

Poetry.

ADVERTISEMENT OF A LOST DAY.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

Lost! lost! lost!

A gem of countless price,
Cut from the living rock,
And graven in Paradise.
Set round with three times eight
Large diamonds, clear and bright,
And each with sixty smaller ones,
All changeable as the light.

Lost—where the thoughtless throng
In fashion's mazes wind,
Where trilleth folly's song,
Leaving a sting behind!
Yet to my hand 'twas given
A golden harp to buy,
Such as the white-robed choir attune
To deathless minstrelsy.

Lost! lost! lost!
I feel all search is vain;
That gem of countless cost
Can ne'er be mine again:
I offer no reward,
For till these heart-strings sever,
I know that heaven-entrusted gift
Is left away forever.

But when the sea and land
Like burning scroll have fled,
I'll see it in His hand
Who judgeth quick and dead;
And when of scathe and loss
That man can ne'er repair,
The dread inquiry meets my soul,
What will it answer there?

The Family.

AGENCIES OF SOCIAL CULTURE.

Manliness in an enlarged sense, denotes whatever qualities are characteristic of Man. The leading forms in which these qualities have been developed are the Hebrew, the Greek, the Roman and the civilized man of our age. The Hebrew was mighty by the power of faith—the Greek by knowledge and art—the Roman by arms—but the might of the modern man is placed in Work. This is shown by the peculiar pride of each. The pride of the Hebrew was in religion—the pride of the Greek was in wisdom—the pride of the Roman was in power—the pride of the modern is in Wealth. For the modern men, belief is not enough—ideas or beauty are not enough—nor is mere glory. The age is an age of industry—an age of capital—an age which declares loudly "If any man will not work neither shall he eat," though it also says in places not a few, "Though a man must work, yet shall he not eat." Work in this age is more than ever connected with the wants and luxuries of human life. The money standard covers everything. "Make not my Father's house a house of merchandise," but now we go farther and make merchandise of the house itself. If a preacher is eloquent, we ask—what is his salary? if a lawyer is able, we wish to know his income before we can determine his rank; if a man builds a house, he thinks whether it can be sold. We dare not ride our hobbies, whether in a moderate ample or a reckless gallop, till we know if it will pay. Even the affections are bound by this rule. The warmth of the heart is gauged by the rise and fall of stocks. When two young ladies speak in praise of their lovers, one says he is intelligent—the other that he is amiable. But only think, says one, "he is only twenty-three, and has already thirty thousand dollars!" But it is almost wrong to trifle on such a subject. If the modern works for wealth, the results are grand even to the outward thought. He covers the land with factories. He puts a mill on every stream. He builds cities in the wilderness. He sifts gold out of the sands of the desert, and sows in the sands he sifts the seeds of empires. He covers the sea with navies, and every sail that shivers in the breeze has the promise of freedom in its sound. One only is excepted—the flutter of the sail which wings the slave-ship—the flutter of the sail which quivers over death—the flap of the dismal canvass that wails over the black man's groans. The union of these several elements gives the idea of a complete moral manhood. Such a man would be a man of deep and sincere conviction, strong in faith, and in the life which faith imparts. Is not this the embodiment of Christianity? May we not yet hope for an age when this shall be fully realised, and manliness become identical with godliness.—*Rev. Henry Giles.*

The Art of Thinking.

One of the best modes of improving in the art of thinking, is to think over some subject before you read upon it; and then to observe after what manner it has occurred to the mind of some great master; you will then observe whether you have been too rash or too timid; what you have omitted, and what you have exceeded; and by this process you will insensibly catch a great manner of viewing a question. It is right in study, not only to think when any extraordinary incident provokes you to think, but from time to time to review what has passed; to dwell upon it, and to see what trains of thought voluntarily present themselves to your mind. It is a most superior habit of some minds, to refer all the particular truths which strike them, to other truths more general; so that their knowledge is beautifully methodized; and the general truth at any time suggests all the particular exemplifications, or any particular exemplification at once leads to the general truth. This kind of understanding has an immense and decided superiority over those confused heads in which one fact is piled upon another, without the least attempt at classification and arrangement. Some men always read with a pen in their hand, and commit to paper any new thought which strikes them; others trust to chance for its reappearance. Which of these is the best method in the conduct of the understanding, must, I should suppose, depend a great deal upon the particular understanding in question. Some men can do nothing without preparation; others little with it; some are fountains, some reservoirs.—*Sydney Smith.*

Artificial Wants and Plagues of Life.

We find the beings of our species hurrying and bustling about; sometimes jostling against or running over each other; at other times stubbing their toes, and falling headlong by their own scrambling haste. If we follow them to their houses, we shall often find their meals devoured in haste, and despatched without a relish—their rooms bestrode with restless anxiety. Expectation and hope are often at fever heat, fear and apprehension, in another hour, shake the whole nervous system; and the next hour is devoted to sad disappointment and bitter despondency. Thus men fume and fret and fever, and push their lives away, many dropping into the grave before middle age; while a few linger along to three score years and ten, but like shattered barks, after a furious storm, they lay and creak with strained hulls and dismantled rigging, till they sink in the boundless ocean of eternity. One chief cause of unreal or imaginary wants, is the silly, childish pride, universal among mankind. One cannot bear to have his neighbor outvie him in what are called the elegancies of life. Wealth is principally sought for the sake of display of some kind or other, according to men's various tastes, and the aspirant for the notoriety and fame arising from wealth, is mortified and rendered unhappy, if his neighbour hangs out more gilded symbols of substance than himself. Like the child who will throw away his rattle box, to seize another more gorgeous in the hands of his playmate, so the great baby of half a century's growth will throw by his bauble, procured at immense cost, to obtain a more brilliant one than that of his neighbor, that he shall not be outdone in appearance.

The Father.

He is the appointed head of the family. By divine right, he is invested with the government of his household. He may rule by love, but it is his right and duty to rule; and to him, as the monarch of that little state, must be the last appeal. Hence he appears before his children invested with authority—the divinely-appointed representative of law; and, if he worthily sways the sceptre over his little realm, he develops in his children some of the most desirable traits of character. If love is one of the elements of family happiness, order is another; and it is his, in the last appeal, to support order. If the sympathies and affections of children should be developed, so should their spirit of obedience to rightful authority; and it is his to develop that spirit. It is, undoubtedly, desirable to raise the mother's authority to the highest degree; and when the father is what he should be, and does what he should do, she stands invested, in the eyes of her children, with a power combining an indirect reverence for the father, who appears only to sustain the maternal rule, with the direct radiance of her own gentle fondness.—*Mrs. Whittelsey's Magazine.*

Female Education.

Parents should cultivate in their children, a love of knowledge; furnish them with every facility in their power for acquiring it; direct them, in their intellectual pursuits, to that which is solid, substantial and useful; they will thus give them a legacy more valuable than fertile lands or freighted vessels. The female members of the family should be embraced in this plan of education. It has been the sin of past ages to dwarf and neglect the culture of the female mind; and perhaps now, the system of education, in regard to them, is not as practical and thorough as it should be. A sensible author remarks that, "females are taught less to think than to shine. If they glitter, it matters little whether it be the glitter of gilding or of gold." An effort has been made in schools to correct this evil, and it is to be hoped that parents will awake to its importance.—*Id.*

True Aim of Education.

"Education ought to agree with our two-fold destination: it ought to prepare a child for two successive states of existence: he is, at the same time, a weak creature, sent into the world to suffer and die, an immortal spirit that is to pass away into eternity. We are so constituted, that our nature harmonises with both these vocations. The soul is endowed with some faculties which relate only to its sojourn on earth, and with others which carry its hopes and views beyond this world. Both ought to be cultivated by education.—Since God has not thought fit to call us directly to Himself, but has obliged us to seek him by the path of human life, it becomes the strict duty of an instructor to furnish his pupil with every thing necessary for his journey."

The Birth of an Infant.

"The birth of an infant," it has been truthfully said, "is a greater event than the production of the sun. The sun is only a lump of senseless matter; it sees not its own light; it feels not its own heat; and with all its grandeur, it will cease to be; but that infant, beginning only to breathe yesterday, is possessed of reason, claims a principle infinitely superior to all matter, and will live through the ages of eternity." Let the immortal mind shed its lustre upon the world.

Moral Character of Pigs.

Some folks accuse pigs of being filthy in their habits and negligent in their personal appearance. But whether food is best eaten off the ground or from China plates, is, it seems to us, merely a matter of taste and convenience, about which pigs and men may honestly differ. They ought then to be judged charitably. At any rate, pigs are not filthy enough to chew tobacco, nor to poison their breath by drinking whiskey. As to personal appearance, you don't catch a pig playing the dandy, nor picking his way up the muddy streets in kid slippers. Pigs have some excellent traits of character. If one chances to wallow a little deeper in some mire-hole than his fellow, and so carries off and comes in possession of a little more of the earth than his brethren, he never assumes any extra importance on that account; nor are his brethren stupid enough to worship him for it. Their only question seems to be, Is he still a hog? If he is, they treat him as such. And when a hog has no merits of his own, he never puts on aristocratic airs, nor claims any particular respect on account of his family connections. They understand, full well, the common sense maxim—"Every tub must stand upon its own bottom."

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THE subscriber, in returning thanks to the public, for the liberal patronage received during some years past, wishes to intimate to his friends, and the public generally, that he has taken that large and commodious house in King Street, owned by Mr. Peter Reed, a few doors below the Saint John Hotel, and is now ready to receive permanent and transient BOARDERS, and trusts from long experience and strict attention to business, to merit a share of the patronage heretofore received.

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St. John, December 29, 1849.

J. R.

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