

Poetry.

MY MOTHER'S VOICE.

My mother's voice! I hear it now,
I feel her hand upon my brow
As when, in heartfelt joy,
She raised her evening hymn of praise,
And called down blessings on the days
Of her loved boy.

My mother's voice! I hear it now!
Her hand is on my burning brow
As in that early hour,
When fever throbb'd through all my veins,
And that kind hand first soothed my pains,
With healing power.

My mother's voice! It sounds as when
She read to me of holy men—
The Patriarchs of old;
And gazing downwards in my face,
She seemed each infant thought to trace,
My young eyes told.

It comes—when thoughts unhallowed throng,
Woven in sweet deceptive song—
And whispers round my heart
As when, at eve, it rose on high;
I hear, and think that *she is nigh*,
And they depart.

Though round my heart, all, all beside—
The voice of friendship, love, had died—
That voice would linger there,
As when, soft pillowed on her breast,
Its tones first lulled my infant rest,
Or rose in prayer.

What Faith Can Do.

[From the New York Evangelist.]

Reading an article under this head in the Evangelist some time since, reminded me of a case which so fully illustrated what faith can do, and did do, as may be worthy of notice.

Some forty years since I was intimately acquainted with a widow woman living in New-Jersey, who was the mother of four children, (for whose spiritual benefit she observed days of private fasting and prayer,) the youngest a son, named Ashbel, then about ten years of age. One day in conversation with her respecting her children, she remarked to me, "Ashbel will be a minister of the gospel." To the inquiry of what made her think so? she replied "God has promised it to me, and I firmly believe it, and intend to educate him for it," and she added with an emphasis, "you will see, Mr. H. if you live, that Ashbel will be a minister." Soon after this the lad was brought home from school, taken very suddenly and dangerously sick. And when the neighbors came in they all supposed he could not live; but the mother calmly remarked, "I wish to do all in my power to relieve him, but I have not the least fear that he will die." And the reason was her confidence in God's promise that he should be a minister; for all the symptoms of his disease indicated a speedy dissolution. The son recovered and the mother's subsequent conduct for a series of years fully evinced that her faith was to her, "The substance of things hoped for, and the evidence of things not seen."

She carried him through all his preparatory studies and sent him to Princeton College, for the express purpose of preparing him for the ministry, though all this time he was a thoughtless impenitent youth. Just before he graduated, he wrote home to his mother to know what he should do with his room furniture? She wrote to him, to leave it in the care of some friend in Princeton. For she intended and expected to send him back to the Seminary. Her faith had not yet failed her. Though the vision tarried she still waited for it, in full confidence that it would come and would not tarry. The son complied with his mother's request, left his room furniture in Princeton, graduated and returned home, with no more prospect, or even thought or desire on his part of becoming a minister of the gospel, than when he was ten years old. This was a matter entirely between his mother and her God.

Soon after this there was a revival of religion in that place, and God remembered his promise to this believing woman, and had respect to her faith and confidence in it. All her children were hopefully converted, this son among the rest. And in due time he went to Princeton Seminary, and found use for his college room furniture, precisely in accordance with the faith and expectation of his mother. He finished his theological course, entered the ministry, and became an acceptable preacher of the gospel. Some time after this, while

conversing with the mother in relation to the subject, she remarked to me, "Did I not tell you, Mr. H. when Ashbel was ten years old, that he would be a minister?" And she added, "I as much believed it then as I do now."

A part of the above narrated facts, I was personally knowing to at the time they occurred; and the remainder I had from the woman's own lips after the whole was accomplished. And she was a person of a strong, well-balanced mind; and a sound, orthodox, unassuming Christian, showing her faith by her works. And it seems as though God actually said unto her, *O woman! great is thy faith: be unto thee even as thou wilt.*

THE DANGER OF UNBLESSSED PATRIMONY.

Many of our readers may be familiar with the closing paragraph of the last will and testament of the celebrated Patrick Henry, whose patriotism and eloquence are destined to go down as heir-looms in the families of this Republic to the latest posterity. It deserves to be kept before the people, and is worthy of frequent consideration by every man who lays any claim to the title of Christian. There is something peculiarly impressive in the act of conveying to others the earthly substance with which God in his providence may have blessed us—substance to be held by them when we ourselves shall be silent in the grave—substance that may prove a blessing or a curse, just in proportion as it is employed to the glory of God, or the injury of man. Patrick Henry felt this when he concluded his will in these memorable words:

"I have now disposed of all my property to my family; there is one thing more I wish I could give them, and that is THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION. If they had this, and I had not given them one shilling, they would be rich; and if they had not that, and I had given them all the world, they would be poor."

The Editor of the New-York Journal of Commerce says, in a recent number:

"A five dollar bill of the Fulton Bank passed through our hands yesterday, on the back of which was written as follows:

'This is the last of three thousand dollars left to me by mother at her death, on the 27th August, 1846. Would to God she had never left it to me, and that I had been learned to work, to have earned my living; I would not now be what I am.'

The *Pennsylvanian* of this city records a melancholy case of unblest wealth:

"About five years ago we saw a man light his cigar with a twenty dollar note on the Farmers and Mechanic's Bank. At that time he was full of life, and in the possession of real estate in the city of Philadelphia, valued at \$80,000. Alas! what changes doth time make—on Saturday last this foolish man was seen begging alms in our public streets. He looked wretched, was ghastly pale, and miserably clad."

Many a man lives to curse the day in which he was put in possession of means, for the right improvement of which he had received no preparatory training. Where no religious principles have been implanted, no dependence upon the Author of all good cherished—no direction given to the thoughts towards a better and enduring substance; but habits of idleness, extravagance, and independence countenanced, what can we expect but a useless, miserable existence, and a premature, hopeless departure to the tribunal of that God, who will render to every man according to his works.

We cannot give our children religion; but we can give them religious counsels, we can offer in their behalf fervent prayer, we can train them to industrious habits, we can cherish in them feelings of honour and self-respect, and above all, we can leave them the invaluable legacy of a holy Christian life. Such a heritage will be more precious than gold.—*Episcopal Recorder.*

The Farm.

The Sheep in its various forms.

Wise men regard with suspicious eye the assertion of those who profess to accomplish a variety of dissimilar effects by a single cause. It is customary to be jealous of the pretensions of a "Universal Restorative," "Heal all," or any other panacea warranted to cure disease of all symptoms or all origins. And the proposal to adapt one breed of sheep to all circumstances of food, climate and situation, making it answer all the purposes for which sheep are usually employed, seems justly to meet with similar distrust and suspicion.

From the varied habits of sheep, the widely different circumstances in which they are placed, and the opposite results which the several kinds are intended to produce, we are at once led to doubt the practicability and value of the scheme. We are induced still further to view the proposition as contrary to the order of nature when we consider the fact that there is scarcely an animal which appears under so many forms as the sheep. In Persia and other parts of the east, it is found with a tail of twenty pounds weight; at the Cape of Good Hope, the tail is worth as much as all the rest of the carcass; there and in other parts of Africa, the sheep have clusters of horns, to the number of five or six. In Madagascar, the same horns and tails are to be seen, the ears hanging down like those of a hound.—About Aurengabad, between Agra and Bengal, they are found without any horns at all, but so strong that being bridled and saddled, they carry children of ten or twelve years of age. The (so called) sheep of Chili somewhat resemble camels, being hair mouthed and hunchbacked, and they are used for carriage and field labor. Those of China are small, with short tails, which however, are a lump of fat. Tereen, in a voyage to Surat, mentions sheep with bent snouts and pendant ears, with wool more coarse and stiff than goat's hair.—In Africa to the north of the Cape of Good Hope, they never eat grass, only succulent plants and shrubs. In Thibet, the sheep have broad tails. In Natolia, these tails are laid in carts on wheels. In Anspach, in Germany, a small sort exists, that are shorn twice a year, and also lamb every spring and autumn. In Juliers and Cleves, also, they are said to lamb twice a year, and bring two or three at a time—five have brought twenty-five lambs in a year. On the slave coast of Africa, sheep have no wool, 'but' says the old Dutch traveler Bosman, 'the want is supplied with hair, as that here the world seems inverted, for the sheep are hairy and the men are wooly.' This hair forms a sort of mane like that of a lion, on the neck, and the same on the rump, with a bunch at the end of the tail. The Javanese sheep have tails weighing occasionally forty or fifty pounds, having a coat of red and white hair. Four-horned sheep are numerous in several parts of Tartary, and a few have six horns with wattles under the throat.—*Agricultural Gazette.*

Animal and Vegetable Species.

The number of animals and vegetables, according to philosophers, is as follows:

Quadrupeds	800
Birds	6,000
Insects	200,000
Fishes	6,000
Amphibia	2,500

PLANTS.

Phenogamous plants, or those which have visible stamens and pistils, as the lily, peach and apple,	80,000
Cryptogamous plants, in which no stamens or pistils are visible, as in the ferns, mosses, and mushrooms,	10,000

Roman Maxims on Farming.

1. He is a thrifless farmer who buys anything his farm can be made to produce.
2. He is no husbandman who does any work in the day time, that can be done in the night.
3. He is the worst of all, who, in a clear sky, works within-doors, rather than in the field.

Farm Accounts.

Every intelligent and systematic agriculturist will keep a regular journal or diary of his agrestic proceedings.

CATERPILLARS.

An English agricultural paper gives the following method of destroying caterpillars, which was accidentally discovered, and is practiced by a gardener, near Glasgow. A piece of woollen rag had been blown by the wind into a currant bush, and when taken out it was found to be covered by the leaf-devouring insects. Taking the hint he immediately placed pieces of woollen cloth in every bush in the garden, and found the next day that the caterpillars had universally taken to them for shelter. In this way he destroyed many thousands every morning.

The little and short sayings of wise and excellent men are of great value, like the dust of gold, or the least sparks of diamonds.—*Tillotson.*

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St. John, Jan. 6, 1849.

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