

Poetry.

[From the London Weekly Dispatch.]

CAST IN THY MITE.

BY E. H. BURRINGTON.

He who gives little from his store,
If little be his means,
Treads on as far the heavenward shore
As he who gives ten times the more,—
If ten times more his gains.
He may be useful here who would,
And walk with a zone of light;
There is a treasury of good :—
Cast in thy mite!

Thou mayest not have one piece of gold
To bless the poor man's palm;
But angels will with joy behold,
If thou hast words which can be told
His troubled heart to calm;
For kind words are as honied streams,
And he, the walker of the sod,
Who gives them to his brother, seems
A messenger from God!

There are abuses deep and loud,
Hoarse voices shrieking "Bread!"
And there are noble spirits bowed,
And forms that flit among the crowd,
Like phantoms from the dead.
Crush but one atom of abuse,
Stay but a particle of sin,
And God will sanctify the use
Of all thy powers therein.

And if thy brother weaker be,
If folly mark his path;
And if that thou be folly free,
If Knowledge clingeth unto thee,
Give not contempt nor wrath.
But from the garner of thy worth,
And from thy store of truth and light,
To serve thy brother's wants on earth,
Cast in thy mite!

The Family.

THE MAN AT THE WHEEL.

Most of our young readers have been on board of a steamboat, they have watched with curious eyes the movements of the wonderful machinery; they have seen the chains rolling along on the little wheels just under the promenade deck; they have found that these chains are fastened to the rudder at the stern by which the boat is turned about in any direction desired; and they have followed the chains as they pass along to the forward part of the boat, and observed that they ran up into a little house on deck, and they have peeped into that, and found the rope connected with the chain passing over a handsome wheel, which a man turned backwards and forwards very often. This man is a very important personage, and occupies a most responsible situation. He is known as "the Pilot," or "the man at the wheel." Our little readers can hardly conceive how much depends upon this man. Their dear parents will explain to them the nature of his duties, and tell them how much he must know about the river he is travelling, and about the rocks, and sand-bars, and other dangers, and how he must never sleep while at the wheel, and how he must keep on the lookout all the time, &c. &c.

But the other day, while in a steamboat, I thought of another "man" and another "wheel." Did the thought ever enter into any of your minds: "I have a little wheel, and a rudder, and a man at the wheel?" May not the wheel serve to represent your heart, and the rudder the Holy Bible, and the ropes and chains connecting prayer, meditation, and obedience? And who shall "the man at the wheel" be? None other than the blessed Saviour. If He, by his Spirit and grace, watches over your heart, and the Word of God be bound to it by the three-fold cord of prayer, meditation and obedience, you need not fear; you will be safely guided over the stormy sea of life.

But is Jesus the man at your wheel, my young friend? Is the Bible your rudder? All must have a rudder; but all do not take the Holy Scriptures for it; and this is strange, too: for there is no other that is good for anything. All must have a man at the wheel: but alas! alas! all do not take the Lord Jesus for a pilot; and many, oh, how many! have mourned, when it was too late, that they had not asked Jesus to stand at their wheel.

Permit us affectionately to ask you again, dear reader, who is "the man at your wheel?" And if you have taken any other but Jesus, shall we not persuade you at once to discharge

him, to turn him out? for, whoever he is, he will lead you into danger. The only wise, and good, and safe pilot is the blessed Redeemer. Will you not at once go and ask Jesus to be "the guide of your heart"—N. Y. Presb.

Household Habits of Young Children.

The influence of a female head of a family materially affects the formation of a character in her children. Many children are injured in their health, and yet more in their character, by false indulgence. Luxurious tastes and wasteful habits are formed in the nursery, and many seeming trifles go to form them.—Children should not be encouraged in daintiness or greediness by allowing them to have every thing they fancy, or to eat more than is proper for them, of what they esteem a delicacy; or to leave one thing for the sake of getting something they like better; or to waste their food in any way. In all these, and many such matters, a judicious mother will keep in view, not merely the avoiding unnecessary present expense, but also the yet more important object of training her children to habits of propriety and moderation.

Habits of Obedience.

Train your infant even to habits of obedience—for in early childhood it is more a habit than a virtue—and I would now speak of it as such. An infant will naturally attempt to seize hold of anything that attracts its notice, and it must be taught to yield up what would be injurious; even an infant must learn obedience. In order to facilitate the acquisition, never allow anything to be taken from it without immediately supplying its place with some other attractive object; but as prevention is better than cure, you must avoid placing within its reach anything that it ought not to have. When you are obliged to compel it to resign anything, a kind, yet determined expression of countenance, and a gentle, yet firm, tone of voice should be used; it is not well in such cases to resort to coaxing. We should never thwart an infant unnecessarily, but when it must be opposed, it should be done effectually; it ought never to come off victorious, as its obstinacy will be strengthened by conquest. Try to make compliance with your wishes pleasant to its feelings, by often requiring it to do what you know will give it pleasure; as much as possible avoid commanding what is disagreeable, and gently lead and assist your infant to obey.

The Farm.

[From Thomson's Seasons.]

"The careful hen
Calls all her chirping family around,
Fed and defended by the fearless cock,
Whose breast with ardor flames, as on he walks,
Graceful, and crows defiance. In the pond
The finely-checked duck, before her train,
Rows garrulous. The stately sailing swan
Gives out his snowy plumage to the gale,
And arching proud his neck, with oary feet
Bears forward fierce, and guards his osier-isle,
Protection of his young. The turkey nigh,
Loud threatening, reddens; while the peacock
spreads

His every-colored glory to the sun,
And swims in radiant majesty along.
O'er the whole homely scene, the cooing dove
Flies thick in amorous chase, and wanton rolls
The glancing eye, and turns the changeable
neck."

POULTRY.

An interesting exhibition, and one certain to result in eventual good, if properly managed, opens to-day in the Public Garden. It is an exhibition of poultry got up by a convention of domestic fowl-breeders. For some time past, the Cultivator, a most valuable publication by the way, has been engaged in preparing its readers for such an experiment, and we have read its fine descriptions of the nobler race of fowls with a gout apt to be contagious about this season of the year. We were not aware, until we read the last number of that paper, that the poultry business had become so extensive as it has in this country, and the high price of good fowls and eggs in our markets warrants the conclusion that, extensive as it is, the acme of competition is by no means attained as yet.

From the report on agricultural statistics, published in 1840, we learn that the value of poultry in the State of New York that year was \$2,373,023—which, says the Cultivator, was five times the value of its horses and mules,

more than the value of its swine, the entire value of its neat cattle, and nearly one-half the value of its sheep. Last year, the sales of poultry in this city amounted to more than \$1,000,000, and those of eggs to nearly as much more. At Quincy market alone, the sales of poultry were \$674,423, and of eggs in and around the market \$203,352. One dealer averaged for poultry \$1200 per week the year through. A single hotel in this city consumes 900 eggs daily, and twice as many on Saturday. A trader at Philadelphia, sends nearly one hundred barrels of eggs to the New York market every day. The value of eggs shipped from Dublin to Liverpool last year was more than \$5,000,000.

These statistics, if reliable, show that what has heretofore been deemed an inconsiderable business is rapidly passing into one of importance not to be disregarded. In this view, the plan of the fowl-breeders in holding an exhibition, where various domestic and important breeds may be seen, compared and exchanged or purchased, is good and ought to be encouraged.—Exchange.

How to Select Good Turkeys and Chickens.

If you make your selection from the live stock, take one with a small head, bright eyes, tapering neck, full breast, straight back, plump oval-shaped body, with legs of moderate length. The signs of a good chicken are a plump breast, a thick, fat and flexible rump, and fatness under the wings. Old fowls should be boiled; the young may be either boiled or roasted, though the hen is preferred for boiling, and the cock for roasting. White flesh is preferable, though some think that a yellow-skinned chicken makes the most delicate roast.

Of the different varieties of the turkey, those of white plumage are considered the most delicate and tender. The signs of a good turkey are fullness of the muscles on the breast, thickness of the rump, the existence of fat under the wings, and flexibility of the hinder part of the breast-bone.



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St. John, Jan. 6, 1849.

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