observed the Sabbath; and these were with him two very essential points. I disliked them both; but I consented to adopt them, provided he would agree to abstain from animal food."* On experiment, it was found that the printer's appetite was too voracious to be satiated with the vegetable diet to which Franklin was from habit attached. The projected religion, therefore, fell through; but the anecdote shows how the mind of man can trifle with things of the most awful moment. Had these men been *both* successful in their self-experiment, there might have been, even at this day, a *Franklin-Keimeritish* sect, with numerous divisions and sub-divisions, to swell the number of religious societies of the civilized world!! It cannot be reasonably doubted that similar impositions upon human credulity have been of common occurrence.

The individuals deceived are those whom the Apostle describes as not being "able to endure sound doctrine, but who appropriate to themselves teachers having itching ears." The practice of these "teachers" is to work upon the passions and mistaken views of their hearers, who thus become ensnared in their meshes. Witness, for example, the propagators of

* Wilson's Life of Eminent Characters—p. 34.

the Mormon and Millerite heresies, who have gone forth feeding the gaping multitude with the absurdities which their own disordered imaginations have called into being. The cause of the spreading of these delusions to such an enormous extent may be clearly traced to its source.

Curiosity first led the people to hear; the love of *novelty* caused dissatisfaction with the simple truths of the gospel; and the desire of "new things" induced them to enter the labarynths of an unexplored fanaticism. Fatal delusions! how many thousands of well-meaning immortals have rushed headlong into your yawning gulfs! This direful passion, this propensity to experiment in the human bosom, has destroyed, by the unlucky blindness of its operations and the reckless impetuosity of its course, millions of human souls! We verily believe that this accursed thirst for novelty is one great cause of the religious dearth of which Christians now so generally complain. It is this that has mainly contributed to bring barrenness upon the Church. God's people sought novelty with so great avidity, that he has in a measure left them to be cloyed with "new things." For plain gospel truths men seem now to have very little wish. Like the Athenians, crowds can everywhere assemble to hear a discourse, provided the speaker be a *stranger* and have "some *new thing*" to declare.

The reader will distinguish here between a more intimate *acquaintance with scripture truth*, and a *new revelation*.—The former is attainable; of the latter there is no occasion. I readily admit that every attentive student of Inspiration *new ideas* will often occur; but a novel

doctrine which, if admitted, would un-Christianize the world and undo the work of centuries, needs not to be investigated to be rejected. The doctrines of the Bible are the doctrines of reason, and they should be rationally investigated. "Ignorance is assuredly *not* the mother of devotion." The words of Deborah and Barak, Judg. v, 5, are applicable to many: "They chose *new gods*; then was there war in the gates." Many make a "god" of every "new thing" which falls under their observation. Thus they, "spend" most of their available "time."

St. Paul visited Athens at a time when new sects were rising; every system of philosophy, in the absence of a revelation, was another theory of worship; and new teachers were rising up, almost daily.—There were readily found disciples to follow each leader in succession. And such disciples are common. A few years ago, I heard an individual remark that he was *born* a Presbyterian, but having fallen in with the Baptists, he was induced to forsake the Church of his fathers and unite with them. Soon after, he heard the Congregationalists, and entered their communion. "I *thought*," said he, "that *each* sect was right when I first heard its doctrines and form of Church-government expounded; but when I afterwards became a Methodist, I *knew* I had got into the *only true Church!*" But a few months, however, elapsed before this same man became a Mormon prophet!! I have not heard from him since; but I presume he is ready to join whatever *new system* may be introduced to his notice. Alas! this is an unfortunate state of mind. The soul without any fixed principles is

like a rudderless ship at sea, exposed to be shattered upon the rocks, and left to the mercy of every opposing billow.—The mania for novelty, if indulged in, will ensure its ultimate destruction.

It is true that this disposition in all probability was the immediate occasion of ensuring to St. Paul at Athens a large audience; but it is none the less reprehensible on that account. It was overruled by God for good;—besides, the very feeling it engendered led the people to look upon the Apostle as only another philosopher, whose opinions they were at liberty to receive or reject, as suited their convenience. So that this Athenian passion has in fact no excuse.

Vancouver Hill, June, 1848.

CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.

WHAT CONSTITUTES TRUE HAPPINESS IN THE CONJUGAL STATE.

BY REV. A. A. LIPSCOMB.

One of the most serious errors that can occupy the mind, is that which regards marriage as an end in itself. Such is not a correct view of this important relation. If it be so contemplated, each party will inevitably feel that nothing more remains to be effected. The object was possession; that secured, all vigilance of thought ceases—the disposition to please vanishes—affection relapses into indifference, and kind-hearted attentions become unknown. The true idea of marriage is, that it is a means, and not an end—Providence designed it to sustain this character. If it have most responsible duties—if it bring the most solemn of all engagements, it is with reference to our happiness; and, consequently, wedded bliss is only to be sought in the faithful discharge of wedded obligations. The affectionate hus-

band and wife virtually separate themselves, in a measure, from the outer world, and covenant before God to promote each other's pleasure. The first and last sentiment should be, that they are to be a mutual blessing. To look to the external world for their happiness—seek it in the crowded saloon—to repair to the next neighbor's to find it, is a sacrifice of the great principle on which such a union is based. Let the parties be thrown upon themselves for pleasure, and marriage will be constantly viewed as a means to secure it. Everything will be avoided that would tend to mar domestic tranquillity. The business of each day will be to remove all grounds of irritation—to soothe the asperities of temper—to cultivate increasing nearness of relation, and to form their own natures in the same mould. Married persons should ever remember that their happiness hangs on the perpetuation of those sentiments and feelings which originally drew them together. The interesting days that preceded their union ought to be unceasingly lived over and over, until their spirit becomes the spirit of life. Who can recur to those moments, when love had been but recently enshrined in the heart, when fancy had but one image before her vision—when memory was lost in hope, and hope merged in the certainties of reality, and not realize that the past has a wondrous power over human emotions? Blissful was the prelude season, bright and beautiful like the days that steal upon us in the wintry time as sweet harbingers of the soft spring. Anxiety quickened the play of feeling, and affection, tender and ardent, made every heart-string give forth the richest melody.

The intensity of romance was equalled, without its follies; and the valor of chivalry was realized, without its vices.— Was there a moment then, when an unkind word would have been uttered?— Was there an hour, then, when the society of the chosen one would not have been preferable to any other fellowship. Let the married preserve those fervent feelings, generous sentiments, and noble principles—let them be corrected by experience and matured by wisdom—let them reign supreme in the bosom without changing into reserve and indifference, and it will be found, that, though flowers wither and foliage fades, the joys of the spirit have the element of immortality within them.

The respective spheres of husband and wife ought to be kept sacred by each other. Any attempt to destroy the line of separation between them will be succeeded by the same results that always follow an infringement of natural law. Each one has a prescribed part to perform. To vary from it, is to produce disorder. A meddling disposition is the bane of domestic comfort. It is invariably associated with narrow views and captious feelings. As a feeble member of the physical frame is ever drawing disease to itself, so this temper is continually attracting circumstances of peevish excitement. It has as many eyes as Argus, and they are all CROSS EYES, in a double sense.— A strict watch should be exercised over the mind, in respect to this besetment.— It grows so rapidly that it must be checked in its incipency. The strength of conscience must be made to bear upon it. The minds of numerous individuals are

so constituted that INFIRMITIES are not felt to be evils. Moral principle is, therefore, not called in to aid in their extermination. Strange fallacy of judgment.— Nothing is beyond the jurisdiction of conscience—nothing is unworthy of close attention, that involves correct sentiment and elevated feeling. A pin may destroy life as well as a dagger. A small substance in the eye may affect the sight.— We call these things insignificant; they are LITTLE matters. Are they, indeed? So much the greater blame is to be attached to us if they be suffered to distract domestic life. Are they LITTLE? Try to overcome them, and you will see that Omnipotence will have to aid you in the effort. The serenity of the fireside is seldom endangered by vice. Fortunately for the world, the most vicious of human creatures are not generally found in the bonds of marriage. Petty trifles form the trial and the exposure. The very things that public opinion cannot reach are the things that wreck the hopes of wedded blessedness. To have the entire control over them is an important feature in domestic culture.

If it be desirable to cherish an affectionate spirit, it is equally desirable to cultivate such manners as will accord with it. One has lived in the world to little purpose who has not observed the effect of agreeable behavior. Persons who have no other pretensions to recommend them often win their way through society by this means alone. However erroneous the criterion may be, there are but few who do not regard manners as expressive of character. A good temper and disagreeable manners are sometimes

Original.

H O M E.

Home is a place of quiet, where
 No broils should ever enter—
 A place where pure enjoyments are,
 And best affections centre.
 It is a place of sacred joy—
 A place of unfeign'd goodness;
 Where peace should dwell without alloy,
 And nought be found of rudeness.

For such a home the warrior sighs,
 When weary of the battle,
 To Heav'n he lifts imploring eyes,
 Amid the cannons rattle;—
 While dreams of homespent better days,
 Have thrown their spell around him;
 He quite forgets his meed of praise,
 So firmly they have bound him.

Or mark the weatherbeaten tar,
 When to his home returning;
 Though he can mount old Neptune's car,
 All fear and danger spurning—
 He thinks of Home and sheds a tear,
 O'er pleasure long departed,—
 Longer he cries, I'll stay not here,
 To sorrow broken hearted.

And e'en the miser o'er his gold,
 With half unmeaning glances,
 Sometimes recalls the days of old,
 As he through life advances:
 He thinks of youthful sports and glee,
 E'er by the gold dust blinded;—
 How light he skip'd upon the lea,
 Nor small privations minded.

The pirate with his bloody crew,
 Thinks of his home and quivers;
 For he has bade a long adieu,
 To those proud lakes and rivers,
 That intersperse his native land,
 Where innocence might wander,
 With lov'd and lov'ing hand in hand,
 And hearts be link'd the fonder.

The fell assassin, with his dart,
 Lest thoughts of Home should meet him;
 (For still methinks he has a heart,
 And friends that sometimes greet him;)

Quaffs from the bowl of liquid fire,
 To banish recollection,
 E'er he can satiate his ire,
 As he deems, to perfection.

The drunkard laughing o'er his bowl,
 A moment seems to ponder—
 What visions now enchain his soul,—
 And wherefore does he wander?
 'Tis visions of his own fireside,
 Where eyes now red with weeping,
 His absence mark, but scarcely chide—
 For love the watch is keeping.

Nor christians less remember home,
 While they as pilgrims weary,
 A far on mercy's mission roam,
 O'er deserts dark and dreary;—
 They hear perchance in faucy's dreams,
 The gentle voice that bless'd them
 And view once more the woods and stream
 Where loving ones caress'd them.

Home is a place methinks to all,
 The centre of attraction;
 Its joys the innocent recall,
 With heartfelt satisfaction,
 While at its pure and holy shrine,
 The conscious sinner trembles;
 Or 'neath a look almost Divine,
 His deep remorse dissembles.

The christian? yes for home he sighs,
 And longs to taste its pleasures;
 Then growing calm, he lifts his eyes,
 To view his heavenly treasures—
 "Welcome," he cries, "my griefs and tears,
 Though multipl'd by seven,
 I'd suffer on a few more years,
 And be at home in Heaven."

ANN.

VIRTUE.—Sincerely to aspire after virtue is to gain her, and zealously to labor after her wages, is to receive them.

"A rugged countenance often conceals the warmest heart; as the richest pearl sleeps in the roughest shell."

A D V E R S I T Y .

How the young fancies of an ardent mind
 Leap over cold realities and find
 Brightness and bliss unsullied, unalloyed,
 In everything:—O, how are they destroyed,
 When life, in all the soberness of truth,
 Blackens before them! how the hopes of youth
 Sicken and fade before the chilling eye
 Of a cold world, that feeds on misery!
 How droops the untaught heart, when first it learns
 Those it had loved were heartless; when it turns
 Towards a friend with warm and frank embrace,
 And meets suspicion in that altered face;
 When a loved voice, on the astonished ear,
 Pours forth hard censures, and rebukes the tear
 Raised with bitter taun when harmless acts
 Are laid before it as condemning facts,
 That prove it worthless; but howe'er it be
 In human thought—whatever man may see
 Or feign to see, of wrong in thee, do thou
 Stand firmly with a clear and open brow;
 Repose on thine own thoughts; whate'er men say,
 If thou canst calmly think, and sleep, and pray;
 With deep sincerity, there's nought to fear
 Beyond the suffering heaped upon thee here;
 Let human kind despise thee as they will,
 Droop not, sad heart, thy God protects thee still.

S O N N E T .

There is a bondage which is worse to bear
 Than his who breathes, by roof, by floor, and wall,
 Pent in, a Tyrant's solitary Thrall:
 'Tis his who walks about in the open air,
 One of a Nation who, henceforth, must wear
 Their fetters in their Souls. For who could be,
 Who, even the best, in such condition, free
 From self-reproach, reproach which we must share
 With Human nature? Never be it ours
 To see the Sun how brightly it will shine,
 And know that noble feelings, manly powers,
 Instead of gathering strength, must droop and pine.
 And earth, with all her pleasant fruits and flowers
 Fade and participate in man's decline.

From the London Monthly Magazine.

RECOLLECTIONS OF LUNDY'S LANE.

The sun had just passed his meridional altitude and was blazing in his full glory, in one of those clear cerulean skies which I had never seen equalled, except in some other portions of the North American continent. The native forests, which bounded on two sides the farm of Lundy's Lane, lay lonely and motionless; and save for the noise caused by the rapid motion of the wings of some beautiful little humming bird, fluttering occasionally from flower to flower in the foliage of the majestic and blossoming jilip tree, or the hum of the laborious bee, among the buds and blossoms of the sugar maple, all was lifeless and still as the grave. The roar of the "mighty Niagara" disturbed not the still repose of the mid-day lassitude that seemed every where to reign, for its thunder become softened and subdued through the thick foliage of forests; and, although scarcely a mile distant from the Canadian shore of this mighty contract, had it not been for the immense column of spray rolling upwards to a vast height, and then forming into a stream of fantastic clouds, impelled by a gentle current of upper air, a stranger would never have supposed himself within one short mile of this unparalleled and tremendous fall of water.

The sun had not yet descended behind the gentle summit of Lundy's farm. The cattle had not yet returned to their evening pasture, nor the wild bee to its hive in the lightning scathed pine tree; but the green pasture was occupied by arm-

ed warriors, and the faint hum of the insect creation was drowned in the shrill tones of the fife, and the louder rattle of the battle drum. They were the valiant troops of my own sovereign, arrayed in that enchanting scarlet and white, and the blue cross of St. George fluttered proudly in each silken banner; and there were gay banners floating aloft, with the emblazoned names of many a stronghold secured in Spain, where their gallant supporters hardly earned their crowns of laurel, when they lent their proud name to adorn the living page of history.

The noise of the loud Niagara was lost amidst the incessant rattling of musketry and the frequent thundering of a battery of cannon which crowned the gentle eminence already mentioned; and the silvery column of spray was obscured in the dense sulphurous vapor which the awakening evening breeze rolled onward through the western woods.

As yet, no living enemy had appeared, and the fury of the assailants seemed to be wreaked on an unoffending and defenceless grove of oaks which lay northward from the centre of the farm. But ere long more formidable foes came; for there issued out of that oaken grove two compact columns of armed men, arrayed in dark blue uniforms, with many a gaily striped and star-spangled banner fluttering in the breeze; and notwithstanding the murderous and successive volleys of grape and musketry poured in against them by the British troops, these new comers, and they were Americans, boldly rushed forward to the very centre of their position. Long, doubtful and bloody was the struggle! The sun sank red and fi-

ery through the smoke of the battle guns; and when the last faint rays of evening twilight mellowed the splendor of the golden west, still the battle raged and various were the successes and hopes of the contending combatants. Victory never hovered more doubtfully over a well fought battle; both armies claimed her; but in fairness she belonged to neither.— It might with propriety be termed; what it really was, a drawn battle.

* * * * *

It was the long hour of midnight, and the scene had again changed; the pale moon hung her silvery crescent far over the eastern wilderness; while, ever and anon, her gentle face was veiled behind the fleecy clouds which were wafted along by the refreshed breeze across the blue vault of heaven; as if it were too painful a sight for her to behold the carnage that bestrewed the battle-field of Lundy's Lane. The loud bellowing of cannon, and the sharper rattling of musketry were heard no more. Lundy's farm was no longer the scene of hurried movements, rapid advances, desperate charges, and quick retreats, for the contending armies were nowhere to be seen. The affrighted herds had never returned to their wonted pasture, but both glade and upland were plentifully tenanted with the wounded, and the dying, and the dead. There was also a profusion of broken and useless arms along the skirts of the forest, and in the direction of the summit of the open plain where a few field pieces had been planted, and which still remained on the ground. Some of them were however disabled; some turned, as it were, pointing in the direction of

those who had deserted them; while others remained shotted, and ready to pour forth destruction upon whoever might approach them; but the late contending parties were gone. It seemed as if both armies, equally weary of the conflict, had simultaneously retreated, the Americans across the Chippewa river, and the British to their encampment on Queenston Heights. The night wind moaned mournfully through the foliage of the forest, and mingled with its murmurings, were heard the groans and supplications of the wounded and dying; the roar of the mighty cataract was heard more distinctly, as if in mockery of those whose parched lips would soon be livid in death, but who could yet hear its loud rumbling, and gladly would have given all that in this world they possessed, for one single draught of its pure but un pitying waters! Happy were they who heard it not—their sufferings were over; but many, very many, there were that must welter in their gore, until after the morning sun should have tinged the tall pine tree with splendor and beauty.

* * * * *

The morning came, and the sun arose in unclouded glory, as if to exhibit more fully the destruction which had been wrought during the preceding night.— Lundy's farm was one scene of desolation and death! The ripening crops which had gladdened the husbandman's heart, for they promised a rich harvest, were entirely swept away.

The fences were all thrown down and levelled with the ground, and the farm-buildings were perforated with a thousand bullets. The farm-house was occupied, not with the affrighted family, for they

had not ventured to return, but with the advanced guard of the British army, come not to slaughter but to save—they had returned to administer relief to the wounded, and to dig graves for the fallen brave.

Never is the British soldier's generosity so conspicuous as after a hard fought battle; for it is then he treats his vanquished foe as he would an unfortunate friend, sharing alike with each, those kind offices and attentions which situation and circumstances admit of, and that was a day to task his best feelings, for there was no lack of objects to claim his sympathy and aid. On no part of the field of battle did death appear to have been measured out so prodigally, as in that part of the woods where the British cannon were at the first onset, observed to play; for it was through this grove the Americans advanced to the attack, and after repeated charges, valorously made on the British lines, even to and past the cannon's mouth, as repeatedly fell back on this fated ground, charged, in turn, by our own troops into the bosom of the forest. Here, at the head of the pursuing party, fell, mortally wounded, the young and gallant Moorsom. Brief, but brilliant, was his path to glory; the bloom of youth barely ripened into manhood when this last act of his many battles ended his mortal career. Near him lay stretched in death the commander of a brave brigade of Americans, who like a trusty soldier, had been the last to retreat before the advancing foe. They sleep in the same grave, which was dug at the foot a tall acacia tree, which, though wounded and rent by many a cannon ball on the fatal night, will survive yet for unnumbered years

and annually give forth its fragrant and graceful blossoms, as a tribute in memory of the virtue of those who slumber in peace beneath its silent shade.

THE STEPMOTHER.

Well, I will try and love her, then,
But do not ask me yet;
You know my *own* dear, dear mamma,
I never must forget.

Don't you remember, dear Papa,
The night before she died
You carried me into her room?
How bitterly I cried!

Her thin white fingers on my head
So earnestly she laid—
And her sunk eyes gleamed fearfully,
I almost felt afraid.

You lifted me upon the bed,
To kiss her pale cold cheek;
And something rattled in her throat—
I scarce could hear her speak.

But she did whisper—"When I'm gone
For ever from your sight,
And others have forgotten me,
Don't *you* forget me quite!"

It sometimes wakes me and I think
I'll run into the room,
And then I weep to recollect
She's sleeping in the tomb.

I miss her in our garden walks—
At morn and evening prayer;
At church—at play—at home—abroad,
I miss her everywhere.

But most of all, I miss her when,
The pleasant daylight's fled,
And strangers draw the curtains round
My lonely little bed!

For no one comes to kiss me now,
Nor bid poor Anne—"Good night!"
Nor hear me say my pretty hymn;
I shall forget it quite!

They tell me this Mamma is rich,
And beautiful and fine;
But will she love you, dear Papa,
More tenderly than mine!

And will she, when the fever comes
With its bewild'ring pain,
Watch night by night your restless couch,
Till you are well again?

When first she sung your fav'rite song,
"Come to the Sunset Tree,"
Which my poor mother used to sing,
With me upon her knee.

I saw you turn your head away;
I saw your eyes were wet;
Midst all our glittering company,
You do not quite forget!

But must you never wear again
The ring poor mother gave?
Will it be long before the grass
Is green upon her grave?

He turned him from that gentle child,
His eyes with tears were dim,
At thought of the undying love
Her mother bore to him!

He met his gay, his beauteous bride,
With spirits low and weak;
And missed the kind consoling words
The dead was wont to speak.

Long years rolled on! but hope's gay flowers
Blossom'd for him in vain;
The freshness of life's morning hours
Never returned again!

STEPHEN GIRARD.

The following capital anecdote, illustrative of the peculiarities of the late Stephen Girard, of Philadelphia, is from the *New Bedford Bulletin*; we have not seen it published before:

Mr. G. had a favorite clerk, one who every way pleased him, and who, when at the age of twenty-one years, expected

Mr. G. to say something to him in regard to his future prospects, and perhaps lend him a helping hand in starting him in the world. But Mr. G. said nothing, carefully avoiding the subject of his escape from minority. At length, after the lapse of some few weeks, the clerk mustered courage enough to address Mr. G. upon the subject.

"I suppose, sir," said the clerk, "I am now free; and I thought I would say something to you as to my future course. What do you think I had better do?"

"Yes, I know you are free," said Mr. G. "and my advice to you is, that you go and learn the cooper's trade."

This announcement well nigh threw the clerk off the track, but recovering his equilibrium, he said if Mr. G. was in earnest, he would do so.

"I am in earnest," said Mr. G.; and the clerk, rather hesitatingly, sought one of the best coopers, agreed upon the terms of apprenticeship, and went at it in earnest. "in process of time," the young cooper became master of his trade, and could make as good a barrel as any other cooper. He went and told Mr. G. that he had graduated with all the honors of the craft, and was ready to set up his business; at which the old man seemed much gratified, and told him to make three of the best barrels he could get up. The young cooper selected the choicest materials, and soon put in shape and finished his three barrels, and wheeled them up to the old man's counting room. Mr. G. said the barrels were first-rate, and demanded the price.

"One dollar," said the clerk, "is as low as I can live by."

"Cheap enough," said his employer, "make out your bill and present it."

And now comes the cream of the whole: Mr. G. drew a check for \$20,000, and handing it to the clerk-cooper, closed with these words:

"There, take that, and invest it in the best possible way; and if you are unfortunate and lose it, you have a good trade to fall back upon, which will afford you a good living at all times."

PARENTAL GOVERNMENT.

Parental government is the exercise for moral purposes of that moral power which all parents naturally have over their children. The essential element of all government is moral power. And when it is considered that all parents have this power in an ample degree, it seems strange that so many should totally fail in the management of their little ones. This failure cannot always arise from neglect of parental duty; for like the world in general, children may be said to be governed too much. And it may well be doubted whether a system of parental government excessively severe, is not usually worse than none at all. Nor on the other hand, can such failure always be attributed to a defective system, or false principles. For it happens not unseldom that parents, whose principles are unexceptionable and whose manner cannot be deemed either too lenient or too severe, are as unsuccessful as any. In almost all such cases it will be found upon examination that the course of discipline, or system of government was commenced too late; and if begun too late, the

most perfect system of parental government will result only in disappointment.

From the first dawn of the perceptive faculties, the first operations of reason, the child is susceptible of moral influences, and of course capable of being made the subject of moral government. For the conscience, the feeling of right and wrong, grows with the mental growth, and strengthens with its strength. And so early is the infant will developed, that in many instances before the parent thinks it time to begin restraining and governing the child has already learned to have its own way, or in other words, to govern the parent. While the painful experience of a large number of parents proves that at this period the most perfect system of government, if not absolutely too late to be of any use, can repair this loss of time only by long continued and persevering efforts.

The fact that children can think and reason before they can speak, seems to have been in some measure overlooked. Thence it need not be wondered at if parents find difficulty in convincing their children that they are in earnest, when they have themselves taught them to disregard what they say. Nor should any be surprised to find it no easy task to subdue the infant will which they have themselves cultivated and cherished by indulgence for years or even months.— If there is any knowledge implanted in the breast of the child by the Creator, it is the knowledge of right and wrong.— From the moment the child can understand its parents' will, from that moment it is capable of being taught to obey it. And gentle teachings at this early period

are more efficacious than severer ones afterwards.

Parental government should therefore begin early, in order that it may be profitable to the child and pleasant to the parent. For in no other way can a thorough discipline of the young mind be accomplished, or domestic peace and quiet secured.

J. H. P. Frost.

THE REWARD OF EXEMPLARY BEHAVIOUR.

There is so good a moral in the following waif, that we transfer it to our columns, doubting not that the brief story may interest the majority of our lady readers.

Where do men usually discover the women, who afterwards become their wives? is a question we have occasionally heard discussed; and the result invariably come to is worth mentioning to our lady readers. Chance has much to do in the affair; but then there are important governing circumstances. It is certain that few men make a selection from ball-rooms, or any other place of public gaiety; and nearly as few are influenced by what may be called showing off in the streets, or by any allurements of dress. Our conviction is, that ninety-nine hundredths of all the finery with which women decorate, or load their persons, go for nothing, as far as husband-catching is concerned. When and how then, do men find their wives? In the quiet homes of their parents or guardians—at the fireside, where the domestic graces and feelings are alone demonstrated. These are

the charms which most surely attract the high and the humble. Against these, all the finery and airs in the world are insignificant. We shall illustrate this by an anecdote, which though not new, will not be the worse for being again told. In the year 1773, Peter Burrell Esq., of Beckenham, in Kent, whose health was rapidly declining, was advised to go to Spa, for the recovery of his health. His daughters feared that those who had only motives entirely mercenary, would not pay him that attention which he might expect from those who from duty and affection united would feel the greatest pleasure in ministering to his ease and comfort; they therefore resolved to accompany him. They proved that it was not a spirit of dissipation and gaiety that led them to Spa, for they were not to be seen in any of the gay and fashionable circles; they were never out of their father's company, and never went from home except to attend him, either to take the air, or drink the waters; in a word they lived a most recluse life in the midst of a town then the resort of the most illustrious and fashionable personages of Europe. This exemplary attention to their father procured these three amiable sisters the admiration of all the English at Spa, and was the cause of their elevation to that rank in life to which their merits gave them so just a title.—They all were married to noblemen—one to the Earl of Beverly, another to the Duke of Hamilton, afterwards to the Marquis of Exeter and a third to the Duke of Northumberland. And it is but justice to them to say, that they reflected honor on their rank, rather than derived any from it.

THE FANCY FAIR.

BY KATE SUTHERLAND.

Two leading members of a certain church, the minister of which was not too well paid, met one day, when the following conversation took place.

"I saw something this morning, Jones, that made me feel rather bad," said one of them.

"What was that, Mr. Smith?"

"I was standing by a stall in the market-house, and had just paid for a peck of some of the most delicious peaches I have tasted this year, when I heard a little voice say—

"Buy us some peaches, papa, won't you? We haven't had peaches but once."

"No, dear!" was replied to this, in a low, and it struck me, almost sad tone. "I can't buy any to-day." The voice was familiar, and caused me to turn my head quickly. There stood Mr. Henry and his little son. They did not see me, and I was glad of it."

"Peaches but once!"

"Yes, think of that, Mr. Jones; and this delicious fruit so abundant and so cheap. I bought a basket, immediately, of the best I could find, and had them sent to his house."

"That was kind in you, Mr. Smith. I am glad you did so. The fact is, Mr. Henry's salary is too small. Four hundred dollars, and he with such a family! It is disgraceful to the congregation. A little self-denial on the part of a few of the members better off than the rest, would enable them to add to his income all that is needed for his comfortable maintainance."

"Yes; and they ought to practice such self-denial: until they do, their religion isn't worth a copper."

"Isn't it possible by some extra exertion to get a couple of hundred dollars added to his salary? There is ability enough in the congregation."

"We tried that, you are aware, a year ago, but met with no encouragement. Every one said he was taxed, already, for one charitable purpose or another, to a greater extent than he could really afford. When this is alledged, whether you believe it or not, there is an end of the matter. You have nothing more to say."

"No, of course not. This paying more for charitable purposes, already, than people can afford, is a very convenient and very common excuse. I have heard it a hundred times, and may be, used it myself."

"There is a way in which we might get two or three hundred dollars added to Mr. Henry's salary."

"How?"

"By means of a fair. People who feel as if giving a shilling for another's benefit was going to ruin them, spend dollars uselessly, to gratify themselves, without dreaming that they can't afford it. Our neighbors of the church over the way held a fair about a month ago, and cleared two hundred and fifty dollars; and we can do the same. If the people won't give willingly, we must cheat them into giving."

"A fair. A fair," was answered in a musing tone. "I confess I don't like fairs, and never did. But then——"

"Nor do I like them. But then, as you say—"

"Money must be raised somehow—"

"Yes; there is no getting away from that. It is worse to starve our minister than to hold a fair."

"I rather think it is. But can we get up a fair?"

"Easy enough. The women must be set to work, you know. There are three or four maiden ladies in our congregation, who haven't much to do besides distributing tracts and visiting the sick; and as the new tracts come only at intervals and there are no sick to visit just now, they will take hold of a suggestion like this, eagerly. Never fear its being carried out if once set on foot."

"Will you put the ball in motion?"

"If you will permit me to use your name as approving the measure."

"You are welcome to do that; although I really disapprove the thing from principle."

"Very well. I'll soon see what can be done."

Smith forthwith called upon one or two of the ladies just mentioned, and after relating the incident of the peaches, and dwelling upon the insufficiency of the minister's income, closed by saying that it was the duty of the ladies of the congregation to get up a fair in order to increase Mr. Henry's salary.

The manner in which Mr. Smith brought the subject to these ladies' attention, left no room for them to gainsay his assertion as to their duty. They assented to his declaration, and forthwith, in a small meeting of influential female members, it was unanimously determin-

ed to hold a fair for the purpose of "increasing the funds of the church." The real object, it was thought best not to declare, as that might cause the minister to feel unpleasant; and would, moreover, betray to those out of the church, the fact that they paid him an insufficient salary.

And now began the busy note of preparation. Committees of two or three ladies, each, entered upon the duty assigned them, that of begging from those who could not, in justice to themselves and families, give another dollar toward church purposes, something for the fair. Who could deny the polite, smiling, importunate ladies? None! Mr. Baker, who positively refused some time before, to give another dollar toward replenishing the exhausted treasury of the church, although told that a quarter's salary was due and unpaid to the minister, handed over five dollars for the fair without feeling that he had made a terrible sacrifice, or that he was in danger of ruin. Mr. Staytape, the merchant tailor, who, like Mr. Baker, had said more than once—"not another dollar," made liberal contributions of fine remnants of fancy cassimeres, broadcloths, figured silk vestings and velvet, for pin-cushions, needle-cases, ottoman covers, and the dear knows what all, without making a single wry face.—And so the ball which Mr. Smith had set in motion was sent rolling from hand to hand. All the men were made to give something, either in money or raw material, and all the women were set to work in the manufacture of articles that would sell at the fair. There was quite an excitement in the congregation. But, as there always is and always will be, no

matter what is doing, there were some fault finders in Mr. Henry's Congregation. Some who did not approve of fairs, and although they gave, for appearance sake, grumbled about it afterward.

"Why not make a direct contribution to the funds of the church at once? Why go in this round about way to get what is wanted?" they said. But they did not understand as much about this as Messrs. Jones and Smith.

A few days before the time at which the fair was to begin, the gentlemen, last mentioned, happening to meet, one of them said to the other.

"I saw Mr. Henry this morning, and would you believe it, he is warm in his disapproval of this fair."

"Indeed! What does he say?"

"That such schemes for raising money are unworthy of the Christian character. 'Let men give freely,' he says, 'of what they have to give; but to obtain the money they are not willing to bestow. They never do any real good; but always much harm.'"

"He will think differently, perhaps, when we take him two or three hundred dollars as the proceeds of the fair, and say it is for him."

"I rather think so. Still, I must confess that I am and always have been partly of his way of thinking. A fair is only an ingenious mode of extorting money from those who would not voluntarily give it for the purpose to which the proceeds are to be applied. But what are we to do? Mr. Henry is not adequately supported, although his congregation are fully able, and without inconvenience, to double his salary. They will not give any-

thing more by direct contribution, and, therefore, I don't see that the crime of levying an indirect tax upon them is a very serious one."

"Nor do I," replied Mr. Jones.

The fair at length opened with a fine display of articles, few of which were classed among those called useful. Five-dollar dolls, dollar pin-cushions and pyramids of sugar candy were plentifully scattered about on the tables of the fair venders, who sought to effect sales with a tact and perseverance rarely to be met with in the most accomplished of women.

"Where is Mr. Henry? I haven't seen him here at all, yet?" asked one lady of another, toward the evening of the first day.

"I believe he doesn't approve of fairs," was replied.

"Why not?"

"Dear knows! He would find it hard to answer your question himself."

From one to another the whisper passed that the minister was opposed to fairs. This intelligence rather dampened the ardor with which some were entering into the business on hand. Others doubted the truth of what was said, and confidently looked for the minister in the evening. But he did not make his appearance. Nor, in fact, at any time during the fair, much to the surprise of some and the mortification of others.

At the close of the third and last day of the fair, notwithstanding all manner of expedients had been used to force people to buy articles that were of no use to themselves, nor to those to whom it was suggested they might present them—to buy even useful articles at double what

they were worth—it was decided that what remained should be disposed of by raffle.

"Take a chance in this splendid doll? Only twenty-five cents a chance!" met you on one side—and,

"Come! I know you'll take a chance in this raffle! its my whole table. Tickets fifty cents, and every one a prize," met you on the other. And so it went throughout the room. People who wouldn't pay five, ten or twenty dollars for an article, were willing to risk twenty-five or fifty cents, or even a dollar, in the hope of getting it for that small sum. Did this differ anything from gambling? We will not say.

"Three hundred dollars, clear of all expenses," said Mr. Smith to Mr. Jones, on the next day.

"Indeed? so much? Really, I had no expectation that so large a sum would be realized? I rather think our minister will reverse his opinion on the subject of fairs when this handsome sum is paid over to him."

"There will certainly be some reasons presented to his mind in favor of doing so,"

"Three hundred dollars! Our lady friends have done well, haven't they?"

"They have indeed. We must set them going again next year, for the same purpose."

"Oh, yes. A good thing, like this, must not be permitted to die out."

There was, belonging to the congregation of Mr. Henry, a poor widow named Heiner. She was very poor. Ill health, and but poor ability to get along in the world at best, made her income very small; inadequate in fact for the supplying of her

real wants. She had two children, Henry, her eldest boy, was apprenticed to a very good master, and was now in his twenty-first year; and Emma, an invalid daughter, the entire burden of whose support fell upon Mrs. Heiner. Henry was industrious and stood well with his master. He had about ten months to serve before he would be free. To the expiration of his minority, for the sake of his mother and sister, he looked forward with great anxiety. It was his intention to devote all his earnings to their support.

Occasionally, this young man could get overwork from his master. Of this privilege he always availed himself eagerly, and gave what he earned to his mother. It so happened that, from sickness, the poor widow got so far behind hand with her rent, that her landlord became alarmed for his money, and threatened to seize and sell all she had unless she paid him the whole, or a considerable portion of what she owed him. She did not tell her son about her indebtedness for rent, for she knew his inability to aid her, and did not wish to distress him.

Young Heiner, about this time, had been favored with more than his usual supply of overwork, and had accumulated ten dollars. His wish was to save about fifteen dollars, and with this to buy his mother a warm and comfortable cloak as a Christmas present.

On the second evening of the fair, the young man, who had heard a good deal said about it, was induced to go. He had never seen a fair, and his curiosity, excited by hearing others talk about this one, became strong enough to tempt him to part with a shilling, the regular ad-

mission fee. So he went. He did not dream of the danger he was to encounter there. Heiner was a fine looking young man, and his master did him the justice to dress him in respectable clothing; so that, though still an apprentice, he made as good an appearance as almost any one at the fair.

The gay scene within, quite dazzled and bewildered the young man. He had never witnessed any thing so brilliant. He moved down the centre of the room, looking first upon one side and then upon the other at the rich display of beautiful articles, and still more beautiful saleswomen. While thus passing leisurely along, a bright hand was laid upon his arm. He turned quickly. A pair of bright eyes were looking bewitchingly upon him; and he saw a pair of rosy lips, parted in a winning smile, while a low, sweet voice said—

"Come! You must buy something from my table."

A moment only passed, before Heiner found himself standing before a table, upon which was a handsome wax doll, sundry pin-cushions, ladies worked collars, and nick-nackeries of all imaginable kinds, while the young syren who had drawn him to the spot, was urging him to buy something. To him she was a perfect stranger. He had never even seen her before.

"Now I am sure you have got some little cousin or niece, whose gratitude for a present like this will cause her to name you in her prayers every night," she said, holding before him the beautiful doll.—
"It is only three dollars. Say you will take it."

What could the poor young man do? He had been but little into company, was unused to the ways of the world, and especially unprepared to meet an encounter like this, and come off victorious. He blushed—hesitated—tried to stammer out some excuse for not making the purchase. But the young lady read his character at a glance, and said—

"Oh, yes, but you must take it," and forthwith began to wrap it up very carelessly in paper.

"There," she said, when this had been done. "It is given away at that price. And she handed Heiner the doll.

Slowly he drew forth the purse that contained his little treasure, selected three dollars, paid it to the smiling girl, and taking his purchase, retired hastily from the room, blushing at the thought of being seen with such an article in his hand. The moment he reached the street he threw the doll fiercely down upon the pavement, and hurried away muttering to himself—

"Fool! Fool! Fool!"

Three dollars was a good deal of money for Heiner to lose, and he felt the loss more than the loss of thousands felt by some.

On the next day much was said about the fair by customers, and among other things, it was stated, that there was to be a raffle at night, and that among things to be raffled for were a number of valuable articles. A marble-top card table, worth twenty-five dollars, was mentioned among other things, the chair in which were only one dollar. There was also a large mahogany rocking-

the chances in which were the same; besides a good many other things.

Heiner had seven dollars left. The hope of not only getting back the three dollars he had lost, but of adding materially to his little treasure by means of the proposed raffle, began to fill his thoughts and finally possessed his mind entirely. In imagination, he already had possession at least of fifty dollars worth of articles, which could easily be sold for thirty or forty dollars, and thus make him comparatively rich. He could hardly wait until evening came, so impatient was he to realize the little fortune that lay within his reach.

With his seven dollars in his pocket, the infatuated young man hastened to the fair. First he secured by the payment of a dollar, a chance in the centretable; then one in the handsome chair, and so on in the various little lotteries that were established for pious purposes by fair and pious young Christians, until he had adventured upon this uncertain sea his whole treasure.

It was now that anxieties and fears began to arise in his mind. Should the result prove disastrous to his hopes? The thought made his heart sink trembling in his bosom. For two hours all was suspense. Then the various articles were raffled—some by drawing numbers as in a lottery, and others by throwing the dice.

At twelve o'clock Heiner went home wretched. He had gambled and lost all!

Three days passed before he could venture to visit his mother. Of the deep extremity she was in he knew nothing. But he felt so miserable about the loss of

the little treasure he had accumulated, that he did not wish to see her, lest she should notice his unhappiness and inquire the cause.

"You look very much troubled, mother; what is the matter?" he asked of his parent, when he at length ventured to see her, and observed that she was unusually depressed in spirits.

"All my things have been seized, Henry," she replied, giving way to tears, "and are to be sold in a week. I owe twenty-five dollars for rent, and our landlord says that he must and will have it. He called the day before yesterday, and said if I would pay him ten dollars, he would wait longer for the rest. But I had not a dollar to give him."

"Mother! Why did you not tell me this before?" exclaimed her son, rising from his seat and wringing his hands as he paced the floor with agitated steps.

"It would have done no good," she replied, mournfully, "and would only have distressed you. I hoped that he would have borne longer with me, but I was mistaken."

"Yes, it would have done good," returned Henry. "I had ten dollars saved toward buying you a cloak for a Christmas present. But——"

The young man could not utter the words that were upon his tongue.

"Where is the money now, Henry?" eagerly asked Mrs. Heimer.

"Gone!" was the sad reply.

"Gone? Where?"

Henry related, without concealment or extenuation, all that had occurred at the fair. When he had finished his mother burst into tears and wept bitterly. The

young man had no words of consolation to offer her. He sat silent, with his eyes upon the floor, feeling little less wretched than a condemned criminal. Suddenly he started up, and rushed from the house ere his mother could speak a word to prevent his going away.

To the house of the minister the young man bent his steps. He found Mr. Henry at home, who received him kindly. After he had been seated a few minutes, the minister, who had been observing him closely said—

“What is the matter, Henry? You look in trouble.”

“And so I am, sir, in very great trouble. My mother has got behind with her rent, and the landlord has seized her things and is going to sell them all. If she could only pay him ten dollars, he would wait longer for the balance; but she hasn't a single dollar to pay. Oh! sir; do you not know of some kind person who would lend her ten dollars? I could pay it back in two or three months by doing overwork. I would let the money lie in Mr. Martin's hand, as fast as I earned it; and he would pay it over.”

“Do you frequently earn money by overwork?” asked Mr. Henry.

“Yes, sir. I do all the overwork I can get.”

“What use do you make of what you earn in this way? Do you spend it for yourself?”

Oh, no, sir! I spend it for mother and sister.”

One question after another, asked by the minister, elicited from the young man a full confession of what had occurred a few evenings previous.

“And so, my poor young friend,” said Mr. Henry, after he clearly comprehended all, “they have sent you home from their vanity fair a ruined gamester! But your mother's things must not be sold. I happen to have twenty dollars in the house. Ten I will loan to you. You will repay it to me as fast as you can. And let this be a warning to you, never to risk a dollar so long as you live, in any game of chance, whether it be at a faro-bank, or in a so called charitable fair. The principle is the same, and the evil as heinous in the sight of Heaven.”

The young man thanked the minister with tears in his eyes. As soon as he received the money he hurried away to make glad the heart of his poor mother.

Heiner had not left the house of Mr. Henry over ten minutes, when Mr. Jones and Mr. Smith, accompanied by another leading member of the church, called in to see the minister.

“We have some pleasant news for you,” said Mr. Smith, after they had been seated a few minutes.

“Have you, indeed? A pleasant task have they who bring pleasant news.”

“We are commissioned, by the managers of the fair that has been held in our church, to pay you over the entire proceeds, which amount to three hundred and six dollars, to your salary for this year. Here they are.”

And Mr. Smith extended a small roll of bank notes. But Mr. Henry drew back, while his face became very serious.

“No, gentlemen,” he said, firmly, “I cannot receive a dollar of it.”

“Why not?” was asked, in profound surprise.

"If the members of my congregation think my salary inadequate to my support, let them increase it by regular contributions made for that purpose, and let it come as a free will offering. But with extortion and wrong, such as ever attend your fairs, I will have nothing to do,

You bring me, in your hand, the price of honor, delicacy, justice and truth, and do you think I will accept of it? No! I would as lief touch fire! At your fair a young man, who had not the firmness to resist indelicate importunity, paid three dollars for a doll, which in anger he broke upon the pavement the moment he got into the street. He was an apprentice, who could only get small sums of money at a time, by overwork. In this way he had accumulated ten dollars, with which large sum, for him, he was going to buy his poor mother a cloak for a Christmas present. He was tempted to go to the fair by hearing so much said about it by those who visited his master's shop, and there he was robbed of three dollars—I call it so—you must excuse my plain way of speaking. But this was not all. He next heard about your beautiful gambling operations, and in the hope of winning back what he had already lost, went and risked the seven that remained in chances in centre-tables, rocking-chairs, and I don't know what all. He lost! When he saw his mother, judge of his surprise and anguish of mind, to discover that she owed rent of which he knew nothing, and that her landlord had seized her things and was about selling them. Ten dollars the man had offered to take on account, and give a longer time for the remainder; but he had lost his ten dollars at the fair

—he was a ruined gamester, and you made him such. In his extremity he came to me to ask if I would not get some body to lend his mother ten dollars, he pledging himself to pay it back by his overwork."

"I will do it," said each of the three men.

"I have already set his heart at rest," replied the minister.

"You didn't lend it to him," said Mr. Smith.

"Yes. I happened to have twenty dollars by me, and I divided it with him."

His visitors were mute with surprise and mortification. At length one of them said—

"You certainly will not persist in refusing to take the money we have brought you. The thing is done now, and cannot be undone. The money is for you, and we cannot appropriate it to any other purpose."

"Not a dollar of it will I accept," was firmly answered. "You had better seek out all the instances of wrong done by the practical working of your fair, like that which I have mentioned, and make restitution. Certainly that poor young man ought not to be doomed to work late at night for two or three months to make up what he has lost, when his poor mother so badly needs all he can earn."

It was in vain to talk to Mr. Henry. He would not have a dollar of what had been cleared at the fair. His refusal to do so made quite a stir in his church.—But like a rock in the ocean, he stood firm, although the waves dashed angrily about his feet. A day or two after he had loaned young Heimer ten dollars, that

young man called upon him and returned the money, with many sincere thanks. Some unknown friend, he said, had sent his mother money enough to pay all her back rent, and enable him to replace the small sum he had borrowed.

The exact disposition of the three hundred dollars, Mr Henry never knew. A portion of it, doubtless, went into the funds of the church and helped to make up the increase of salary that was voted him, a few months later. But he did not know this, nor think it his business to inquire. As for fairs, very little was ever said about them in his congregation. The subject was rather an unpleasant one.

THE PRIZE POEM.

When Milton was going to St. Paul's school in London, at one of the public examinations, the subject for poetical composition happened to be on our Saviour's first miracle, the turning of water into wine at the marriage feast. Folios were written and handed in on the subject.—When it came Milton's turn to hand in his poem, from which not much was expected, he merely wrote on a slate one line:

"The concious water saw its God, and blushed."

The judges looked at each other in astonishment—the laconic beauty of the line, and simple sublimity of the idea, were so striking. After bestowing encomiums upon the more elaborate productions, according to their merits, they awarded the prize to the future bard of "Paradise Lost."

Original.

Lines suggested on reading of the Execution of Charles First, King of England.

BY MISS ELIZABETH A. CRYLER.

He stood in solemn greatness,
For his firm soul might not bow;
No trace of human weakness
Was on his lofty brow.

He survey'd the scene around him
With a calm undaunted eye;
No earthly passions bound him,
His soul was fix'd on high.

Dense throngs around him gather'd
And his foes now sought the face
Of their mighty Sovereign fallen,
But they quail'd before his gaze.

He had sat in splendours brightened
When he wore a dazzling crown;
But they'd measur'd not his greatness,
Nor the terrour of his power.

His accents did not alter
When he dress'd the gazing throng;
Nor did his footsteps falter
As he slowly mov'd along.

For he knew the empty vagueness
Of every earthly fame,
And he bow'd before the greatness
Of an Almighty name!

Springfield, 16th June, 1848.

Original.

IMPORTANT INQUIRY.

If our experience makes us satisfied with ourselves, if we can sit still from year to year, without concern for others, if our property, our time, our talents are all employed for our own interest alone, if we rest only in cold wishes, in commonplace observations on the state of mankind; if we are ready to reproach those whose zeal shames our timidity; if we

carelessly let slip opportunities of doing good which may never return, how can we call ourselves "Christians?" "What is thy knowledge if kept to thyself, while the world is in darkness?"

Original.

FEMALE EDUCATION.

"I consider a human soul without education, like marble in a quarry, which shews none of its inherent beauties, till the skill of the polisher, fetches out the colour, makes the surface shine, and discovers every ornamental cloud, and vein that runs through the body of it—"

ADDISON.

There are many stubborn prejudices existing against the character of a learned lady, and perhaps, were all ladies versed in matters of erudition, some disadvantages might occur, to counterbalance in some measure the good effects that would result from their being liberally educated; but even admitting the probability of a few inconveniences arising from the ladies having a liberal education; it is not very apparent that a woman will be less valued, or acceptable in the world, or worse qualified to perform any part of her duty in it, by devoting some of her early years, in the cultivation and improvement of her mind.

It has been alledged as a strong argument against the liberal education of ladies, that many of the lesser and more obscure duties necessarily devolve upon the female sex; and that the arrangement of all household affairs; and the care of children in their early years, must of course be left to them—Now the inference to be drawn from this is; that the moment you

put the education of women upon a more respectable footing than it is at present, then you may bid adieu to all domestic economy and the indispensable duties of housewifery, and that if they are allowed once to eat of the tree of knowledge; the rest of the family, will very soon be forced to partake of the same imaginary and unsubstantial fare. These and all such opinions may be ascribed to one great and prevalent cause of mistake; that man performs everything; and that nature does nothing; and that every thing we witness, is to be attributed more to absolute establishment, than to primitive perception. Can anything for instance be more absurd, than to imagine that the attention, and unceasing anxiety which a mother feels for her offspring results from her ignorance of Greek and the Mathematics; and that she would forsake an infant, for the sake of solving a mathematical problem?—We seem to think that we can overthrow the sacred and inherent principles of nature by the puny laws of a Boarding School; and that the existence of the human race depends upon teaching women a little more or a little less—that gross ignorance can aid parental affection, so that the Arts and Sciences cause its destruction. In the same manner we forget the principles upon which the love of order, and all the arts of economy depend—They depend not upon ignorance nor idleness, nor upon the poverty confusion and ruin, which would ensue from neglecting them.—

It may be asked, if knowledge is calculated to produce such dangerous and pernicious effects upon the domestic virtues, why this influence has not been felt

ere now? Women are much better educated now than they were a few centuries ago; but we cannot discover, that they are less attentive to the concerns of their household affairs, or feel less disposed to perform the duties of maternal affection.—It would not be difficult to shew that the same objection has been thrown in the way on all occasions, to hinder the improvement of both sexes, and of all classes; and been as invariably rejected, and repelled by the test of experience.

Unquestionably, the literary education of women ought to be regulated according to their fortunes and expectations; and surely it would be highly becoming, and most desirable, that every young lady, should receive such an education as her means and abilities might secure to her.—The improvement of the mind, must undoubtedly be of greater importance, than the acquisition of a few glittering accomplishments which usually lose their attractions long before their possessors have done with the shifting scenes, and all the little concerns of life. If young well-bred women are not accustomed in their single state, regularly to devote a large proportion of their hours to serious and instructive occupations, what prospect, what hope is there?—that when married they will assume habits to which they ever have been strangers, and exchange idleness and frivolity, for steadiness and exertion.

Men, it is said, are not partial to women of a strong judgment, or cultivated taste. Meanly jealous of that pre-eminence, which they arrogantly claim in solidity of judgement, and depth of research, they cannot bear in any female,

and least of all in a wife, the most remote semblance of rivalship in mental acquirements. It would be an easy task to shew various instances, wherein a man may be deficient either in understanding, or rational consideration; and who feels deeply mortified, by observing these proofs of superior and unaffected intelligence in a wife, which instead of animating his resentment, ought rather to kindle in his bosom, all the kind assiduities and tenderness of love, and elevate his amiable and enlightened consort, much higher in his esteem. It is not uncommon for the gloomy and morose woman hater, while in some of his peevish and sullen moods, to draw in the most unnatural and distorted manner, the portrait of a *philosophic wife*; he will represent her as one, from whom due attention to household affairs will in vain be expected. He portrays her as immersed in her closet and excluded in abstraction; or sallying forth from her books, only to engage in literary disquisitions, or to stun her astonished lord, with senorous periods, and unwildly terms of science. It must appear obvious to every reflecting mind, that a great amount of petty jealousy, is to be met with in many pompous and selfish men, regarding female education; and who are opposed to the mental improvement of their fair competitors in everything that constitutes intellectual superiority, and useful knowledge. But among men of tolerant principles it is different; a woman who has cultivated her mind, without having lost any of the modesty and gentleness which peculiarly belong to her sex, will at all times enjoy, and command the unfeigned respect and esteem of those men, who know well how to appreciate

real worth; they will be ever ready, to render the tribute of praise justly due to her, who, by the superiority of her mental acquirements, receives their enthusiastic attention, and is the object of their profound admiration!

There is a powerful and prevailing disposition in both sexes, to give mutual pleasure; and this may be deemed a pertinent enough reply to those who imagine, that if women were possessed of more knowledge, they would become the rivals of men, instead of being their companions.

It may be asked, are women elegant and refined, only because they are ignorant? and do they watch over their children, with the most anxious solicitude, because they know no better? Would it not be more rational and just to say, that the charming delicacy and other attractive graces which are to be found in modest woman; take their rise from the principles of moral and religious obligation being strongly and carefully instilled into her mind, while young and most susceptible of receiving good impressions; and from the laudable cultivation of those qualities, which so eminently distinguish her from him, who only cherishes and practices the sterner and more manly virtues. The lonely and secluded kind of life which some women are doomed to lead; the harsh treatment to which they are often exposed, and which they endure without complaining to the world, must be severe and trying to them. A woman placed in such circumstances, must feel her lot to be a grievous one; and hard to be endured; but should her mind be well fortified by the lessons of wisdom and experience, gathered from the ample page

of history, illuminated by the torch of science strengthened and purified by the precepts of religion and morality, she could then confidently look for an inward satisfaction and serenity of mind not to be disturbed or shaken by the gloom of disappointment, or the ruthless assaults of time!

J. S.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Original

THE COLLECTION.

Sunday morning—Church door.

T. Well I declare I will never go to meeting again.

S. Why not, what is the matter?

T. Why they are eternally begging from me, a collection every Sunday—I declare it is too bad.

S. It is, I am sure, but I am more inclined to pity those that have to beg from you, though I think you are greatly to be commiserated that you should be requested to support a system, which rescues you from the horrors of idolatry and superstition, which frees the mind from uncertainty, and the conscience from guilt; which extracts the thorn from adversity, divests death and the grave of their terror, and opens the prospect of a blissful immortality. It is grievous to think that any man should be so impertinently abused, as to spend his time in recommending to you this system, reminding you of the shortness of time, when you would rather forget it, and entreating you to come and be saved while you regard "salvation" with contemptuous aversion; and after all, expect that you will

not give so much as a copper a week in order to hear his declamations.

T. Oh no, I like to hear good preaching very well, but I have'n't a copper to give; I went to the show, and the circus last week, and that cost me half a dollar, and I protest I will never go to meeting again while they have a collection every Sunday.

INA.

INDUSTRY AND IDLENESS.

BY REV. H. W. BEECHER.

Continued from page 151.

The results of Indolence upon communities, are as marked as upon individuals. In a town of industrious people, the streets would be clean; houses neat and comfortable; fences in repair; school-houses swarming with rosy-faced children, decently clad, and well-behaved. The laws would be respected, because justly administered. The church would be thronged with devout worshippers. The tavern silent, and for the most part empty, or a welcome retreat for weary travellers. Grog-sellers would fail, and mechanics grow rich; labor would be honourable, and loafing a disgrace. For music, the people would have the blacksmith's anvil, and the carpenter's hammer; and at home, the spinning wheel, and girls cheerfully singing at their work. Debts would be seldom paid, because seldom made; but if contracted, no grim officer would be invited to the settlement. Town-officers would be respectable men, taking office reluctantly, and only for the public good. Public days would be full of sports, without fighting; and elections

would be as orderly as weddings or funerals.

In a town of lazy men, I should expect to find crazy houses, shingles and weather-boards knocked off; doors hingeless, and all a-creak; windows stuffed with rags, hats, or pillows. Instead of flowers, in summer, and warmth in winter, every side of the house would swarm with vermin in hot weather—and with starveling pigs in cold; fences would be curiosities of lazy contrivance, and gates hung with ropes, or lying flat in the mud.—Lank cattle would follow every loaded wagon, supplicating a morsel, with famine in their looks. Children would be ragged, dirty, saucy; the school-house empty; the jail full; the church silent; the grog-shops noisy; and the carpenter, the sadler, and the blacksmith, would do their principal work at taverns. Lawyers would reign; constables flourish and hunt sneaking criminals; burly justices, (as their interest might dictate,) would connive a compromise, or make a commitment. The peace-officers would wink at tumults, arrest jesters in fun, and drink with them in good earnest. Good men would be obliged to keep dark, and bad men would swear, fight, and rule the town. Public days would be scenes of confusion, and end in rows; elections would be drunken, illegal, boisterous and brutal.

The young abhor the last results of Idleness; but they do not perceive that the *first steps lead to the last*; They are in the opening of this career; but with them it is genteel leisure, not laziness; it is relaxation, not sloth; amusement, not indolence. But leisure, relaxation, and

amusement, when men ought to be usefully engaged, are Indolence. A specious Industry is the worst Idleness. A young man perceives that the first steps lead to the last, with everybody but himself.—He sees others become drunkards by social tipping,—he sips socially, as if he could not be a drunkard. He says others become dishonest by petty habits of fraud; but will indulge slight aberrations, as if he could not become knavish.—Though others, by lying, lose all character, he does not imagine that his little dalliances with falsehood will make *him* a liar. He knows that salacious imaginations, villanous pictures, harlot snuff-boxes, and illicit familiarities, have led thousands to her door, whose house *is the way to hell*; yet he never sighs or trembles lest these things should take *him* to this inevitable way of damnation!

In reading these strictures upon Indolence, you will abhor it in others, without suspecting it in yourself. While you read I fear you are excusing yourself; you are supposing that your leisure has not been laziness; or that, with your disposition, and your circumstances, Indolence is harmless. Be not deceived: if you are idle, you are on the road to ruin: and there are few stopping places upon it.—It is rather a precipice, than a road.—While I point out the temptation to Indolence, scrutinize your course, and pronounce honestly upon your risk.

CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.



OUR DESK.

SECTARIANISM.

Many things exist, both in the Church and out of it, which prove great obstacles to the interests of true Christianity. But the greatest hindrances are those found among the professed friends of Jesus; and of these, sectarianism is the most formidable. How very remarkable and astonishing is the fact, that men of learning and wisdom, and piety, even, should countenance and foster this foe to the real interests of the Redeemer's Kingdom. But strange as it may appear, and notwithstanding that it is denied, it is a case of common occurrence. Difficult indeed, would it be to find the community, or body of Christians where this evil does not exist.

It might be well however here, to define what we mean by sectarianism. A man may be a member of a religious body and yet not be a sectarian in the sense in which we wish to be understood. The organization of the Church of God is in accordance with the Divine direction; and the existence of the different branches of the Church, has come about in the course of the Divine dispensations, and might tend to advance the general interests of Christianity in the world.—It is our duty to give the cause of Christ our decided support. And this can be

“A false friend is like a shadow on a dial; it appears in clear weather, but vanishes as soon as it becomes cloudy.”

done the more effectually by our being associated with some one branch of the Church, and there laboring to advance its interests, as far as its prosperity shall prove beneficial to the cause of God generally, as we may have the ability and opportunity. In all this there is no sectarianism. It is simply carrying out the great principle of benevolence, which influenced the Saviour in the work of atonement. But when selfishness so far gets possession of the mind as to lead an individual to believe that *he* is right and all others wrong; and that *his* church is the only one that is right, then sectarianism is at work; in such an one we have the character of a genuine sectarian. How such a narrow and selfish soul differs from an Apostle, who was led to say "So we, being many, are one body in Christ, and every one members one of another." It is sectarianism that influences the adherents to one communion, to depreciate the labors and usefulness of another, and to put obstacles in the way of their prosperity and achievements. The Disciples were governed by this principle when they said, "Master we saw one casting out devils, in thy name, and we forbade him, because he followeth not us." Where Ministers are unwilling to exchange pulpits, or to have those of another name occupy their pulpits, on proper occasions; and where Christians of one name refuse to unite with those of another order, to advance the Redeemer's Kingdom in the earth, sectarianism predominates. Such men seem not to understand that all Christians have one common interest, that "they are heirs of God and joint heirs with Jesus Christ." Where there is a disposition to monopolize, in christian ef-

fort and enterprise, and to place in the back-ground, or crowd out others, this fiend may be safely said to exist. What a different spirit the Prophet breaths when he says "Thy watchmen shall lift up the voice; with the voice *together* shall they sing; for they shall see eye to eye, when the Lord shall bring again Zion. Break forth into joy, sing *together*, for the Lord hath comforted his people, he hath redeemed Jerusalem." Sectarianism prevents the existence of true *Christian union*. The Apostle says that by *one spirit* they are all baptized into *one body*; and Christians are commanded "to keep the unity" or oneness "of the spirit in the bond of peace."

There should be union with God in his truth, and union with all his saints in all Christian duties. All Christians ought to think, and let think, and still live in Church relation in the most perfect fellowship, communion and love. Holy love should so reign in every heart of the saints, as to subordinate every other principle to its sway, so that no discrepancy of views in an honest heart, should break or mar their fellowship or brotherhood.— Every true Christian is bound to fellowship every other Christian, in all the acts which the authority of Christ imposes upon the saints. No diversity of opinion either as it regards doctrine or duty in which Christians may honestly differ ought in any case so to divide them, that they cannot peacefully worship together, and labor in the great cause of saving men from hell, and building up each other in holiness and love, feeling each other's sorrows and joys, as though each were a member of the same body. No Party strife, exclusive feeling, or inter-

est, should be found among the people of God, in the whole wide world, and would not; were it not for sectarianism.

The evils of sectarianism are multifarious, a few of which we will now point out. One of its evils is, that it is a breach of God's command. The Apostle says "Now I beseech you, brethren, by the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, that ye all speak the same thing, and that there be no divisions among you; but that ye be perfectly joined together in the same mind and in the same judgment." In this passage and in many more the saints are commanded to be of the same mind, and to be perfectly joined together. But sectarianism is plainly a constant violation of these commands; and must, consequently, deprive Christians, who are under its influence, of the higher enjoyments of religion.

Sectarianism is an evil because it sunders what God has joined together, or it separates very friends. God has so closely united his children together by the birth of his uniting Spirit, that he says they are knit together in love and all have nourishment ministered from the same Head. No man was ever born of the Spirit a sectarian, so it follows, that there must be a breaking asunder the united influence of the Holy Spirit, or a rending of this knitting of love, before a Christian can become one. If there are friends on earth, men who are born of the Spirit, are friends when so born; and before they can become partisans they must leave their first love. The love which extended to the whole family of God, must be narrowed down to only a particular party, or sect. The non-intercourse

so often exhibited among Christians, is occasioned by their affections being broken off, by sectarianism, from those to whom they were most intimately joined by the one Spirit of holiness and love.

Another evil of sectarianism is, that it cramps and enervates the intellect. The mind of a true sectarian is necessarily trammelled by the rules of his party.—He looks with suspicion or with utter rejection upon whatever may appear to contravene these. Hence it is that he cannot feel at home and enjoy a sweet state of mind with Christians of an other name! He is contracted in his views, his mind knows not the congenial sweets of united hearts, in all the acts of holy fellowship with those who love the Lord in truth. He is a slave to his peculiarity, indulging in jealousy and envy; which prevent him from enjoying the liberty of the sons of God, and serve to fill his mind with darkness and gloom. The great author of our being designed that the human mind should be free, and independent; but sectarianism serves to enslave it, and to bind down, and fetter the noble powers of the soul, by contracting our views of subjects, and by confining our desires and affections to a circumscribed existence.

TO BE CONTINUED.

POWER OF EXAMPLE.

There is an adhesive property in mind, as well as in matter, hence the inclination of man to imitate, and pattern after his associates. As one body of matter is influenced by another, so one mind exerts an influence over other minds.

swaying, and controlling them, often at will. Matter acts upon the surface, giving color and texture; and it also penetrates the substance with which it comes in contact imparting its own properties and qualities; so one mind acting upon another, gives direction to the habits and manners of the individual; and also extends its power and efficacy to the dispositions, propensities and principles.

These things being so, it follows that the morals and principles of children are formed by their associates and instructors.

An eye should be had to this in selecting schools for children. The young are not unfrequently poisoned in mind, and in morals, while attending school. Being, for the time, beyond the control of their parents, they are subject to whatever principles or practices may pervade the association; and it has too often been the case, that teachers, and other officers, in schools, and academies, have been most deplorably deficient in morals, and sound principles. And where this is the case, every thing that is corrupt and demoralizing in any of the pupils, instead of being properly checked and corrected, will be countenanced, and allowed to spread its contaminating influence throughout the community.

MEXICO.

Mexico is an extensive country, occupying the southwestern portion of North America, extending from the 15th to 42d degrees of North latitude, and possessing almost every variety of climate except the extreme rigor of the northern winters.— Much of the surface is elevated, and its broad plateaus or table lands afford grazing for millions of wild cattle and facili-

ties for the production of every kind of grain. It is rich beyond estimation, in mines of gold and silver. The race of men who occupied the country when first discovered by Europeans, were called Aztecs, not aborigines of the soil, but conquerors from the North, and possibly emigrants from Asia.

New Mexico is an infant settlement, formed on the upper part of the Rio Del Norte, in a fertile tract of land, but having a climate remarkably cold, considering the latitude.

The floating gardens of Mexico, are a great curiosity. They are built on lake *Felzucu*.

The Mexicans, in making these gardens, plait and twist willows, and roots of marsh plants, or other materials together, which are light, but capable of supporting the earth of the garden. On this foundation they lay little bushes, and upon that the mud, which they draw up out of the lake. These gardens are, in some instances, about eight rods in length, and three in breadth, and have less than a foot of elevation above the surface of the water. They cultivate flowers and every sort of garden herbs upon them— In the largest gardens there is commonly a little tree, and even a little hut to shelter the cultivator, and defend him from the rain and the sun. When the owner of the garden wishes to change his situation, he gets into his little boat, and by his own strength alone, if the garden be small, or with the assistance of others, if it be large, he tows it after him, and conducts it wherever he pleases, with the little tree and hut upon it. That part of the lake, where the floating gardens are, is a place of infinite recreation, where the senses receive the highest possible gratification.