

## Poetry.

[FOR THE CHRISTIAN VISITOR.]

Yet have ye not returned unto Me saith the Lord.  
Amos iv. 6.

As down in a meadow I mow'd the green grass,  
To constitute food for the winter's repast,  
I swung the keen scythe o'er the back of a  
frog,

That sat watching his prey by the side of a  
log:

He sprang for protection, but not as frogs do,  
Into the thick grass, and the danger renew,  
But only to me, who the blow could dispense,  
This wise little animal fled for defence.

"Said I to myself, here's a lesson for me."  
When God smites my comforts, to Him may  
I flee.

Where shall I find safety but in His great  
name,

Whose power, love, and goodness, is ever the  
same?

Can I do an action which God cannot see?  
No, for in Him I live, and by Him am mov'd,  
His goodness from life's early dawn I have  
prov'd;

Then when He resumes all the blessings be-  
stow'd.

I'll find my felicity only in God.  
His power shall protect me, while wandering  
below,

And in His own time, to his fulness I'll go.

ONOMAZO.

Canning, September 29, 1850.

## The Family.

## DIFFICULTIES OF MARRIAGE IN GERMANY.

Amongst the better classes of this country, such things as elopements are seldom or never heard of. No such thing as getting married without the consent of the parents! Certain prescribed forms must be gone through or the marriage is null and void. The proposal being formally made and accepted, then comes the *verlobung*, or betrothal. This takes place for the most part, privately; shortly after which the father of the *bride*, (as she is then called) gives a dinner or supper to the families and the most intimate friends on both sides, when the fact is declared, and leave given to publish it to the world, who, however, has generally been fortunate enough to anticipate the information. The cards of betrothal are then circulated amongst their friends and acquaintances, and, as it may interest some of my fair readers to see how these things are managed in Germany, here follows one:

THEODOR ROTH ELISE HERMAN  
Pfarrer Verlobte

When the day is fixed, and in this country they do not brook delay, then follows the protocolling, or whatever else they call it; and the testimonials on both sides, required by government, afford a beautiful specimen of ceremonious legislation. We copy from a printed form lying before us what these certificates are expected to show, and what must of necessity be established before a marriage license can be obtained. The King, as a careful father of his people, does not like to have unhealthy children. The first thing, therefore, is to prove you have been vaccinated. Then comes the "week-day school ticket," in testimony of a regular attendance there; also a "Sunday-school ticket." A "certificate of attendance upon a religious teacher," and another of "confirmation" is also required. Then a "conduct certificate," a "service book," a "wanderbuch" (this refers to the compulsory travels of their Handwerks-burshen.) An "apprentice ticket" must also be exhibited, and a statement "made and substantiated as to property," which, if not considered to be satisfactory, according to circumstances, destroys the whole thing. The "permission from the parents on both sides," must likewise be produced. A "residence permission ticket," a "certificate as to the due performance of militia duties," an "examination ticket," and also one as to "business, trade, or occupation" at the time. Those in a higher class of life, besides (with a few natural exceptions) the above, have yet other things to do, proofs to make and cautions to give ere the knot of matrimony can be tied. As one instance it may be mentioned, that every Bavarian officer, without distinction, must deposit in the hands of Government, such a capital (by way of guarantee) as, at four per cent, shall produce annually, at the least, four hundred florins! Without this, or the king's

dispensation, which is seldom, or now never, obtained, the permission to marry is withheld. The capital, once deposited, is intangible, being intended as some provision for the wife and family after his death.—*Pictures of Nuremberg.*

## The Pin and the Needle.

Lem Smith, the 'cute and philosophical editor of the *Madison Record*, tells the following witty fable, which is as good as anything we have seen out of *Æsop*. A pin and needle, says this American Fontaine, being neighbors in a work-basket, and both being idle, began to quarrel, as idle folks are apt to do.

"I should like to know," said the pin, "what you are good for, and how you expect to get through the world without a head?" "What is the use of your head," replied the needle, rather sharply, "if you have no eye?" "What is the use of an eye," said the pin, "if there is always something in it?" "I am more active, and can go through more work than you can," said the needle. "Yes, but you will not live long." "Why not?" "Because you have always a stitch in your side," said the pin. "You are a poor crooked creature," said the needle. "And you are so proud that you can't bend without breaking your back," said the pin. "I'll pull your head off if you insult me again." "I'll put your eye out if you touch me; remember your life hangs by a single thread," said the pin. While they were thus conversing a little girl entered, and undertaking to sew she very soon broke off the needle at the eye. Then she tied the thread around the neck of the pin, and attempting to sew with it she soon pulled its head off, and threw it into the dirt by the side of the broken needle. "Well, here we are," said the needle. "We have nothing to fight about now," said the pin. "It seems misfortune has brought us to our senses." "A pity we had not come to them sooner," said the needle. "How much we resemble human beings, who quarrel about their blessings till they lose them, and never find out they are brothers till they lay down in the dust together, as we do."

## What a Prudent Wife Did.

A correspondent of the *National Era* relates the following: "A fact which I came in possession of a couple of years ago, may illustrate the character of the New Englanders, and reveal the origin of some branches of their most profitable business. S. W. was the son of a country clergyman, and was accustomed to laboring on a farm in summer, and keeping school in winter. He was moral, industrious, and frugal, and took a wife possessing the same qualities, together with the shrewd propensity to calculate the cost of all articles of living. One day her husband brought home the cloth and trimmings for a new coat. The wife inquired the price of the buttons, which she noticed were made of cloth called 'lasting,' or, more fully, 'everlasting,' covered on wooden button-molds. She thought she could afford as good a button, made by hand, for less money. The next day, like the true daughter of a Yankee, she 'tried the thing out.' She bought the cloth by the yard, and the molds by the dozen; and in a week she had better buttons, at a less price, in the market. The thing would pay. S. W. soon left farming and school-keeping, bought the cloth, which his wife cut into button-covers, and button-molds, hired the women and girls of the neighboring towns to make them up, and sold them at great profits. Soon another entered into partnership with him, and invented machinery to do the work. Then the plain lasting was changed to figured velvet, and satin, and twist. Improvement on improvement in machinery was made, till they equaled the best English, or French, or German buttons. S. W. now owns one of the sweetest villages in Connecticut valley, and almost supplies the United States with buttons for coats and overcoats. He has endowed an academy munificently; has contributed like a prince to the funds of a highly distinguished and useful female seminary, and has rescued a noble college from embarrassment. So much for the carefulness of a prudent wife; and so much for a disposition to earn an honest living in some way, rather than thrive in idleness on the hard and too often unrequited toil of others."

## A Paragraph for Parents.

Mothers, if you would train up your children to be useful members of society, keep them from running about the streets. The

school of vice is the streets. There theurchin learns the vulgar oath, or the putrid obscenity.

For one lesson at the fireside, he has a dozen in the kennel. Thus are scattered the seeds of falsehood, gambling, theft, and violence. Mothers, as you love your own flesh and blood, make your children cling to the hearth-stone. Love home yourselves; sink the roots deep among your domestic treasures; set an example in this, as in all things, which your offspring may follow. It is a great error that children may be left to run wild in every sort of street temptation, for several years, and that it will then be time enough to break them in.

This horrid mistake makes half our spend-thrifts, gamblers, thieves, drunkards. No man would raise a colt, or an ox, on such a principle; no man would suffer the weeds to grow in his garden for any length of time, saying he could eradicate them at any time. Look at this matter, parents. See, more especially, that your children are not out at night, loitering around some coffee-house, or theatre. Mothers, make your children love home, and by all means encourage them to love you better than all other human beings.—*Church Chronicle.*

## Illustrations for Children.

I once saw a preacher trying to teach the children, that the soul would live after they were all dead. They listened, but evidently did not understand it. He was too abstract. Snatching his watch from his pocket, he said, "James, what is this I hold in my hand?" "A watch, sir," said one. "A little clock," says another. "Do you all see it?" "Yes, sir." "How do you know it is a watch?" "It ticks, sir."

"Very well—can any of you hear it tick?" "All listen now."

After a pause— "Yes sir, we hear it."

He then took off the case, and held the case in one hand and the watch in the other.

"Now, children, which is the watch?" "You see there are two which look like watches."

"The little one in your right hand."

"Very well again. Now I will lay the case aside—put it away down there in my hat. Now let us see if you can hear the watch ticking!"

"Yes sir, we hear it," exclaimed several voices. "Well the watch can tick, and go, and keep time, you see, when the case is taken off and put in my hat. The watch goes just as well. So it is with you, children. Your body is nothing but the case, the soul is inside. The case—the body—may be taken off and buried up in the ground, and the soul will live and think, just as well as this watch will go, as you see, when the case is off."—*Selected.*

TRUE AS PREACHING.—A great deal of unhappiness is caused by paying too much attention to what others say and think of us.—He is an arrant coward who, conscious of doing right, fears to have the censure of the whole world. Whether we do well or ill others will still, from wrong estimates of our motives, attach blame to us for doing deeds of which we have no reason to be ashamed.

Love thy neighbor, but pull not down thine hedge.

Nothing can be well done, that is done out of season.

Men get wealth and women keep it.  
Slander always leaves a slur.

## READ'S HOTEL.

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.

## REMOVAL.

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JOHN CHALONER.

Apothecary, &amp;c. &amp;c., Head of King Street, North Side St. John, N. B. May-17, 1850.

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