

William's small salary was now their only resource. To add to it, Violet went out as a morning governess, though her youth made her reward but trifling. So passed another year, and still Harry, at nearly four and twenty, lay a dead weight on the struggling efforts of his young brother and sister, without a hope of recovery or—he would often have said, but for fear of grieving those who loved him—even a hope of death. Clayton retained much of his former cheerfulness, and strove to support the spirit and courage of his son under this painful trial; while for his sake also the fond mother checked her own repinings, and strove to give to their humble dwelling the comfort and the home-look which it formerly wore.

One day the captain of a ship at the custom house quay came into the Long-room, as it was called, where William was writing. The captain was transacting some business concerning his ship, and while thus engaged the clerk he was speaking to asked Clayton by name for a paper that was required.

"Clayton!" repeated the captain. "It is a long time since I heard that name, though I know and like it well. I hope you won't think it a curiosity, if I ask your father's name?"

"It is Philip Clayton," replied the youth.

"It must be the same—and you are William!" exclaimed the sailor, grasping his hand.

"Tell me only that all are well."

A shade came over William's face.

"My father is not in good health, and my brother is ill," he answered sadly.

The joyful look of the sailor was dimmed also.

"You will take me to see them," he said. "I have often longed for an opportunity; and hoped if ever this hour arrived, I should find no sorrow with those I have always remembered as being so happy."

In half an hour William's duties were over, and they left the custom house together.

Young Clayton did not ask his companion's name, nor did the sailor tell it; though before their walk was ended, his anxiety to know all about his old friends had gleaned almost their entire history from William's ingenuousness. Yet, though somewhat prepared, it was a shock when Mr Clayton stood before him weak and tremulous, stricken with age before his time; and he saw Harry, the once merry and light-hearted, lying powerless and moveless on a couch, with the light of youth fading from his eye, and its spirit dying out of his bosom.

"An old friend?" repeated Clayton inquiringly, as he gazed intently on the face of his visitor.

"Yes; an obliged and deeply indebted one, and a grateful one too, Mr Clayton," replied the sailor. "Have you quite forgotten Frank Allen, who owes everything to your kindness?"

"A feeling came over me at the first that it could be no other," said Clayton, giving him a cordial welcome which was warmly echoed round.

An hour swept away all the clouds which appeared to hang over Frank's conduct to his old friends; for he had often written, but receiving no answers, had fancied that the Claytons never wished to hear from him; and when, years after, he returned to the village, he learned that they had left it, and could gain no further tidings. His own fortunes had been prosperous during the fifteen years which had elapsed since Philip Clayton acted so kind a part to him—for talent and diligence had won him the favor of all he served and sailed with; and so he had risen until, two years before, he obtained the command of a ship.

"And now I will not call it chance that brought me to this port," he said; "it was some higher influence that guided me here, and told me at once when I heard the name to-day that one of my old friends were near me—though it certainly was not William that I thought of seeing."

"Ah, you would think of me," observed Harry, with a mournful smile. "But my father and mother have but one son to work for them."

"No, Harry," replied Allen, crossing over to the friend of his boyhood and taking his hand; "they shall have two sons to work for them; and in good time I trust that you may join us as the third. But all I have I owe to your father's generosity—he acted towards me as a father; and deeply grieved shall I be if he will not allow me to be a son to him. Surely, surely, Mr Clayton," he continued, earnestly, "you will not refuse to the boy who you protected—whom your bounty placed in the way of winning far more than a competency—you will not refuse to him the power of proving his gratitude for all that you have done for him! To be a son to you and Mrs Clayton, and a brother to your children—this is all I wish, and it would be to me a happiness."

It was the truest gratitude that prompted the desire, and bade him exert all his eloquence to win, as he did at length, the privilege of devoting himself as a son to the protector of his boyhood. For Henry especially his heart was grieved; to see him, the young and gifted wearing away the spring-time of his life in sickness and sorrow, pained him deeply; and he earnestly sought other and better advice upon his case than the Claytons' means had enabled them to command. At length a hope was given that a partial recovery at least might be attained.

With this hope, and the blessings of his early friends, Frank Allen, at the end of some weeks went on his voyage, happy in the consciousness that he left lighter hearts than he had found. And when, months after, he returned, there were bright smiles to greet him back, and something of the old light

beginning to beam in Harry's eye, for the dreary period of hopelessness was past, and he had the prospect that in another year he might once more tread the green turf and look upon the sparkling streams; and, above all, essay again to support himself, at least, instead of remaining in the helpless and child-like dependence which had weighed upon his spirits.

The prospect was not deceptive, and before Frank left them next, its promise was in part fulfilled, and young Clayton was able to move about with assistance.

"Philip," said Mrs Clayton to her husband, as they watched from the window Harry leaning on the arm of the friend to whose aid his recovery was so greatly owing, since it had involved expenses which they themselves could not have met; "Philip, your fifty pounds were put out to far better interest than all the other money we ever saved: the rest is gone, but this remains to bless us. Little thought I when I opposed you how rich a return your generosity would receive."

"Nor I either," answered Clayton; "I never thought of nor sought return. But it has come to cheer us in the hour it was most needed; and now, as I look on those two, how it brings back that last evening when Allen and I stood watching our boys; now, as then, his was the helper of mine; and I could almost think the very smiles of old, with all boyhood's cloudless joy, were on their faces."

He guessed not yet the cause of those smiles, nor that Frank had just told Harry how his own deep, true love had won that of Violet, and that ere long he hoped to claim by right the titles of son and brother in the family of his adoption.

#### From the Philadelphia Saturday Express. THE JOYS OF HOME.

A well ordered home is a paradise on earth. No other earthly pleasure is equal to the calm contentment and rational joy felt at the family fireside. The excitement of even successful business is attended with vexation; the enjoyments of travel are associated with fatigue and satiety; the pursuit of fame is distracting; and even the pleasures of knowledge are attended with bitterness; but the happiness of the fireside is unalloyed. No vexations disturb it; it never satiates nor distracts the mind; it is pure, calm, unmixed delight. What a picture is there presented to the eye of the virtuous, the philanthropic, the lover of the beautiful and good! There is the white-haired grandsire, "with the big ha' bible" resting on his knee, and the partner of his old age carefully attentive to the minutest wants of all around her. There, too, is the father and husband, in the prime of life, unbending his mind from the toil and pursuit of business, reading to the wife of his bosom, or playing with the delighted prattler on his knee; while the mother, with a countenance radiant with the smiles of pleasure, rocks the cradle with her foot, while she plies the needle for the accommodation and wants of her household. From such pleasures there need be no exemption. With the possession of piety and reason, of gentleness and mutual love, the pleasures of a true home may be possessed by every family. Mutual love will lead to mutual forbearance; gentleness of manner will make even toil itself delightful; reason will fortify the mind against the natural ills of life; while piety will crown the whole with a hallowing influence which nothing can disturb. The asperities of a mind perplexed with daily toil will be smoothed away; the trifling vexations to which our lives are continually subject will be forgotten; old age will be a delight and not a burden; sickness, though it may cast a shadow o'er the heart, will prompt to offices of love; and even death cannot destroy the solid peace which is to be found in such a family. This last event, which is the lot of all, is not regarded as a final separation, but only a temporary separation from those we love. Hope stands by the death-bed and points to a better land; and when all that is mortal is covered up in the earth, she covers the grave with a green sod, and plants flowers around the head stone. In the home above there is no death, no affliction, no sorrow; yet in the joys of a true home on earth, we find the nearest approach to heaven.

#### From Arthur's Home Gazette. MISPLACED CONFIDENCE.

JONES is, in general, a good husband and a domestic man. Occasionally, however, his convivial tastes betray him into excesses which have subjected him, more than once, to the discipline of Mrs Jones. A few nights since he was invited to "participate with a few friends at Florence's," by way of celebrating a piece of good luck which had befallen one of his neighbors. He did "participate," and to his utter astonishment, when he arose to take his leave, at the "wee short hour ayont the twal," he found the largest brick in his hat he ever saw. Indeed, he was heard to remark, soliloquently, "I think, Mr Jones you were never quite so tight before."

He reached his home, finally, but by a route which was anything but the shortest distance between two points, not, however, without having experienced very considerable anxiety about the reception which awaited from Mrs Jones. He was in luck that night, was Mr Jones, barring always his primal transgression; he got into his house, found his way into his chamber without "waking a creature, not even a mouse." After closing his door, he cautiously paused to give thanks for the "conscience undefiled" which secured to Mrs Jones the sound and refreshing slumbers which had prevented her taking no-

tice of his arrival. Being satisfied that all was right, he proceeded to remove his integuments with as much despatch and quiet as circumstances would permit, and in the course of time sought the vacant place beside his slumbering partner.

After resting a moment, and congratulating himself that he was in bed, and that his wife did not know how long he had been there, it occurred to him that if he did not change his position, Mrs Jones might detect from his breath that he had been indulging. To prevent such a catastrophe, he resolved to turn over. He had about half accomplished his purpose—we are now obliged to use the idiomatic language of Mr Jones himself, from whom we received this chapter of his domestic trials—"when Mrs Jones riz right up in bed, and said she, in tones that scraped the marrow all off my bones, said she, 'Jones, you needn't turn over; you're drunk clean through.'"

#### A LESSON FOR THE GIRLS.

An intelligent gentleman of fortune, says the Bangor Whig, visited a country village in Maine, not far from Bangor, and was hospitably entertained and lodged by a gentleman having three daughters—two of whom, in rich dresses, entertained the distinguished stranger in the parlour, while one kept herself in the kitchen, assisting her mother in preparing the food and setting the table for tea, and after supper, in doing the work till it was finally completed, when she also joined her sisters in the parlour for the remainder of the evening. The next morning the same daughter was again early in the kitchen, while the other two were in the parlour. The gentleman, like Franklin, possessed a discriminating mind—was a close observer of the habits of the young ladies—watched an opportunity and whispered something in the ear of the industrious one, and then left for a time, but revisited the same family, and in about one year the young lady of the kitchen was conveyed to Boston the wife of the same gentleman visitor, where she now presides at an elegant mansion. The gentleman whose fortune she shares, she won by a judicious deportment and well directed industry. So much for an industrious young lady.

#### MISTAKEN AFFECTION.

An instance of misplaced affection is thus recorded in a pleasant note from Baltimore: "Jack G—, an impetuous, warm-hearted fireman, seeing the fire bursting from the roof of a house, whereof the inmates gave no signs of alarm, burst open the door, and followed by two or three comrades, rushed up stairs to the rooms on fire, and found two men sleeping in the burning room, whom they waked with much difficulty. Jack then turned to another room, and found a lady sleeping quietly in bed, who, upon being wakened and informed of her danger, fled instantly from the room, forgetting in her fright the child which was peacefully slumbering in the cradle. Jack, wondering much that a mother should forget her child, and remembering perhaps his own "wee one" at home, gently lifted the unconscious slumberer, and tenderly bore it down stairs, marvelling as he went that it should be so good and not cry. Carrying it to the light, he discovered that he had rescued a big doll!"

#### OWE NO MAN.

This may be bad poetry, but depend upon it, it's excellent sense. It is an old saying, that the debtor is a slave to the creditor. If so, half the world enter into voluntary servitude. The universal rage to buy on credit, is a serious evil in this country. Many a married man is entirely ruined by it.

Many a man goes into the store for a single article. Looking around, twenty things strike his eye; he has no money, buys on credit. Foolish man! Pay-day must come, and ten chances to one, like death, it finds you unprepared to meet it. Tell me, ye who have experienced it, did the pleasure of possessing the article bear any proportion to the pain of being called on to pay for it when you had it not in your power?

A few rules, well kept, will contribute much to your happiness and independence. Never buy what you really do not want. Never buy on credit when you can possibly do without. Take pride in being able to say, "I owe no man." Wives are sometimes thoughtless, daughters now and then extravagant. Many a time when neither the wife nor the daughter would willingly give a single pang to the father's bosom, they urge and tease him to get articles, pleasant to be sure to possess, but difficult for him to buy; he purchases on credit, is duped—sued; and many an hour is made wretched by their folly and imprudence. Old Robert presents his compliments to the ladies, and begs they would have the goodness to read the last eight lines once a week till they get them by heart, and then act as their own excellent dispositions will direct.

Never owe your shoemaker, your tailor, your printer, your blacksmith, or laborer. Besides the bad policy of keeping in debt, it is downright injustice to those whose labors you have received all the benefits of.

How happy the man who owes not a pound, But lays up his fifty, each year that comes round.

He fears neither constable, sheriff nor dun; To Bank or to Justice has never to run. His cellar well filled, and his pantry well stor'd,

He lives far more blest than a prince or a lord; Then take my advice, if a fortune you'd get, Pay off what you owe and keep out of debt.

## The Politician.

From the Quebec Gazette.  
DESPATCH FROM THE RIGHT HON.  
EARL GREY, SECRETARY OF  
STATE.

Copy of a Despatch from Earl Grey to Governor General the Earl of Elgin and Kincardine.

DOWNING STREET, March 14.

My Lord,—I have received your Despatch, No. 244, of the 31st December last, inclosing a minute of your Executive Council on a Report made to the Legislative Assembly during its Session, by a committee appointed to enquire into the state of the Provincial Income and Expenditure. I have also received the Report of the committee to which the above Minute relates. These important documents, and the remarks which your Lordship has made upon them in your Despatch have not failed to receive the deliberate consideration of my colleagues and myself; and I have now to convey to you on the part of Her Majesty's Government, the authority which is asked for by your Council, and which you recommend should be given to them, for proposing to the Canadian Parliament a Bill for reducing, in the manner set forth in the above minute, some of the charges provided for by the Civil List Act of 1846.

2. The grounds upon which Her Majesty's Government have thought it their duty to sanction the proposed alterations of an arrangement which has been so lately made for the term of Her Majesty's life by the Canadian Parliament, I cannot more clearly explain to you than by transcribing the following extract from a Despatch which I had occasion, in August last, to address to the Governor of New South Wales, and which, upon this point, is equally applicable to Canada.

"I wish you distinctly to understand that there is no desire on the part of Her Majesty's Government to prevent prospective reductions of charges which, in the opinion of the Colonists, will safely admit of being diminished. The interests of existing Office holders must be protected, because they accepted those offices with expectations which cannot justly be disappointed. But subject to those interests, there is no objection to the Legislature fixing whatever scale of emoluments they may think fit for public servants to be hereafter appointed. I should, for my own part, consider it highly injudicious to reduce the salary of an office, so as to render it no longer an object of ambition to men of ability and of respectable station. But this is a matter in which the interests of the Colonists only are involved, as they will be the sufferers from any failure to provide adequate remuneration for those by whom the public service is carried on; the determination, therefore, of what is sufficient, must be left to the Legislature, with whom will rest the responsibility for the judicious exercise of the power.

"I consider it, however, absolutely essential, that whatever may be the rate of payment, the salaries of all the principal officers of the Government should, for the reasons stated in the report of the committee of the Privy Council, be permanently granted; that is, not voted from year to year, but provided for in the same manner as charges on the Consolidated Fund in this Country by Acts, and therefore only susceptible of alteration by Acts of the Legislature passed in the ordinary manner, with the consent of the Crown. You will therefore understand that you are not at liberty to give the assent of the Crown to acts which may be passed reducing the salaries of those who are now in the public service, or rendering dependent on annual votes any of the charges now provided for by permanent appropriations. Any acts of this sort you will reserve for the signification of Her Majesty's pleasure, unless you consider them so manifestly objectionable as to call for their rejection. Subject to this restriction, you are authorised to exercise your own judgment in giving or withholding your assent from Acts for the reduction of the fixed charges on the Colonial Revenue."

3. Though for reasons I have stated in the above extract, I consider it to be inexpedient that Her Majesty's Government should throw any obstacles in the way of those reductions in the salaries provided for by the Canadian Civil List, which it is the desire of your Council to propose to the Provincial Parliament, I think it my duty distinctly to record my opinion, that these reductions are in themselves unwise, and that the comparatively trifling saving which will thus be effected in the public expenditure of the Province, will not prove in the end to be an act of true and permanent economy. All experience seems to me to support the conclusion, that the truest economy, whether for States or individuals, is to give liberal remuneration to those who are entrusted with the performance of duties of great importance and responsibility; the public cannot, any more than a private employer, expect to secure the advantage of being honestly and ably served, if it is niggardly in paying its servants; and when it is considered how serious are the losses and evils to which a community may be exposed, from a deficiency of honesty and ability in those by whom its affairs are managed, the saving effected by reducing the salaries of those filling responsible situations, below the amount which will afford a fair remuneration to men of character and ability for devoting their time and attention to public affairs instead of to their private concerns, will be found to have been