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REV. E. D. VERY,

"BY PURENESS, BY KNOWLEDGE—BY LOVE UNFEIGNED."—ST. PAUL.

EDITOR.

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## WINTER

BY E. H. BURRINGTON.

The swallow scents the winter's breath,  
When winter is far behind, [death,  
And he knows that the scent is the scent of  
Which rides on the whistling wind.  
What's to be done?

The swallow hath two homes or more; [sun,  
And he spreads his black wings to the golden  
And swift in the course as the hurricanes run,  
He speeds through the skies to a warmer  
The swallow hath two homes or more, [shore;  
But the poor man hath not one.

The poor man scents the winter's dearth,  
Ere the autumn flowers have had their birth;  
And he weeps to think of a cheerless hearth:  
And innocent children clad in rags—  
Pale poverty hath its signs and flags,  
As heroes have whom glory tracks;  
And they flutter and hang on human backs!  
What's to be done, [door?  
When the frost shall creep through the hovel  
The swallow hath two homes or more;  
But the poor man hath not one.

Call it a shelter if you like,  
But call it never a home I pray,  
Where storms through broken windows strike,  
And turn men's bodies cold as clay.  
Call that no home which hath merely a roof,  
No bread on the shelf, and no fire in the grate,  
Lest grinding poverty's iron hoof,  
As if to mark ye with reproof,  
Should trample ye down as low as fate.  
The swallow hath a home in the sun,  
But the poor man hath not one.

Do ye scent the winter, rich men yet,  
Ye swallows with many homes?  
Without dread ye may meet it, but never forget  
That a blight to many it comes.  
The swallow hath rushed across the sea;  
But the poor man where is he?  
Ye, rich ones, know [go;  
That he hath no home where his feet may  
And remember this in frost and snow;  
Though he hath not a home beneath the  
Your charities can make him one. [sun,

## EARLY INSTRUCTION IN MUSIC.

BY REV. JOHN TODD.

God has created the soul for music, and made provision to supply its desires. The most barbarous savage has some way by which to create musical sounds, and the savage who for the first time hears a well-regulated band, will crouch down upon the ground, entranced at hearing notes so far exceeding anything he has ever before conceived.

The band that passes through the street, will draw every family to the window; and the flute's soft notes, floating over the still waters on a summer's evening, will cause the Indian to lift his paddle from the water, and let his canoe drift noiseless down the stream. The proudest monarch on earth will kneel and weep during some of the strains of the mighty organ and the choir, as they perform "the Messiah."

War has laid his iron hand on music, and the notes of the bugle, the clarion and the trumpet, have made the heart thrill and leap upon the field of death. The horse and his rider both feel its power, and rush into the ranks of the destroyer. The charge is made and man is brought breast to breast, under the united influence of music and the war shout. What notes, deep, awful and spirit-stirring, were those which rose over the field of Waterloo, as death rode through the ranks on his pale horse! The roar of cannon, the groans of death, and the murderous shout of battle, are drowned or softened down by music.

Music has ever been the waiting-maid of pleasure. The ball would be unknown, and the theatre would die, were it not that music gives constant presence, and pleads with a noise so sweet that the world cannot resist it. Any price will be paid for exquisite music.—Eighty of our ordained missionaries could be supported by what a man now living, annually receives for the music which he creates on the violin. A lady who earned great fame in the theatres of Europe, as a singer, has been offered if she would come to this country, at least an equal sum. She declined, as her voice was more highly rewarded where she is. I do not mention these facts to find fault (for that is useless) but to show the strong love we all have for music.

Almost all nations, perhaps all, have national airs, by which the love of country is deepened, and a national feeling is created and maintained. The popular air, "Yankee Doodle," will probably create an American feeling as long as our nation exists; and the airs "God Save the King," and "Rule Britannia," will never cease to call the heart of the Briton to his own glorious isle. The soldiers from Switzerland, and from the highlands of Scotland, will weep when they hear the national airs which call their hearts home to the place of their birth and childhood.

It is remarkable, too, that all people associate music with the bliss which awaits the soul beyond the grave. The Indian thinks he shall sing the song which he loves in the land of blue mountains beyond the grave, and the Christian associates the music of heaven with his sweetest hopes. The dying pillow is softened by music. I have seen the youth on his dying bed, raving with madness; soothed and hushed, and made quiet for hours by the flute which his weeping father played at his bedside. We almost feel that the ear of death would be sensible to "the song of twilight," if sung by a beloved sister. Who cannot feel the force of that sweet song which one of our own daughters sang before she passed away, written in her fifteenth year?

When evening spreads her shades around,  
And darkness fills the arch of heaven;  
When not a murmur, not a sound,  
To fancy's sporting ear is given;

When the broad orb of heaven is bright,  
And looks around with golden eye;  
When nature, softened by her light,  
Seems calmly, solemnly, to lie—

Then, when our thoughts are raised above  
This world, and all this world can give,  
O sister, sing the song I love,  
And tears of gratitude receive.

The song which thrills my bosom's core,  
And, hovering, trembles, half afraid,  
O sister, sing the song once more,  
Which ne'er for mortal ear was made.

'Twere almost sacrilege to sing  
Those notes amid the glare of day,  
Notes borne by angel's purest wings,  
And wafted by their breath away.

When sleeping in my grass-grown bed,  
Should'st thou still linger here above,  
Wilt thou not kneel beside my head,  
And sister sing the song I love?"

It is not a matter of surprise, that from the time that man was driven out of Eden, to the present hour, as we have every reason to believe, religion has made use of music to aid her disciples. It was early taught in the schools of the prophets, and from them went through the length and breadth of the land of God's people. Not only so, but God made special provision for its use, in giving to the Church

those inspired songs which bear the name of David, and which will be sung as long as the Church exists on the earth. From the time that David strung his harp down to the 3rd century of the Christian era, music was exceedingly simple, touching and effective. It was, so to speak, little else than the music of nature, consisting in a fine delivery of the most beautiful and touching poetry. Music, in the most ancient ages of the world, was the parent of poetry. The prophetess Deborah wrote her wonderfully sublime song, that it might be committed to memory and carried home by the army of Barak. Even the great poem of Homer it is said, is the daughter of music; a composition which has probably had more influence upon the character of man than any other book, the Bible alone excepted. 'From Homer,' says Pope, "the poets draw their inspiration, the critics their rules, and the philosopher the defence of their opinions; every author was fond to use his name and every profession wrote books upon him till they swelled into libraries. The warrior formed themselves from his heroes, and the oracles delivered his verses for answer."

God has made the ear to love music; but this is not all; he has created a most wonderful instrument for the use of every one. Between the top of the throat and the roof of the tongue he has made an enlargement, a cavity of two or three inches, and most curiously lined with a delicate membrane, so stretched that the air passes through them makes a sound as through the reed of a clarionet. This would be a curious instrument, even if it admitted of no variation of sound; but it is furnished with five cartilages which contract and expand the cavity at pleasure, in different ways, so as to give different vibrations, and, of course, different tones. In this small space, then, in the throat of every human being, is an instrument with a compass of from two to three octaves, which has the command of every semitone and sub-division of note, swell, thrill, &c, and not necessarily exposed to the imperfections of artificial instruments, but so clear, so rich so sweet, when well used as to be the highest standard of comparison, in these points, for the flute, clarionet, piano and organ.

Now think of this wonderful instrument, bestowed upon every one by the hand of God, think how the ear is so created to delight in melody, that the highest and sweetest emblem of heaven is the innumerable company of saints and angels around the throne, singing, and praising God and the Lamb: and then tell me if singing ought not to have a very prominent place in teaching children—in forming their characters? I plead on this subject with the earnestness of one who was himself neglected in this particular in childhood, and who has, in consequence, suffered a loss which no language can describe. The wrong is no less severe or cruel because the child does not feel it at the time. I plead for every child.

Till within a short time, the opinion has been almost universal, that but few could be taught to sing; that the talent for music was a peculiar gift of nature bestowed upon only a few; and they, favored ones, were to have it to themselves. Parents have neglected their children, and unless they took up singing of themselves, have decided that, unfortunately, their children had no ear for music. The opinion has become so common, that but a small part of our congregations even pretend to sing, or think they can. Nor can they, as they now are; but would it have been so if the proper pains had been taken with their childhood? How much pains do parents take to teach their children to speak correctly.—Had children no better opportunity to hear speaking, or of being taught to speak; than they have to learn to sing, would any more be able to talk than are now able to sing? I

shall not say that every child who can speak might sing; but I believe the exceptions are very rare. Allow me to present a few facts on this point:

In an orphan asylum in Germany containing two hundred children, there are only two who have not learned to sing, and that too, correctly. These children are probably taught early, and have great pains taken with them; whether this be or be not so, this fact has great weight in deciding such a question.

In all the common district schools in Germany, singing and music are taught; and every child is as much expected to read and write and perform music, as to read and write and recite any other lesson. They are all of them respectable performers, and many of them proficient.

"The reading of musical notation is learned even in the snow-covered huts of Iceland.—In passing through the continent of Europe, the traveller finds every festival, whether national or religious, graced with music. Serenades from the common people are heard every night in the streets. Music echoes from the shops, the boats, and the harvest fields. Some of the best performances of Mozart's difficult pieces are said to proceed from the privates of Prussian regiments. As a general thing, every house in Germany and Switzerland has some musical instrument."

"Parents ought to place a proper value on music, both as a pleasure, and a moral improvement. Their boy may whistle, or sing, or dance, or twang the jew's harp, if he choose; but they no more think that music is a thing demanding their attention, countenance or supervision, than that they should cultivate the hoop, the ball or skating."—*Boston Musical Gazette.*

## Portrait of the Pope.

[The London Quarterly has the following sketch of the character of the Pope which will be read with interest. The writer of the article from which it is taken, is sufficiently friendly to the old order of things at Rome, to relieve him from all suspicions of doing injustice by Protestant partialities.]

No person who has figured in these days of folly and madness has been more misrepresented than Pius IX.—none, we believe, who ever played so conspicuous a part, was less remarkable for eminent qualities of any sort.—Hardly raised above the lowest grade of mediocrity in talent or acquirement, he was utterly unprepared to meet the difficulties of his position. With a mystical devotion, with a minute and scrupulous observance of forms, and with irreproachable moral conduct, he has no elevation of sentiment, nor any lofty conception of the duties of man. Obstinate in trifles and immovable to reason, he readily gives way before intimidation. Soft and well-meaning he possesses neither sensibility nor active benevolence. Selfish from want of imagination rather than from calculation, he is indifferent to evils he does not witness, though incapable of resisting an importunate appeal. His good nature concurred with his vanity to give him a keen delight in the applauses of the mob. Yet it was rather from his timidity that the greater part of his popular concessions were extorted. Loving trifling conversation, talking of himself and his early history with an undignified prolixity, ignorant of business, indolent and immethodical, he can with difficulty be induced to form a resolution; and infirm of purpose in all that does not regard himself, he revokes in the evening the irrevocable decision of the same morning. Like all feeble persons, he is frequently false, not because falsehood is congenial to his disposition, but because his temperament shrinks from the avowal of conviction.