

Poetry.

A GEM.

BY BERNARD BARTON.

The following touching lament for his wife was published in his first volume:

"O thou from earth for ever fled!
Whose reliques lie among the dead,
With daisied verdure overspread,
My Lucy!

For many a weary day gone by,
How many a solitary sigh
I've heaved for thee, no longer nigh,
My Lucy!

And if to grieve I cease awhile,
I look for that, enchanting smile
Which all my cares could once beguile,
My Lucy!

But ah! in vain—the blameless art
Which used to soothe my troubled heart
Is lost with thee, my better part,
My Lucy!

Thy converse, innocently free,
That made the fiends of fancy flee,
Ah! then I felt the want of thee,
My Lucy!

Nor is it for myself alone
That I thy early death bemoan;
Our infant now is all my own,
My Lucy!

Couldst thou a guardian angel prove
To the dear offspring of my love,
Until it reach the realms above,
My Lucy!

Could thy angelic spirit stray,
Unseen companion of my way,
As onward drags the weary day,
My Lucy!

And when the midnight hour shall close
Mine eyes in short, unsound repose,
Couldst thou but whisper off my woes,
My Lucy!

Then, though my loss I must deplore,
Till next we meet to part no more,
I'd wait the grasp that from me tore
My Lucy!

For, be my life but spent like thine,
With joy shall I that life resign,
And fly to thee, for ever mine,
My Lucy!"

The Family.

I HAVE NO TIME—TAKE TIME.

He that provides not for his own family is worse than an infidel. "That is my faith," says one whose conscience feels the need of some Scriptural authority for his devotion to worldly business. But he forgets that "the faith" may also be denied by men who are not guilty of idleness, and whose families never suffer for want of the bread that perisheth.—He is worse than an infidel who leaves his children without that instruction and discipline which can only be imparted by a father at his hours of leisure in the domestic circle. "But I have no time." This is the standing excuse of those fathers who never sit down with their children to converse with them for their mental, moral and religious improvement. The whole training of their minds is left to the mother and school teachers, while the father toils from early morn to late at night to provide for their bodies. What right has he to appropriate his whole time to labor, eating and rest, and to neglect the higher interests of his children, the culture of their hearts and intellects? The means of subsistence are, we willingly admit, of most urgent necessity.—Bread and clothing must be had before time can be devoted to the cultivation of the mind. But has the father no time for familiar conversation with his children, at least in the evening of the day, and must all his time and strength be exhausted in the inferior employment of providing for their animal wants? Is this the state of society in America? A more horrid description of hardship and degradation can scarcely be conceived. There is only one degree below it, a total want of employment and consequent starvation. And yet, what do we behold! Multitudes, particularly in our own large cities, toiling from morning to bed time, with no cessation but for their hasty meals, to earn a livelihood or amass a fortune! This they do, not from necessity. They could easily abstract from their business a few hours every day for communion with their families, but they prefer gain to the comfort, the happiness, the improvement of the fireside. They have not time, they say, for these domestic calls.

Truly they have not, while the world is their idol. What they have set their hearts upon, they cannot have if they pay a proper regard to the minds committed to their care.—Then TAKE TIME. For what should time be taken if not for the soul? And what should be dearer to a parent than the higher nature of his children, their immortal minds! He has no right to toil in his shop until the evening is gone, and return with exhausted powers to his family, merely to drop upon his bed, and repent the next day the same wearisome round of labor. As a father, he should daily appear in the midst of his children, a LIGHT and GUIDE, to give a spring to their intellects, to correct their errors, and refine their morals, to lead them onward and upward in intellect and goodness. Have you no time? TAKE TIME.—*Cong. Observer.*

"Ah Massa, you no Understand It."

A few years since, there lived in one of our large cities a poor colored woman, named Betty, who had been confined by sickness for nearly twenty years. By the few friends that knew her, she was familiarly called poor Betty. Betty had seen comfortable days. She had been kind and good at service. Eighty years shed their blight upon her robust limbs, before they yielded to the hardship of toil. She had acquired a hale constitution by sporting for twenty years upon her native hills, upon the burning sands of Africa, before the slave-ship stole its guilty, accursed way over the waters, laden with chains and manacles to bind her limbs, and to mar her sable beauty, to agonize her soul, and to subject her to the horrors of the middle passage. Betty had long been blind, and was said to be 105 years old. An aged daughter, whom God in mercy to his bruised reed in a strange land, had kindly permitted to be the companion, both of her bondage and her freedom, arranged and administered the few comforts with which former industry and present charity furnished their decayed cottage. Betty was indeed a relic of former days, and was noted both for her good sense, and her discreet, warm-hearted piety.

Mr. B. was a man of wealth and business in the same city. His signature was better than silver on the exchange, because it was more easily transferred. His sails whitened the ocean, his charity gladdened many hearts, and his bounty gave impulse to many benevolent operations. Notwithstanding the pressure of business, Mr. B. often found time to drop in and see what became of poor Betty. His voice and even his step had become familiar to her, and always lighted up a smile on her dark, wrinkled face. He would often say some pleasant thing to cheer this lonely pilgrim on her way to Zion.

One day Mr. B. took a friend from the country to see Betty. As he stopped and entered the cottage door, he said, "Ah, Betty you are alive yet." "Yes, tank God," said Betty. "Betty," said he, "why do you suppose God keeps you so long in this world, poor, and sick, and blind, when you might go to heaven and enjoy so much?"

While Mr. B.'s tone and manner were half sportive, he yet uttered a serious thought which had more than once come over his mind. Now comes the Sermon.

Betty assumed her most serious and animated tone, and replied, "Ah, Massa, you no understand it. Dare be two great tings to do for the Church; one be to pray for it, todder be to act for it. Now, Massa, God keeps me alive to pray for de church, and he keeps you alive to act for it. Your great gifts no do much good, Massa, without poor Betty's prayers."

For a few moments Mr. B. and his friend stood silent, thrilled, astonished. They felt the knowledge, the dignity, the moral sublimity of this short sermon. It seemed to draw aside the veil a little, and let them into heaven's mysteries. "Yes, Betty," replied Mr. B., in the most serious and subdued tones, "your prayers are of more importance to the church than my alms." This short sermon, preached by poor Betty, was never forgotten by Mr. B. or his friend. It made them more humble, more prayerful, more submissive in afflictions.—*Parent's Magazine.*

On Listening to Evil Reports.

The longer I live, the more I feel the importance of adhering to the rules which I have laid down for myself in relation to the following subjects:

1. To hear as little as possible what is to the prejudice of others

2. To believe nothing of the kind till I am absolutely forced to it.

3. Never to drink into the spirit of one who circulates an ill report.

4. Always to moderate, as far as I can, the unkindness which is expressed towards others.

5. Always to believe that, if the other side were heard, a very different account would be given of the matter.

I consider love as wealth; and as I would resist a man who should come to rob my house, so would I a man who would weaken my regard for any human being. I consider, too, that persons are cast into different moulds; and then to ask myself—What should I do in that person's situation? is not a just mode of judging. I must not expect a man that is naturally cold and reserved, to act as one that is naturally warm and affectionate; and I think it a great evil that people do not make more allowances for each other in this particular. I think religious people are too little attentive to these considerations.—*Simeon.*

HABITS.—Like flakes of snow that fall unperceived upon the earth, the seemingly unimportant events of life succeed one another. As the snow gathers together, so are our habits formed. No single flake that is added to the pile produces a sensible change; no single action creates, however it may exhibit a man's character; but as the tempest hurls the avalanche down the mountain, and overwhelms the inhabitant and his habitation, so passion acting upon the elements of mischief, which pernicious habits have brought together by imperceptible accumulation, may overthrow the edifice of truth and virtue.—*Jeremy Bentham.*

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