

THE

# CANADIAN GEM

## AND FAMILY VISITOR.

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### THE ICE ISLAND.

BY DR. R. M. BIRD.

Continued from page 196.

 BURNING, excruciating fire was in my stomach; and although I drank copiously of the melted ice, the feverish agony increased, till at last even this grew nauseous, and my stomach revolted at it. Then I began to sicken and swoon, and lie for hours in a state of stupefaction, insensible to every thing but a dull gnawing pain in my stomach. Rains would pour down upon me, and beat in my face unregarded; and once there happened another storm, almost as violent as those I have described, which I listened to with indifference. I cared not—nay, I rather desired that some friendly billow might wash me away, and make an end of my miseries. But they disturbed me not; and still I lay by my pine-tree, unmindful of the joyous sun that burst out after the gale.

Once too, as I lay in that state of fearful stupefaction, my ears were suddenly invaded with the shrill cries of birds. I started up and looking around, I beheld myself within a few leagues of land. Was that an illusion of madness? Did I dream? Were these glorious blue hills that rose before my eyes merely a

phantom paradise made up of delusive fogs?—an airy nothing, conjured up to mock me in my misery? My soul was filled with transport: the vision grew in my eyes, and as the current bore me nearer and nearer to it, it increased in beauty, magnificence, and reality. Alas, my floating prison was carried past the projecting shore by the impetuous current.—The disappointment was too much for my weakened senses. I fell into a swoon, and that blissful shore, that Eden of the waters was lost to me for ever.

I awoke from my trance—I cast my eye back to the land; it lay like a blue cloud on the horizon, sinking and sinking in the distance and the twilight, until it vanished, and I was again sent out into the wide ocean.

Famine, fatigue, suffering and disappointed hope, had done their work; and the afternoon of another day saw me reclining on a fragment of rock, watching with a voracious eye flocks of sea-birds skimming and eddying above me. They flew all around me, croaking and screaming; nay they flapped their wings in my face, as if impatient of the hour which was to give them a banquet upon human flesh. I waved my hand; I shouted, and the hoarse sound frightened them from me.

One alone remained: it crept for food into a little hollow of the ice, where I followed and secured it. I tore it with my nails, and devoured it. Refreshed, but not half satisfied, I arose and looked again upon the ocean. A white speck appeared on the horizon: it grew it increased, it approached—I saw it—a sail—one, two, three, four—oh, heaven! a gallant fleet, rising white and glorious from the blue waters. Onward and onward they came their sails set, and their prows dashed up the dark element in clouds of snowy foam. Hope gave me supernatural strength; I climbed an icy peak, and stretched forth my arms to them. I shouted to them, till my voice hollow and broken dwindled into a feeble whisper. The foremost of them was now within a mile of me. I could see men thronging the decks, and methought even at that distance I could distinguish them, all with their eyes fixed on me, and some surveying me through glasses. But they did not deviate from their course—they seemed passing me; I tore the garments from my back, and waved them in the air. They passed on in their course. The second came, and the third—all—all—they passed me and replied not to my signals. The seventh and last, the convoy of the squadron, now appeared. The starry flag of my country fluttered from her peak. My gestures and cries were now like those of a madman. I flung my neckcloth high in the air, and the wind swept it from me into the sea.

But they saw it—they saw it! They fired a gun, and I looked for them to lay to. I watched for the launching of the boat. I deceived myself. It was a signal for the squadron to vary their course; and squadron and convoy soon vanished from my eyes.

This second dreadful disappointment to my hopes may be more easily conceived than described. The sun was setting. I crawled to a brink of the ice, fully resolved to throw myself into the sea. A dark object presented itself to my eyes, lying immediately under the island, and night had not so far advanced as to prevent me from recognising in this singular apparition, a wreck, water-logged and without masts, rolling heavily in the sea.

Something moved on the stern. Oh, happiness, was it a human being—one like myself spared to be mocked as I had been? I endeavored to call aloud, but my previous exertions had left me voiceless. I presented myself on the cliff, and this miserable creature now appeared to me a dog, which, seeing me, set up a loud howl. It was not the plaintive cry we so often hear uttered by this animal; not the animated yelp of recognition; no—hunger had changed its nature, as it had changed mine—it was the howl of a famished fiend, the screams of a beast of prey. This also disappeared, and night was again upon the ocean.

The morning came; I cared not for it. The sun was melting my island under me and must soon mingle it with the waters; I cared not for that. I was resigned to my fate the pangs of hunger were now unfelt. I was happy, for I knew I was dying; but death came slowly, my constitution resisted him. I lay in a horrid stupor.

From this state I was roused by a human voice—yes, many voices shouting and calling aloud. I crawled from my cave—I rose feebly to my feet. A ship with her sails backed, lay a few furlongs to windward of me. They had described my handkerchief, which I had hung upon a branch of the pine, and stuck in one of the most elevated parts of the island.

They saw me, and shouted cheerily and triumphantly. They put out a boat, which approached the ice; but its sharp and upright sides rendered it impossible for them to land on it. I succeeded in crawling to a part of the berg, where it inclined shelvingly to the water, and as a last effort, slid myself down into the sea.

I was taken up, and found myself fostered among the rude but good-hearted tars of my own country.


Amid the sublime scenery of the Alps, a wretch had the hardihood to write over against his name, in the Album kept for visitors, "An Atheist." It caught the eye of a minister who followed, when he at once wrote under it, "If an atheist, a fool; if not, a liar."

## FRIENDSHIP.

BY OSCAR DUNREATH.


There is a bud of heavenly birth,  
That blooms upon this lovely earth  
To cheer the lonely paths of life,  
And sooths us 'mid its care and strife;  
That bud is friendship—priceless gem—  
Life's brightest, sparkling diadem;  
O, mayst thou ever true remain,  
And ne'er thy holy name profane;  
But ever kind and constant prove  
To the warm heart's trusting love—  
And placid joy and light impart,  
To guid and cheer the wearied heart  
That beats in unison with thine,  
So loved, so gentle and divine.

## THE CHILDREN OF CONSUMPTIVE PARENTS.

 UNSY, sore throat, croup, inflammation on the lungs, and liability to cold all spring from a consumptive predisposition, and can be cured by whatever prevents it. Besides the applying to such children preventives already prescribed for consumptive adults, let them not be sent to school too early, but allowed to run wild—at least unconfined within doors—till into their teens. Sitting in school is especially pernicious, partly because of the vitiated air of school rooms, and because their small lungs make them naturally bend forward, and also warp inwardly, so as to retard all the vital functions. Folding the arms upon the chest is especially detrimental, because it impedes respiration: Fold them behind, if at all, so as to throw out the lungs. As the heads of all such children are too much for their bodies, neglect their mental culture, but make every effort to develop and fortify their physiology. They should do little else than *exercise, eat, sleep and grow, till twenty*, and even then not hurry to marry, or engage in business, till fully matured, though such are liable to do both while too young.—They border on *precocity*, and require to be kept from study instead of sent to school. The more noisy their occupations the better for their health, and the

more averse to study the less liable to consumption. Let them live mainly on bread-milk, and fruit, and retire and rise early. Meat will injure them, because it still farther stimulates them—the reverse of what they require—whereas milk soothes and quiets them. Especially important is it that such bathe.

## PHYSICAL EDUCATION.

 N former numbers of the Casket we have noticed, from time to time, the importance of the full development of the bodily powers, in connection with the education of the mental and moral faculties. Yet, we have sometimes feared, lest we also might fall into the too common error of giving exclusive attention to the higher departments of Education, to the neglect of the lower, though no less important—That, in common with the larger proportion of all who have interested themselves in these subjects, we should forget that the powers of the body must be cultivated no less than those of the mind. For, familiar as the sentiment of the old axiom, *sana mens in sana corpore*, is in the minds of all,—like many other proverbs—its truth may not be realized, even while the words are spoken. And not only is a healthy body necessary to the healthy action of the mind, but it is equally essential to sound morality. Such a conclusion might readily be made from the consideration of the fact, that the body, mind, an soul, which make up the man, are each essential to his very being. And if essential to his very existence, the perfection of each, (and of all,) is essential to the perfect man.

The daily observation of most persons, will show how important strength of body, bodily health and ability to endure fatigue as a good soldier, are to the successful action of the highly cultivated mind. How many men whose talents and genius gave society reason to ex-

pect great things from them, have gone down to a premature grave, leaving their great plans unfinished, simply from not paying due regard to the powers and laws of their corporal beings. How much, indeed, could we reasonably expect from one who comes forth upon the stage of life, with a highly endowed, well furnished mind, great acquirements—and a broken constitution?

But there is still another consideration proper in this connexion; but which is too often lost sight of, in estimating the comparative importance of physical education. And this is the intimate, and almost inseparable connexion between bodily health and moral virtue. The body is, indeed but the residence of the mind and soul, and is subject to their control. Yet the body is capable, by reason of its intimate association with the moral nature, of influencing it in a most wonderful manner. And as certain affections of the mind, such as anger or grief, chagrin or joy, are capable of inducing bodily disease: so in like manner, certain disordered conditions of the bodily organs, are capable of producing wrong or abnormal states of mind. Not to multiply instances, the fretfulness and impatience of invalids is notorious. And how strong an influence the morbid cravings of a disordered appetite exert upon many men, leading them to gluttony and drunkenness, is too well understood to need illustration. True, indeed, in these, and in all similar cases, the evil originates in the mind—in the first indulgence, or rather in the original cultivation of these depraved tastes, and their creation from the natural appetites of the body. True, indeed the body being the weaker nature is more sinned against than sinning. Yet this very consideration, proves the high importance of anticipating these evil influences upon the bodily system; and by strengthening the original nature, and eradicating any traces of parental errors, confirming it in its normal condition, rendering it an ally of virtue rather than of vice.

As was said of the mind, so also we may say of the body, and with equal truth, it is necessarily subject to educational influences from earliest childhood—influences which shall not simply develop its powers, but in addition give them a permanent bias for good or for evil.

Let, then the education of the body, the proper and harmonious cultivation of the bodily faculties, appetites and capacities, receive a due share of attention, by all interested in education. It is from neglect of the primary laws of our physical natures, many of the more important of which yet but partially understood, that the influence of our seminaries, boarding schools, and colleges, has upon the whole, been disastrous to many, whose early promise more than justified the high hopes of their friends. For ignorance and neglect of the laws of our physical nature, produce not physical disorder alone, but vitiate the intellectual powers and deprave the moral sense. Upon so important a subject, we feel tempted to go beyond the proper limits of a single article. But for the present, we must conclude our remarks by beseeching every parent, and every teacher to ponder upon these things. And we would most earnestly beseech every youth who may read this, to remember, that a neglect of his own physical education; and disregard of the laws of his physical nature, will result not in bodily disease alone, but will most inevitably, introduce disorder within the nobler structure of his intellectual and moral being.—*Casket.*


#### POPULAR RECREATION.

**C**AN any thing be more lamentable to contemplate than a dull, grim, and vicious population, whose only amusement is sensuality? Yet what can we expect if we provide no means of recreation; if we never share our own pleasure with our own poorer brethren; and if the public buildings which invite them in their brief hours of leisure

are chiefly gin palaces? As for our cathedrals and great churches, we mostly have them locked up, for fear any one should steal in and say a prayer, or contemplate a noble work of art without paying for it; and we shut up people by thousands in dense towns, with no outlets to the country but those which are guarded on both sides by dusty hedges. Now an open space near town is one of nature's churches; and it is an imperative duty to provide such things. Nor, indeed, should we stop at giving breathing places to crowded multitudes in great towns. To provide cheap locomotion as a means of social improvement should be even in the minds of legislators and other influential persons. Blunders in legislating about railways, and absurd expenditure in making them, are a far greater public detriment than they may seem at first sight. Again, without interfering too much, or attempting to force a "Book of Sports" upon the people who in that case would be absolutely dull and lugubrious, the benevolent employer of labor might exert himself in many ways to encourage healthful and instructive amusements amongst his men. He might give prizes for athletic excellence or skill; he might aid in establishing zoological gardens or music meetings, or exhibition of paintings, or mechanic's Institutes. These are things which some of the great employers of labor have already set him the example. Let him remember how much his work people are deprived of by being almost confined to one spot and let him be the more anxious to enlarge their minds, by inducing them to take interest in anything which may prevent the "ignorant present and its low cares from absorbing all their attention. He has very likely some pursuit or some art in which he takes especial pleasure himself and which gives to his leisure perhaps its greatest charm; he may be sure that there are many of his people who could be made to share in some degree that pleasure or pursuit with him. It

is a large, a sure, and certainly a most pleasurable benefice, to provide for the poor opportunities of recreation or means of amusement as I have mentioned above. Neither can it be set down as at all a trifling matter. Depend upon it, that man has not made any great progress in humanity, who does not care for the leisure hours and amusements of his fellow men.

#### THE INDIAN CHIEF.

 THE following beautiful story is literally true and was first published in a lecture delivered by William Tracy, Esq., of Utica, on the early history of Oneida County. It has been altered by some body, but we have not at hand the means of correcting the alterations, nor are they sufficiently important to greatly mar the beauty of the incidence as gracefully related by Mr. Tracy, whose fine pen, we would take this occasion to say, it is a reproach to him that he has suffered to lie idle so long:

One of the first settlers in Western New York was Judge W——, who established himself at Whitestown about four miles from Utica. He brought his family with him, among whom was a widowed daughter with an only child, a fine boy about four years old. You will recollect the country around was an unbroken forest, and this was the domain of the savage tribes.

Judge W—— saw the necessity of keeping on good terms with the Indians, for, as he was nearly, alone he was at their mercy. Accordingly he took every opportunity to assure them of his kindly feelings, and to secure their goodwill in return. Several of the chiefs came to see him, and all appeared pacific. But there was one thing that troubled him; an aged chief of the Oneida tribe, and one of great influence, who resided at a distance of a dozen miles, had not been to see him, nor could he ascertain the views and feelings of the Sachem in respect to his settlement.

in that region. At last he sent a message, and the answer was that the chief would visit him on the morrow.

True to his appointment, the Sachem came; Judge W—— received him with marks of respect and introduced his wife, his daughter and little boy. The interview that followed was interesting. Upon its result the Judge was convinced his security might depend, and he was therefore exceedingly anxious to make a favorable impression upon the distinguished chief. He expressed his desire to settle in the country, to live on terms of amity and good fellowship with the Indians, and to be useful to them by introducing among them the arts of civilization.

The chief heard him out, and then said:—"Brother you ask much and you promise much. What pledge can you give of your faith? The white man's word may be good to the white man, yet it is wind when spoken to the Indian."

"I have put my life in your hands" said the Judge, "is not that an evidence of my good intention? I have placed confidence in the Indian, and will not believe that he will abuse or betray the trust that is thus reposed."

"So much is well," replied the chief, "the Indian will repay confidence with confidence, if you will trust, he will trust you."

"Let this boy go with me to my wigwam; I will bring him back in three days with my answer!"

If an arrow had pierced the bosom of the mother, she could not have felt a deeper pang that went to her heart, as the Indian made this proposal. She sprang forward and running to the boy, who stood at the side of the Sachem, looking into his face with pleased wonder and admiration, she encircled him in her arms, and, pressing him to her bosom, was about to fly from the room. A gloomy and ominous frown came over the Sachem's brow but he did not speak.

But not so with Judge W——. He

knew that the success of their enterprise, of the lives of his family, depended on a decision of a moment.

"Stay, stay, my daughter," he said. "Bring back the boy, I beseech you.— He is not more to you than to me. I would not risk a hair of his head. But, my child, he must go with the Chief. God will watch over him! He will be as safe in the Sachem's wigwam, as beneath our own roof."

The agonized mother hesitated for a moment; she then slowly returned, placed the boy on the knee of the chief, and kneeling at his feet, burst into a flood of tears. The gloom passed from the Sachem's brow but he said not a word. He arose and departed.

I shall not attempt to describe the agony of the mother for the ensuing days. She was agitated by contending hopes and fears. In the night she awoke from sleep; seeming to hear the screams of the child calling on its mother for help. But the time wore slowly away, and the third day came. How slowly did the hours pass. The morning waned away, noon arrived, yet the Sachem came not. There was a gloom over the whole household. The mother was pale and silent. Judge W—— walked the floor to and fro, going every few minutes to the door, and looking through the opening in the forest towards Sachem's abode.

At last the rays of the setting sun were thrown upon the tops of the trees around, the eagle feathers of the chief were seen dancing above the bushes in the distance. He advanced rapidly, and the little boy was at his side. He was gaily attired as a young chief; his feet being dressed in moccasins, a fine beaver skin was on his shoulders, and eagle feathers were stuck in his hair.— He was in excellent spirits, and so proud was he of his honours that he seemed two inches taller than he was before. He was soon in his mother's arms, and in that brief minute she seemed to pass from death unto life. It was a happy meeting, too happy for me

to describe. "The white man has conquered!" said the Sachem; "hereafter let us be friends. You have trusted an Indian, he will repay you with confidence and friendship."

### THE ATTACK.

BY C. P. HOFFMAN.

"A band of Mohawks, while the Iroquois forces were investing Montreal, attacked the country mansion of the Sieur de M—. That gallant gentleman, wounded in a recent Indian conflict, was confined to his bed by fever. Madame de M— and her sister Claire were at evening prayers in the hall when the attack was made. An arrow which, entering through the window, nearly killed her little son, so excited the maternal feelings of the former that she was incapable of exertion; but the latter catching a musquetoon from the wall, as she heard the strokes of the Indian tomahawks against the door, had the remarkable presence of mind to select the chief of the band, who stood at a distance, for her aim. He fell, and his followers instantly dispersed in confusion."—*Wars of Canada, MS.*

The Indian whoop is heard without,  
Within the Indian arrow lies;  
There's horror in that fiendish shout,  
There's death where'er that arrow flies!

two trembling women there alone,  
Alone to guard a feeble child;  
What shield, oh, God! is round them thrown  
Amid that scene of peril wild?

Thy book upon the table there  
Reveals at once from whence could flow  
The strength to dash aside despair,  
The meekness to abide the blow.

Already, half resigned, she kneels,  
And half imploring, kneels the mother,  
A while angelic courage steels  
The gentle nature of the other.

They thunder on the oaken door,  
They pierce the air with furious yell,  
And soon that plume upon the floor  
May grace some painted warrior well.

Oh, why cannot one stalwart arm  
But wield the brand that hangeth by?  
And snatch the noble girl from harm  
Who heedeth not the hellish cry?

A shot! the savage leader falls—  
'Twas Clara's eye which aimed the gun—  
That eye whose aim appals  
Is tearful when its task is done.

He falls—and straight, with baffled cries,  
His tribes men fly in wild dismay;  
And now, beneath the evening skies,  
Those women may in safety pray.

### CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

"DIDN'T he make you a present of anything, Lizzy?" asked Margaret Granger of her cousin Lizzy Green.

"No, not even a strawberry cushion" spoke up Lizzy's sister, "that he might have bought for a sixpence. I think he's a right down mean, selfish, stingy fellow, so I do; and if he doesn't keep Lizzy on bread and water when he gets her, my name's not Jane Green."

"I wouldn't have him," said Margaret, jesting, yet half in earnest. "Let Christmas go by and don't make his sweetheart or sister a present of the most trifling value! He must have a penny soul. Why, Harry Lee sent me the "Leaflets of Memory" and a pair of the sweetest flower vases you ever saw, and he only comes to see me as a friend. And cousin William made me a present of a splendid copy of Mrs. Hall's Sketches," the most interesting book I ever read. Besides, I received lots of things. Why, my table is full of presents." "You have been quite fortunate," said Lizzy, in a quiet voice; "much more so than Jane and I, if to receive a great many Christmas presents is to be considered fortunate."

"But don't you think Edward might have sent you some token of good will and affection in the holiday season, when every one is giving or receiving presents?" asked Margaret.

"Nothing of the kind was needed, Cousin Maggy, as an expression of his feelings towards me," replied Lizzy. "He knew that I understood their quality, and felt that any present would have been a useless formality."

"You can't say the same in regard to Jane. He might have passed her the usual compliment of the season."

"Certainly he might," said Jane. "Lizzy needn't try to excuse him after this

lame fashion. Of course, there is no cause for the omission but meanness—there's my opinion, and I speak it out boldly."

"It isn't right to say that sister," remarked Lizzy. "Edward has other reasons for omitting the prevalent custom at this season—and good reasons, I am well assured. As to the charge of meanness, I don't think the fact you alledge a sufficient ground for making it."

"Well, I do then," said cousin Margaret. "Why if I were a young man and engaged in marriage to a lady, I'd sell my shoes but what I'd give her something as a Christmas present."

"Yes—or borrow or beg the money," chimed in Jane.

"Every one must do as he or she thinks best," replied Lizzy. "As for me I am contented to receive no holiday gift, being well satisfied that meanness on the part of Edward has nothing to do with it."

But notwithstanding Lizzy, said this, she could not but feel a little disappointed—more, perhaps, on account of the appearance of the thing than from any suspicion that meanness as alledged by Jane, had anything to do with the omission.

"I wish Edward had made Lizzy some kind of a present," said Mrs. Green to her husband a day or two after the holiday had passed; "if it had been only for the looks of it. Jane has been teasing her about it ever since, and calls it nothing but meanness in Edward. And I'm afraid he is a little close."

"Better that he should be so than too free," replied Mr Green; "though I must confess that a dollar or two, or even ten dollars, spent at Christmas in a present for his intended bride, could hardly have been set down to the score of prodigality. It does look mean, certainly."

"He is doing very well."

"He gets a salary of eight hundred

dollars, and I suppose it doesn't cost him over four or five hundred dollars to live, at least it ought not to do so."

"He has bought himself a snug little house, I am told."

"If he's done that he's done very well," said Mr. Green, "and I can forgive him for not spending his money in Christmas presents, that are never of much use, say the best you will of them. I'd rather Edward would have a comfortable house to put his wife in than see him loading her down, before marriage, with presents of one foolish thing or another."

"True, but it wouldn't have hurt him to have given the girl something, if it had only been a book, a purse, or some such trifle."

"For which trifles he would have been as strongly charged with meanness as he is now. Better let it go as it is. No doubt he has good reasons for his conduct."

Thus Mr Green and Lizzy defended Edward, while the mother and Jane scolded about his meanness to their hearts content.

Edward Mayfield, the lover of Lizzy Green, was a young man of good principles, prudent habits and really generous feelings, but his generosity did not consist in wasting his earnings in order that he might be thought liberal and open hearted, but in doing real acts of kindness where he saw that kindness was needed. He had saved from his salary, in the course of four or five years, enough to buy him a snug house, had a few hundred dollars in the Saving's Bank with which to furnish it when the time came for him to get married. This time was not very far off when the Christmas, to which allusion has been made, came round. At this holiday season, Edward had intended to make both Lizzy and her sister a handsome present, and he had been thinking for some weeks as to



what it should be. Many articles, both useful and merely ornamental, were thought of, but none of them exactly pleased his fancy.

A day or two before Christmas, he sat thinking about the matter, when something or other gave a new turn to his reflections.

"They didn't really need anything" he said to himself, "and yet I propose to myself to spend twenty dollars in presents merely for appearance sake. Is this right?"

"Right if you choose to do it," he replied to himself.

"I am not sure of that," he added after a pause. And then he sat in quite a musing mood for some minutes.

"That's better," he at length said, rising up and walking about the floor. "That would be money and good feelings spent to a better purpose."

"But they'll expect something," he argued with himself; "the family will think so strong of it. Perhaps I had better spend half the amount in elegant books for Lizzy and Jane, and let the other go in the way I propose!"

This suggestion however, did not satisfy him.

"Better let it all go in the other direction," he said, after thinking awhile longer; "It will do a real good. The time will come when I can explain the whole matter if necessary, and do away with any little false impression that may have been formed."

To the conclusion which Edward arrived at, he remained firm. No present was made to his betrothed or her sister, and the reader has seen in what light the omission was viewed.

Christmas eve proved to be one of unusual inclemency. The snow had been falling all day, driven into every nook and corner, cleft and cranny, by a piercing

north-easter; and now although the wind had ceased to roar among the chimneys and to whirl the snow with blinding violence into the face of any one who ventured abroad, the broad flakes were falling slowly but more heavily than since morning, though the ground was covered already to the depth of many inches. It was a night to make the poor feel sober as they gathered more closely around their small fires, and thought of the few sticks of wood or pecks of coal that yet remained of their limited store.

On this dreary night, a small boy, who had been at work in a printing office all day, stood near the desk of his employer, waiting to receive his week's wages and go home to his mother, a poor widow, whose slender income scarcely sufficed to give food to her little household.

"You needn't come to-morrow, John," said the printer, as he handed the lad the two dollars that were due him for the week's work: "to-morrow is Christmas."

The boy took the money and after lingering a moment, turned away and walked towards the door. He evidently expected something and seemed disappointed. The printer noticed this and at once comprehended its meaning.

"John," he said kindly.

The boy stopped and turned around; as he did so, the printer took up a half dollar from the desk and held it between his fingers, said—

"You've been a very good boy, John, and I think you deserve a Christmas gift. Here's half a dollar for you."

John's countenance was lit up instantly. As he came back to get the money, the printer's eyes rested upon his feet, which were not covered with a very comfortable pair of shoes, and he said—

"Which would you rather have, John, this half a dollar or a pair of new shoes?"

"I'd rather have the new shoes," replied John without hesitation.

"Very well; I'll write you an order on a shoemaker, and you can go and fit yourself," and the printer turned to his desk and wrote the order.

As he handed to John the piece of paper on which the order was written, the lad looking earnestly in his face and then said, with strongly-marked hesitation—

"I think sir, that my shoes will do very well if mended; they only want mending. Won't you please write shoes for my mother instead of me?"

The boy's voice trembled and his face was suffused. He felt that he had ventured too much. The printer looked at him for a few moments and then said—

"Does your mother want shoes badly?"

"Oh, yes sir. She doesn't earn much by washing and ironing when she can do it, but she sprained her wrist three weeks ago, and hasn't been able to do anything but work a little about the house since."

"And your wages is all she has to live upon?"

"They are now."

"You have a little sister I believe?"

"Yes, sir."

"Does she want shoes also?"

"She has had nothing but old rags on her feet for a month."

"Indeed!"

The printer turned to his desk and sat and mused for half a minute, while John stood with his heart beating so loud that he could hear its pulsation.

"Give me that order," he at length said to the boy, who handed him the slip of paper. He tore it up and took his pen and wrote a new order."

"Take this," he said presenting it to John, "I have told the shoemaker to give you a pair for your mother, yourself and

your little sister; an here is the half-dollar my boy, you must have that also."

John took the order and money and stood for a few moments looking into the printer's face, while his lips moved as if he were trying to speak, but no sound came there from. Then he turned away and left the office without uttering a word.

TO BE CONTINUED.

### THE HEIR OF LINN.

BY WILLIAM J. SNELLING.

HERE is a beautiful Scotch ballad by this title that I never saw but once in my life—but it made a very strong impression on me. As the ballad is not to be found, I will endeavour to tell the story in plain prose.

The Laird of Linn, in Galloway, was one of the richest landed proprietors in Scotland.—Besides his lands and dwellings, he had flocks and herds and a good store of gold. Moreover he was a man of frugal and parsimonious disposition, so that the gentlemen of Galloway avoided his company, and the whole country cried shame on him.—Nevertheless, his riches grew and increased to a mighty sum, and there was no telling what heaps of treasures he had snugly concealed.

The Heir of Linn did not marry till late in life, and his wife died within a year after their marriage. Though naturally of a noble and generous temper, he was wild, reckless, and extravagant. Seeing and hearing his father ridiculed every day, for his miserly temper and habits, he resolved at all events not to be like him, and spent all he could lay his hands upon among low and dissolute companions, in drinking and riotous living. So true is it that one extreme often produces another. It was in vain that his father remonstrated with him, he only grew worse and worse as he grew older and older.

At last the Laird of Linn lay on his death bed. He had outlived all his

near relations, and he had no friends, so that he was in a manner obliged to leave all his substance to his son, and besides, next to his gold, he loved his prodigal heir. Previous to his death, he called the Heir of Linn to his bedside, and spoke to him thus:

"My son, when my lips are cold in death and my tongue silent in the grave, I know how it will be with you. You will spend all the substance of your ancestors, and all the gold I have got together, in dissipation and extravagance. Nevertheless, I do not wish my son to live a beggar. Therefore give heed to my dying command, and if you disregard it, may a father's curse cling to you. You know the upper chamber of my house in Kipple-tringar. It is now locked up, and I have thrown the key in the sea. When you have lost both gold and land—when you have not a friend that will lend you a bawbee and when you are actually suffering for a crust to appease your hunger, break the door open; but if you open it before that time, I say again may a father's curse cling to you."

With these words the old man fell back on his pillow and died.

The Heir of Linn did not grieve long for his parent. He soon threw open his house to all comers. His forest fell beneath his axe, his chimneys were always smoking, a hundred men sat daily at his board, and he bought him horses and hounds, and lent money without counting to his dissolute companions. He feasted and drank, gamed, and, as if he could not get rid of his substance fast enough in these ways, he took no care of his affairs, but gave up the guidance of them to a bailiff or steward named John of the Scales, who was a knave, and a notorious usurer. John cheated his master in various ways, and put more than half his rents and moneys into his own pocket.

At last, what the Heir of Linn's father had foreseen came to pass. His money was all gone, and he had no means of keeping up his excesses but by selling his

lands, and there was no one rich enough to buy them except John of the Scales, and every one knew how he came by his money. The young Laird was in desperate want of cash to pay his gaming debt, and was moreover heated with wine, when his unjust steward offered to buy his estates. It was a hard case, but after much reluctance, he agreed upon a bargain. "Give me your gold, good John of the Scales, and my lands shall be yours forever," said the Heir of Linn.

Then John counted down the good yellow gold, and a hard bargain his master had for it. For every pound that John gave for it, the land was well worth three.

The last money went like the first, and the Heir of Linn was a beggar. He first went to the house that had once been his own, but now belonged to John of the Scales, to seek some relief. He looked at the window of the great banquetting hall, but there was no feasting going on in it. The fire was out, the dinner table was taken away, and all was desolate and dismal. "Here's sorry cheer," said the Heir of Linn.

John would not give him a penny, but told him to go to the friends he had spent his money upon so foolishly. He did so, but it did no good. Some of them pretended not to know him, and not one would lend him a farthing, or even offer him a dinner. So he wandered about forlorn and hungry, for two days, for work he could not, and to beg he was ashamed. At last, in extreme misery, he bethought himself of his father's dying words. "I have not sold the old house in Kippletringar yet," said he, "for no one will buy it. I will go and break open the upper chamber. My father told me I should find relief there, and perhaps he meant treasure. If it should prove so, I will be a wiser man than I was, and not waste it upon knaves."

To the house he went, and broke open the door. He found relief indeed. There was nothing in the room except

ing a high stool, and directly over it a halter dangling from a hook in the ceiling. He looked up and read these words:

"Ah graceless wretch and wanton fool—you are ruined for ever. This is the only relief for those who waste their patrimony as you have done. Behold! then—put the rope around your neck! jump from the stool! and save your family the disgrace of ending in a beggar!"

"Very excellent counsel," said the Heir of Linn, "and I must either hang or starve. I think I'll take my father's advice and hang. It is the shortest death of the two. So he mounted, fastened the halter round his neck and kicked the stool from under him.

But the Heir of Linn was not to die so. The board in which the hook was driven, gave away with his weight, and he fell to the floor with a shower of gold coin rattling about his ears. I will not say that he felt no pain in his neck the next day, but at the moment he certainly felt none. Joy rushed into his heart like a torrent at seeing himself rescued from beggary. The space between the ceiling and the roof containing an enormous treasure. On the upper side of the board from which he had thought to hang himself, was fastened a letter addressed to himself. He hastily tore it open, and read as follows:—

"My Dear Son:—I know your character, and that no expostulation or advice can turn you from the desperate course you are pursuing. Nothing but misery sharper than death can cure you. If, therefore, your misfortunes and suffering should be so grievous that you prefer death to enduring them, I have some hope that you will not rashly encounter them again. You have made the trial—take my gold redeem your land, and become a wiser and better man!"

The Heir of Linn did not leave the spot without putting up a prayer to heaven for the soul of that parent, whose admirable wisdom had discovered a

means of raising him from beggary and despair to affluence, and of weaning him from the follies and vices which had disgraced his character. To evince his gratitude, he resolved to amend his life from that day forward, and become all a father's heart could wish.

But first he thought he would make one more trial of his false friends on whom he had wasted his time, his substance, and his character. He therefore kept his newly discovered wealth a secret till he heard that John of the Scales intended to give a great entertainment, and that all the lords and ladies of Galway would be there.

When the Heir of Linn entered his father's hall, it was crowded with richly dressed gentlemen; but he was in a beggar's rags, saying that he was starving. To one he said—"You have feasted on my board a thousand times—will you now deny me the crumbs that fall from your own?" To another—"I gave you a fair steed and trappings;" to the third—"I lent you a thousand pounds, and never asked you to repay me; and so on to all the rest of the company. But instead of remembering his favors, they reviled him, and called him spendthrift, beggar, and all manner of vile names. Some said it was a shame that such a wretched object should be suffered to come amongst them; and one, to whom, more than all the rest, his purse had always been open, called on the servants to thrust him out of doors.

But one took his part. It was Richard Lankland, a poor younger son of a wealthy gentleman. He stood up and said:—I never ate at the board of the Heir of Linn; I never rode his horses, or shared his purse, or received favors of him to the value of a farthing. But what then? He was a worthy gentleman when he had the means. I have twelve gold nobles, and that is all I own in the world; and here are six of them at the service of the man whose hand was never shut to the poor. And as I am a gentleman, no one shall lay hand

on him while I wear a sword." A glad man was the Heir of Linn to find one man worthy to be his friend. He took the six nobles and advanced towards John of the Scales, who was standing at the end of the hall, attired in gorgeous apparel.

"You at least," said the Heir of Linn, "ought to relieve my necessities, for you are grown rich upon my ruin, and I gave you a good bargain of my lands."

Then John of the Scales began to revile him and to declare that he had given him much more for the lands than they were worth, and reprimanded him in severe terms for his extortion, before so much goddly company. "Nay," said he to the Heir of Linn, "if you will but return me the half of what I paid you for your father's estate, you shall have it back again."

"Perhaps I may find friends who will lend me the sum," said the Heir of Linn: "therefore give me a promise under your hand and seal, and I will see what can be done."

John of the Scales knew that few people in the country had so much money, even if it was a common thing to lend money to beggars, and he had seen what reliance is to be placed on friends in such a case. He had not the least idea that the Heir of Linn would ever be the owner of a hundredth part of the sum. He therefore called for a pen and ink, and paper, and sat down before the company, and wrote the promise, and scoffingly gave it to his former master.

Then the Heir of Linn strode to the window and opened it, and took a bugle from under his tattered garberdine, and blew till the joists and rafters shook with the din. Presently a fair troop of servants rode up well armed and mounted, leading a mule with them well laden with treasure. They dismounted and brought the gold into the hall!

"My father's land is my own again!" cried the Heir of Linn joyously, and before the company had recovered from their astonishment he counted out to

John of the Scales the sum he had just agreed to take. Then turning to his servants he said—"Scourge this viper out of the house of Linn with dog whips!" And it was done.

The company then crowded around him congratulating him on recovering his patrimony, and excusing their own neglect and ingratitude. He said to them, "Caitiffs, slaves, dogs, begone! Pollute the door of my house no longer! If ye enter my grounds again, I will have the servants loose the hounds upon you."

To master Lankland he said, "Come to my arms—come to my heart, my friend, my brother. Live in my house and share with the Heir of Linn in all things."

And the Heir of Linn became another man, and was an ornament to his country and a blessing to his tenants.

#### THOUGHTS.

WHAT strange things thoughts are! With what marvellous rapidity, and in what endless variety, they rush through the mind! How pertinaciously will they seek admittance, even when repulsed; and again how prone are they to wander to the ends of the earth when we wish to confine them to some particular subject? We cannot see them, we cannot grasp them, but the busy brain is viewless and unsubstantial. How ignorant, too, are we of the thoughts of each other! We sit by the side of another, we see his form, we hear his voice, but the thoughts that are passing through his mind are for the most part unknown to us. How opposite are they, also, in their nature and tendency, in the same individual, at different times! Like the restless tide, which is ebbing or flowing, they are constantly active; now elevated, now grovelling, now heavenly, now earthly. Now they are proud, selfish, avaricious, impure, discontented, skeptical; now they are humble, loving, holy, thankful, believing. Now they wait us: away to brighter

worlds, and we seem to breathe the pure atmosphere of heaven; now they sink us down into the depths of mental degradation, and render our minds like the polluted interior of the temple seen by Ezekiel.

There never was a vile or wicked action committed, but it once existed in the form of a thought, which settled down, and germinated, and budded and blossomed, and bore fruit in infamy and ruin. There was a time in the history of Cain when he would have been indignant had he been told that he would live to murder his brother; but an envious and malicious thought sprang up in his mind, it was cherished, the little specious visitant became his master, and urged him on from step to step till he killed his own brother, and has earned for himself the terrible distinction of being the first murderer. Judas once little dreamed that he would be branded with infamy to the end of time, as the betrayer of his Master; but an avaricious thought sprang up in his mind, it took root, and grew, it strengthened into a habit, and he bravely betrayed his innocent Lord for thirty pieces of silver.

Equally important are good thoughts, both to ourselves and others. How important was the first good thought of the prodigal in the parable, when he meditated on his debased condition, and the abundance he had left! How it stirred him up to the good resolution, "I will arise and go to my father," Luke xv. 18, and brought his reconciliation to his parent, and restoration to his home! How important in its results was that thought of the psalmist which he has recorded: "I thought on my ways, and turned my feet unto thy testimonies!" *Psa. cxix. 59.* How usefulness, also, to the world has often sprung out of a solitary thought! How important to the interest of science was the inquiring thought of Newton, on seeing the apple fall from the tree, and which issued in his discovery of the laws of gravitation! How important to the destiny of multitudes of our oppress-

ed and enslaved fellow creatures was the first thought of Clarkson, when he meditated on the sufferings of the oppressed slave, and concluded by resolving to devote himself to the amelioration of his condition! How important to the interests of religion was the first thought of Luther, when he compared the corruptions of the Romish church with the pure model of Jesus Christ, and determined to protest against them with all his energy!

When we thus consider what mighty events have transpired in the world which have sprung from a single thought, and when we remember the intimate connexion there is between the thoughts and the actions of men, what solemn importance attaches to every little fleeting thought which passes through the mind! Many imagine they do all that is required of them if their actions are decent and upright; but there is little safety even that our actions will be right unless our thoughts be pure and holy.

Let us learn to attach more importance to what we think, learn ourselves to watch what is thus watched by Heaven, remember that bad thoughts lead to ruin, and that good thoughts lead heavenwards; and as there is such an intimate connexion between a good thought and a good action, fight against evil in the bud, and nourish those good thoughts which the Holy Spirit is ever ready to suggest to us. A little sentence or clause from Scripture may often be advantageously selected as a topic of thought during the day, thus guarding the mind against evil thoughts in the most efficacious manner, that of pre-occupying it with good ones. Thus shall we make some progress in obeying the difficult apostolic admonition, "Bringing into captivity every thought, to the obedience of Christ," *2 Cor. x. 5.* Thus shall we live in habitual reverence of the scrutinizing eye of Him of whom the psalmist said, "Thou understandest my thoughts afar off," *Psa. cxxxix. 2:* and with his conviction of this solemn truth we shall do well to

unite his earnest supplication—"Search me, O God, and know my heart; try me, and know my thoughts: and see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting," Psa. cxxxix. 23, 24.

### FOREVER THINE.

BY ALARIC WATTS.

Forever thine, whate'er the heart betide,  
Forever thine, where'er our lot be cast—  
Fate, that may rob us of all wealth beside,  
Shall leave us love, till life itself be past.

The world may wrong us—we will brave its hate;  
False friends may charge, and fals'er hopes decline;  
Though bowed by kankering care, we'll smile at fate,  
Since thou art mine, beloved, and I am thine!

Forever thine—when circling years have spread  
Time's snowy blossoms o'er thy placid brow;  
When youth's rich glow, its purple light is fled,  
And lilies bloom where roses flourish now.

Nay, shall I love the fading beauty less  
Whose spring-like radiance has been wholly mine?  
Not crime what will, thy steadfast truth I'll bless  
In youth! In age, thine own, forever thine!

Forever thine, as evening's dewy hour,  
When gentle hearts to tenderest thoughts incline;  
When balmist odors from each closing flower  
Are breathing round me—thine, forever thine!

Forever thine, amidst the boisterous crowd,  
When the jest sparkles with the sparkling wine,  
I may not name thy gentle name aloud,  
But drink to thee in thought—forever thine!

I would not, sweet, profane that silvery sound;  
The depth of love could such rude hearts divine;  
Let the loud laughter-peat, the toast go round;  
My thoughts, my thoughts are thine, forever thine!

**CHEERING THOUGHT.**—Sound instruction is like a small stone thrown into the water; it sinks to the bottom, and disappears, but when it struck the surface, it raised a wave; this produced another wave, till the whole was in agitation. This thought may often cheer the mind, in seasons when all looks dark; and though for the present the work may not be "joyous but grievous," yet afterward the most trying parts of the discipline may be those which will call for the deepest thankfulness.

### THE BLIGHTED HEART.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A NEW HOME," ETC.

It is many years since an individual of singular appearance took up his abode in the vicinity of a populous town—an unusual choice of place for one whom misfortune or misanthropy seemed to have rendered averse to human society, but not an injudicious one in this case, since the spot afforded the solitude of the desert without its remoteness from succor.

His humble dwelling, constructed with little skill or care, and scarcely discernible in the tangled thicket, was situated upon a rough hill that rose with picturesque abruptness from the level plain; toward the town rocky and precipitous, but descending on the opposite side with a softer outline. The gray rock was in some places naked to the sun; in others, covered with soil for the most part closely wooded. One spot in the very midst of the deep shade, was susceptible of cultivation. It was but a strip, but it repaid the rude culture of the recluse with food sufficient for him, and served also to pasture two or three sheep—not doomed to bleed for their master's gratification, but to be harnessed with strips of bark to a little cart, which served him many useful purposes during the Summer, and when Autumn blasts began to lay bare the branches, bore his few movables toward the pleasant south. No one knew where he made his winter abode; but the flitting was regular as that of the birds, and when they and the flowers returned back came our hermit to his hovel on the rock.

When we first heard of his existence, he was seldom disturbed or intruded upon. Curiosity had subsided, and the determined silence of the recluse was not calculated to induce a chance visitor to repeat his visit. Strangers were sometimes taken to the hermitage, but to those who had associated the flowing beard, staff, cross and rosary with the idea of a hermit, our recluse seemed

but a poor representation of the class. He was a coarse, rough looking person, clothed in a sort of Robinson Crusoe style; and his whole air was one which the most romantic imagination would have found it difficult to invest with the character of saintly repose which always marks the hermit of story. A student would sometimes terminate his ramble by a short rest in the bough-roofed hovel, or a schoolboy spend his Saturday afternoon in its neighborhood, for the sake of sharing the contents of his basket with the lonely tenant; and in such cases the offered dainties were usually repaid by the gift of some of nature's treasures, which an out-door life enabled him to procure. He would heat his rude oven, and bake apples and potatoes for them, while they gathered berries or rambled through the craggy solitudes. But he scarcely ever spoke, and most of his days were passed in absolute solitude.

The accounts I had heard had aroused no little interest or curiosity respecting this strange being, when I was one day informed that the hermit was in the kitchen, and had asked leave to take—not exactly “the husks that the swine did eat”—but a piece of white bread which had been consigned to that base use by an unthrifty maid, and which had caught his eye as he passed her territory, driven from his wretched home by the pangs of hunger. I had heard that he sometimes asked alms in the kitchens of his young visitors, when from want of foresight he found himself without provisions; I was, therefore, not surprised, when I heard of his coming. Quite curious, however, I followed my informant immediately, and found a tall, meagre figure, clad in a sort of wrapper of the coarsest kind of blanketing, confined at the waist with a piece of rope. His hair was “sable-silvered,” and seemed utterly unconscious of comb or scissors; and his beard, not “descending” but full and bushy, concealed completely the mouth and chin, to which I usually look for the expression

of character. So much of his face as could be seen, showed little trace of refined sensibility. His eye was cold and stern, and one found it difficult to believe it had ever been otherwise, yet I fancied—who could forbear fancying something of an individual so singular in his appearance and habits?—that the deep furrows of his brow were not the gradual work of time, but the more severe scoopings of remorse or regret, and that they spoke of pangs such as only the strong mind can suffer.

My gaze offended or disconcerted him, for he stepped without the door, so as to screen himself from further scrutiny. I hastened to repair the involuntary fault by addressing him courteously, and inviting him to come in. He neither spoke nor raised his eyes from the ground; so, directing apart that food should be set before him, I left him to dispose of it at his pleasure, for it was evident that he was painfully shy, and that my presence was both unexpected and unwelcome.

I heard of him occasionally through the Summer, but nothing of novelty or interest until the hoarse voice of Autumn was heard on the hill, and the strides of approaching Winter rustled among the dry leaves of the forest, when it was ascertained that the recluse still occupied his airy Summer bower, being too unwell to commence his usual migration. Preparing a few of the little comforts of the sick room, I accompanied his young friends to the rock, in hopes of discovering the nature of his illness and being able to contribute to his cure.

Forlorn and desolate indeed was the situation of the poor solitary. He had been unable to gather in the produce of his little plantation, and the corn was yet on the stalk, and the potatoes in the ground. The trees, stripped of their covering, no longer afforded shelter to the miserable hovel, and the hermit lay exposed to the chilling wind, warmed only by the poor sheep which huddled round him, having followed him to his



retreat for protection from the blast, or for the food which the bare and frozen banks now denied them.

He received thankfully the provisions we offered, but resisted every proposal for removing him to a more comfortable asylum, or even for improving the miserable pallet on which he lay. He showed no symptoms of any particular disease, but a general decline of the powers of life. His appearance was much altered, and his face of a transparent paleness; but this might well have been occasioned by the want of such food as his feeble appetite required. He felt quite sure he should be better now, and said he had lain in bed only to keep himself warm. Finding him resolute in rejecting further aid, the young people gathered a supply of fuel, and filled his kettle and hung it over a good fire, and arranged the few comforts we had brought on a rude shelf by the bedside, and we left him to himself, feeling that however grateful he might be for intended kindness, human society was evidently distasteful to him.

It was evident to us all that he was much softened since his illness. He no longer maintained an obstinate silence, nor when he spoke was it with that deep hoarse voice which had been remarkable before. There was more of refinement in his language, and of intelligence in his eye; and I could not help thinking that the roughness I had noticed had been artificial—assumed only to suit the character he had adopted. Our young people now visited him more frequently, and others, hearing of his indisposition, offered more comforts than he would consent to receive; but he declined gradually, so gradually, indeed, that those who saw him often were scarce aware of the change, until one morning he was found dead in his bed\*.

No clue to his name or kindred was

found among his poor effects; but he had consigned to one favored individual a memoir of his life, or at least of that portion of it which had been passed among men. Other papers there were—the outpourings of a vehement spirit—of a rebellious and untamed heart, which had dared to sit in judgment on the decrees of the Most High, and to draw from their various calamities of life bold and blasphemous conclusions against the justice and goodness of Providence. These were of course committed to the flames; but the short record of his own disastrous career, written apparently in a different spirit, and after he had ceased to “contend against God,” is here given, not without a hope that useful lessons may be derived from the errors of a proud and self-deifying heart.

#### THE HERMIT'S STORY.

My father was a substantial farmer. By unremitting industry in early life he had amassed a few hundreds, and these had become thousands by prudent management and rigid economy; so that from my earliest recollection he was at ease as to worldly possessions. His own career having been thus prosperous he naturally desired that his only son should follow in his footsteps, and with his noble farm inherit his fondness for agricultural pursuits. Though deficient in education himself, he allowed me its advantages, and I was many years at school, with only the occasional interruption of a summons home when haying or harvesting required the entire force of the household. At such times my father spoke often to me of his wish that I should be prepared to relieve him from the cares which his years began to render irksome; of my own good fortune in being the inheritor of such a farm, and of his in having a son capable of carrying out his plans of further improvement—but I was fated to disappoint him. Fated, did I say! Let me rather own that at school I imbibed a love of letters, but not a sense

\* Those of our readers who were acquainted with New Haven twenty years ago will recognize in this sketch an attempt to describe the person known as “The Hermit of East Rock.”

of duty; a high opinion of my own powers, and a secret conviction that those powers would be wasted in the inglorious occupation of tilling the ground. My thirst for knowledge referred only to mental gratification; and I pursued my studies with an ardor of which those who have always had ready access to the treasures of literature can have but little conception. At home I scarce saw a book, beyond the Bible and a few elementary works; and when at college my eyes first opened upon the store of ages, I became absolutely intoxicated with delight, and rioted indiscriminately in whatever seemed for the moment most desirable to my excited fancy. The result of this kind of reading was anything but advantageous. Mental dissipation is scarcely less injurious to the moral sense than is its ruinous brother vice. The generous and self-denying virtues are almost as incompatible with the one as with the other. Under the influence of my new-found pleasure it cost me not a pang to disappoint the long-cherished hopes of my father, and it was with a secret swell of conscious superiority that I announced to him my resolution never to be a farmer.

His anger and his astonishment knew no bounds. He bitterly lamented his folly in having sent me to college, "although," as he observed, "there was nothing in the nature of learning to make a fool of a boy." This was very true, yet the small and ill-chosen and worse digested amount of it which I had imbibed, had only filled my head with vanity, and my heart with undutiful thoughts. The entreaties of my mother and sister delayed the catastrophe for awhile. My father consented to try me at business, and I condescended to be tried; but nothing but disaster ensued. When not willfully careless, I was ruinously absent-minded, and it was not until I had killed half the cows, by letting them spend the night in a field of clover, and spiked the best horse on the tongue of a stage-

coach, while I lay reading Thomson's *Summer* on the top of a load of hay, that my poor father gave it up in despair. He gave me a small amount of money, a horse, and a supply of clothing, and then, with anger in his eye and grief and mortification in his heart, sent me to seek my fortune where I could find a situation more congenial to my taste.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Original.  
**What is Life.**

BY C. M. D.

Life is a shadow that passeth away,  
A bubble that riseth from the bottomless deep,  
Like the cloud o'er the heavens it wildly doth stray,  
Or floats on the top till the waves o'er it sweep.

Man's like the forest—he blooms in the spring,  
He's joyous when young—he's fresh and he's green;  
See the bright flowers and list the birds sing,  
How proudly it waves—how rich is its sheen.

Ah! I see a stray leaf fall whirling around,  
Behold the proud forest is shorn of its bloom,  
Its beauty lies scattered upon the cold ground,  
So falleth the pride of vain man in the tomb.

These things are a type of a far brighter day,  
That will beam on the good and the just;  
That shines on a land where there is no decay,  
Where mortals in glory will arise from their dust.

Life is a shadow that passeth away,  
A cloud o'er the sun of glories in heaven;  
A twilight before a far brighter day,  
To the children of Jesus eternally giv'n.  
Toronto, Sept. 25, 1849.

Almost half the human species die in infancy from the ignorance, mismanagement and neglect of mothers.

## SELF-CULTURE.

PHILOSOPHERS have racked their wit and wisdom to distinguish man from "other animals" by some single and infallible mark. But to us it seems sufficient to say, *man is a being capable of self-culture.* This power at once separates him from the lower orders, and makes him akin to higher existence; while its exercise brings him more and more on a level with the angels, than which he was originally created but little lower. Thus, while the simple possession of this faculty renders man noble, its full cultivation and development, raises him still higher in the scale of being.

The most cursory survey of the universe of matter and of mind, including all that science unfolds of the former, and all that either revelation or reason discovers of the latter, shows that one great law pervades them both, and makes a necessary part of all that in both either exists or consists. *This law is progress.* No star of the first magnitude, however near or remote it may be, however fixed it may appear, ever remains for a single moment stationary in any part of its orbit. Suns, moons, planets, stars, all,—all continue with unceasing activity, their annual and diurnal motions,—besides another, the *systemic*, where whole systems become but units in other systems, which have hitherto proved too vast for man to explore. So in like manner, not the smallest particle that helps make up the earth's mass, or the humblest individual that resides upon its surface, ever remains, from moment to moment, unchanged in its essential being, or in its relation to others.

Change, progress, is the necessary law of all beings, and of all worlds.—And while the latter are guided in their progress by other "laws" fixed as fate, immutable as eternity,—man possesses the high prerogative, both of promoting and of guiding his own progress. And as is just, becomes thus personally responsible for the quality, as well as the

quantity of that progress. The artist has vividly portrayed the situation of man, as a fair youth, standing erect in his frail bark, upon the stream of life, and holding in his hand the helm of destiny. His onward course is subject to his own control; and he guides it as he will, downward, in the company of evil spirits, or upward, to the beckoning of his guardian angel. But the picture is imperfect, since it shows no glimpse of the multitudes of others, whose course is influenced, for better or for worse, according as he chooses for himself. For self-culture applies as much to the moral as to the intellectual nature. And if by it a price is put into our hands to get wisdom,—it must be that which regards man as an immortal as well as a mortal being.

As in no country are there greater opportunities for self-culture than in our own, so in no other are there higher motives to persuade us to improve them. The greatest ease with which the American citizen provides for the daily wants of his family, as well as the perfect freedom of directing his attention to what ever subject he will, form privileges, the value of which can never be correctly estimated, till we are deprived of them. While the genius of our republican institutions, which, while assisting all in their onward progress, never allows true merit to be repressed, because unsupported by wealth and nobility, encourages every citizen to believe he shall be honored as highly as he deserves. And he knows he may raise himself as high as he will. What was it but *self-cultivation* which raised such men as Franklin and Roger Sherman, from their humble station of journeymen mechanics to the high rank they acquired in life—the proud position they now hold in the history of our country? Not that we would imply that all can become as great as these men; for something of their greatness was, doubtless, due to the influence of the "times that tried men's souls,"—but we do say, that all who will but as perseve-

ringly cultivate their own mental and moral faculties, will be as highly esteemed by all who know them. For self-culture is like a precious stone, which each one may polish less or more as he will. Self-culture is self-education; and, with few exceptions, the great men of America, if not of the world, have been self-made men. And moreover if we do not educate ourselves aright, other persons, and other influences, will hardly fail to educate us wrong. For whether we attend to it or not, the educating process must go on. Let us all then, of all sexes and ages, retain in our own hands the high prerogative of self-culture, and make the highest possible improvement of the privilege—since it is a talent by which we may continually raise ourselves in the the scales of being, and for which we are responsible, whether we use or neglect it. To the young, this subject has especial interest. For they have, in a more peculiar manner, their destiny in their hands. Let them see to it, that the time never comes, in which they shall be made to feel that they had given to them the power and the privilege of self-culture, of elevating and ennobling themselves, and others; but that, by neglecting to employ it, they had criminally degraded both others and themselves.

#### STRUGGLES OF GENIUS.

**T**HE celebrated Bernard Palissey, to whom France was indebted, in the sixteenth century for the introduction of the manufacture of enamelled pottery, had his attention once attracted to the art, his improvements in which, form to this time the glory of his name among his countrymen, by having one day seen by chance a beautiful enamelled cup, which had been brought from Italy. He was then struggling to support his family by his attempt in the art of painting, in which he was self-taught; and it immediately occurred to him, that if he could discover the secret of making those cups, his toils and

difficulties would be at an end. From that moment his whole thoughts were directed to that object; and in one of his works he has himself given us such an account of the unconquerable zeal with which he prosecuted his experiments, as it is impossible to read without the deepest interest. For some time he had little or nothing to expend upon the pursuit which he had so much at heart, but at last he happened to receive a considerable sum of money for a work which he had finished, and this enabled him to commence his researches. He spent the whole of his money, however, without meeting with any success, and he was now poorer than ever. Yet it was in vain that his wife and his friends besought him to relinquish what they called his chimerical and ruinous project. He borrowed more money, with which he repeated his experiments, and when he had no more fuel he cut down his chairs and tables for that purpose.

Still his success was inconsiderable. He was now actually obliged to give a person who had assisted him, part of his clothes by way of remuneration, having nothing else left, and with his wife and children starving before his eyes, and by their appearance silently reproaching him as the cause of their sufferings, he was at heart miserable enough. But he neither despaired, nor suffered his friends to know what he felt; preserving, in the midst of all his misery, a gay demeanour, and losing no opportunity of renewing his pursuit of the object which he all the while felt confident he should one day accomplish.—And at last, after sixteen years of persevering exertion, his efforts were crowned with complete success, and his fortune was made. Palissey was in all respects, one of the most extraordinary men of his time; in his moral character displaying a high-mindedness and commanding energy altogether in harmony with the reach and originality of conception, by which his understanding was distinguished. At the time of the troubles in France he escaped the gen-

eral massacre, but having been soon after shut up in the Bastile, he was visited in his prison by the King, who told him that if he did not comply with the established religion, he should be forced however unwillingly, to leave him in the hands of his enemies. "Forced!" replied Palissey, "this is not to speak like a king; but they that forced you cannot force me—I can die." He never regained his liberty, but ended his life in the Bastile in the ninetieth year of his age.

#### A CHEAP WEDDING,

**S**OME nights since Alderman Mitchell, of Philadelphia, came home, about half-past ten o'clock, and found two persons who were waiting for him to marry them. The good natured alderman soon tied the knot, when the gentleman handed him a nice little packet, evidently containing coin, and the couple departed. On opening the packet *two cents* were discovered nicely done up in gilt-edged paper.—*Ledger.*

The above anecdote reminds us of another, in which a venerable and lamented pastor of one of our Baptist churches, and an honest Jack Tar and his wife were the principle actors. The sailor with his chosen partner went to the house of Dr. ——— to be married, and were accordingly "made one" with all the solemnity proper to the occasion. At the conclusion of the service, Jack told the Dr. that he understood that seventy-five cents was the lawful fee, but that as he had n't a brass cent to bless himself with, he should defer payment to a more convenient opportunity, adding a promise that he would honestly pay the minister, with one proviso—that if his wife proved to be a good woman and a true helpmate, he should reward him generously for the *splicing*, but if she turned out to be "good for nothing," the minister would not hear from him again. Dr. ——— was so much pleased with the straight-forward manner of the tar, that he drank his health and

that of his bride in a glass of wine, and saw them depart with a fatherly blessing. Time passed away, and the Dr. had almost forgotten the circumstance of the wedding, when one day a cart was seen to stop before his door, and a man begun to unload and deposit in his house, a whole cargo of lemons and oranges. The Dr. had not ordered the fruit, and he forthwith proceeded to stop the process of delivery. The man affirmed that all was right; but when the Dr. persisted that there must be a mistake, the man asked him if he remembered having married such a couple at such a time. The question renewed the good Doctor's recollection, and he at once knew that the honest tar himself stood before him. "It is all right," said the sailor, "I told you if my wife proved good for anything, I would not forget your fee. She has proved as good a ship as ever put out on the sea of matrimony. You may as well take in the cargo, and save your thanks for the sailor's wife." The Doctor of course expressed his sense of such a recollection, in the midst of which Jack drove off, relieved of his debt of obligation.—*Boston paper.*


#### SMILES.

**V**ARIOUS superstitions are attached to smiles. In some countries, a smile on the face of a corpse, which is by no means uncommon, is hailed as an evidence that the spirit of the departed is in bliss. The most beautiful superstition of all, however, is that of the Irish mother—rendered familiar by the touching lyric of Lover—who sees in the smile of her sleeping infant a token that the angels are blessing it with their gentle whisperings.

To put up with the world humbly is more beautiful than to control it. This is the very acme of virtue. Religion leads to it in a day; philosophy only conducts to it by a lengthened life, misery or death.

## EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

### DUTY OF PARENTS TO GOVERN THEIR CHILDREN.

 AMONG the many important duties which parents are required to discharge to their children, that of subjecting them to proper government and discipline is one of the greatest. If parents would feel comfortable and happy with their children at home, they must govern them. Children if left to themselves, and not brought under wholesome parental restraint, are almost sure to contract corrupt habits, and to grow up with selfish, vicious, and malignant dispositions; which render them peevish and unhappy in their own minds, and a source of constant affliction to their parents. For the sake, therefore, of making children what they ought to be at home they should be kept constantly under proper government. Many a parent has caused grief and sorrow of the most bitter and painful kind to his own soul by too great indulgence and neglect of his children. And if parents would have their children be amiable, respectable and useful in society, they must not neglect family government. The youth accustomed to disregard, and trample under foot parental authorities and law, will be very likely to despise all laws, and to disregard whatever claims society, or mankind in general may have upon him; and thereby render himself a pest to society.

Every household forms a community. Which community requires to have certain rules, or laws, for the better security of its own peace and prosperity.—

But of what use are the wisest and best of laws, even, if they are not enforced? In every family, as well as in every nation, there are those whose duty it is to rule, or govern, and there are those whose duty it is to be governed. In the first ages all the government there was in the world was family government, and the power of government was vested in parents by the express appointment of God. It was then the duty of every member of the community, or nation, to regard the paternal government; as the individual and national safety and prosperity depended upon it. And when rulers, judges, and kings, come to be appointed for the government of the nation, the power and authority of parents over their children, servants, and others within their own domestic circle, still remained. And so long as there shall be a parent and a child on earth, it will be the place of that parent to exercise due authority over that child; and it will be to the child's best interest for the parent so to do.

We subjoin some excellent remarks upon the subject of family government from the pen of a distinguished writer upon the subject of governments in general.

"THE GOVERNMENT of children is another great branch of parental duty, in which both the parents are bound cordially to unite. Like all other kinds of government appointed by God, the end is the good of those subject to it; and it therefore excludes all caprice, vexation, and tyranny. In the case of parents, it is eminently a government of LOVE, and therefore, although it includes strictness, it necessarily excludes severity. The mild and benevolent character of our Divine religion displays itself here, as in every other instance where the heat of

temper, the possession of power, or the ebullitions of passion, might be turned against the weak and unprotected. The civil laws of those countries in which Christianity was first promulgated, gave great power to parents\* over their children, which, in the unfeeling spirit of paganism, was often harshly, and even cruelly, used. On the contrary, St. Paul enjoins, "And ye fathers, provoke not your children to wrath," meaning plainly, by a rigorous severity, an overbearing and tyrannical behaviour, tending to exasperate angry passions in them. So again, "Fathers, provoke not you children, lest they be discouraged," discouraged from all attempts at pleasing, as regarding it an impossible task, "and be unfitted to pass through the world with advantage, when their spirits have been unreasonably broken under an oppressive yoke, in the earliest years of their life." (*Doddridge on Coloss. iii, 21.*) But though the parental government is founded upon kindness, and can never be separated from it, when rightly understood and exercised, it is still government, and is a trust committed by God to the parent, which must be faithfully discharged. Corporal correction is not *only* allowed, but is made a duty in Scripture, where other means would be ineffectual. Yet it may be laid down as a certain principle, that, where the authority of a parent is exercised with constancy and discretion, and enforced by gravity, kindness, and character, this will seldom be found necessary; nor, when the steady resolution of the parent to inflict it when it is demanded by the case, is once known to the child, will it need often to be repeated. Parental government is also concerned in forming the manners of children; in inculcating civility, order, cleanliness, industry, and economy; in repressing extravagant desires and gratifications in dress and amusements; and in habituating the will to a ready submission to authority. It must be so

supreme, whatever the age of children may be, as to control the whole order and habits of the family, and to exclude all licentiousness, riot, and unbecoming amusements from the house, lest the curse of Eli should fall upon those who imitate his example in not reproving evil with sufficient earnestness, and not restraining it by the effectual exercise of authority.

"Another duty of parents is the comfortable settlement of their children in the world, as far as their ability extends. This includes the discreet choosing of a calling, by which their children may "provide things honest in the sight of all men;" taking especial care, however, that their moral safety shall be consulted in the choice,—a consideration which too many disregard, under the influence of carelessness, or a vain ambition.—The "laying up for children" is also sanctioned both by nature, and by our religion; but this is not so to be understood as that the comforts of a parent, according to his rank in life, should be abridged; nor that it should interfere with those charities which Christianity has made his personal duty."

#### A QUESTION.

**S**HALL the *Gem* be continued after the close of the present volume? We should be glad to continue it, but this question must be answered by our subscribers. If those in arrears or a respectable proportion of them, will forward the amount now due, before the present volume is ended; and if our paying subscribers will renew their subscriptions in the time thus specified, we will proceed with the work for another year: But if so many of those who receive the *Gem* continue to neglect us, and should those who are prompt in their payments for the work neglect to give us timely notice of their intention to take the work another year, we shall

\*By the old Roman law, the father had the power of life and death, as to his children.

discontinue it. We shall now wait for the answer of the question proposed.— It all rests with the parties named whether the *Gem* shall be published another year or not. We never expected all our subscribers to pay in advance; but we did suppose that one-half, at least, would pay for the work in some kind of season. But we now look for the tangible part of the business. If the question be answered in the affirmative, we will off coat and roll up sleeves, and go into the work for an other year with all our might. And we will guarantee to be as prompt and as regular on our part, as our subscribers shall be on theirs. Come readers, and patrons, what say you to the question?

#### LATE APPEARANCE OF THIS NUMBER.

**W**E are very late in getting out this number of the *Gem*, but it can make but little difference with our subscribers, provided they get their full compliment of numbers for the volume. A *newspaper* requires to be issued regularly and in season, as all readers of newspapers are anxious to get the current news as early as possible.— With a magazine it is somewhat different. It is not expected to convey the news of the day to its readers, nor to discuss or attend particularly to any local matter; but it comes out in the character of a book, issued in parts, containing articles written upon various subjects which are not expected to be read but once and thrown aside, but to be preserved, and read repeatedly; and its pages will be just as agreeable and profitable years after its publication as

on the day of its issue from the press. These things considered a magazine has lost none of its value by coming out late. True, it is very desirable and better for all parties; particularly for the publisher, that it should be issued regularly, but if subscribers receive the volume complete in any reasonable time they can ask no more.

But we are asked by many of our patrons, "Why is the *Gem* so long coming?" Well, you shall now know the reason, and the only reason. It is because our subscribers do not pay up. Now you have it in plain english. The amount now due from delinquent subscribers on the first and second volumes is three hundred pounds. The amount kept back has been so large, and the sum paid by subscribers so small, that we have found it impossible to do by the *Gem* as we should have done under other circumstances. Some of our numbers have been late but we will complete the volume in less than a year from the time the first number of it was issued. Will not our subscribers in arrears send their subscriptions at once, and by that means give a lift at the end of the year?

#### OUR FUTURE NUMBERS.

**T**HREE more numbers will complete the current volume of the *Gem*.—

These we will issue in about thirty days. Our subscribers may look every eight or ten days until the twelve numbers are completed; as we intend now to "pull out" in order to make up for what time we have lost. Let inquiry be made accordingly at the Post Offices, so that the numbers may all be procured.