THE COLUMBIAN FOUNTAIN

Pledged to the cause of Temperance. } TRI-WEEKLY. { Containing Articles, original and selected, on every subject calculated to interest, instruct, and benefit its readers.

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While the "COLUMBIAN FOUNTAIN" will be devoted to the cause of Temperance, its columns will be enriched by original articles on subjects calculated to interest, instruct, and benefit its readers. It is intended so to blend variety, amusement, and instruction, as that the various tastes of its patrons may be (as far as it is practicable) gratified. Commerce, Literature, and Science, and every other subject of interest, not inconsistent with Temperance and morality, will receive the earnest attention of the publishers. Nothing of a sectarian, political, or personal character will be admitted.

POETRY.

THE TRUE TEMPLE.

"For where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them."

Not where high turrets rear
Their lofty fronts above some costly fane,
Doth God, our heavenly Father only deign
Our humble prayer to hear.

Not where the lapsing hours,—
The cankering footprints of the spoiler, time,
Are idly noted with a sounding chime,
From proud cathedral towers:—

Not where with chiseled stone,
And shadowy niche, and shaft, and architrave,
The dim old chancel, or the solemn nave,
Seems vast and chill and lone:—

Not 'neath the vaulted dome,
Or fretted roof, magnificently flung
O'er cushioned seats, or curtained desk o'erhung
With rare work of the loom:—

Not where the sunlight falls
From the stained oriel with a chastened shade,
O'er sculptured tombs, where mighty ones are laid,
Till the last trumpet calls:—

Not where rich music floats
Through the hushed air, until the soul is stirred,
As 'twere a choral from that bright land heard,
Where angels swell the notes:—

Perchance 'tis well to raise
These palace-temples, thus richly wrought to Him
Who, midst his thousand thousand cherubim
Can stoop to list our praise.

Yet when our spirits bow,
And sue for mercy at His sacred shrine,
Can all the trappings of the teeming mine
Light up the darkened brow?

Oh no!—God *may* be there,—
His smile may on such costly altars rest,
Yet are his humbler sanctuaries blest
With equal love and care.

Aye,—wheresoe'er on earth,—
Or on the shore, or on the far blue sea,
His children,—offspring of the true, may be,
There hath his spirit birth.

There in our midst doth come
Our Savior sovereign,—Prince of Bethlehem,
Whose grace upbuilds a new Jerusalem
In every humble home.

Our sin *may* be forgiven,
As, weak and few, our prayer goes up to God,
E'en though our temple-floor be earth's green sod,
Its roof, the vault of heaven.

Christian World.

IMMORTALITY.

The flower that opens to the rising sun—
Sweetening an hour the pure and dewy air—
And then before the reaper's sickle falls;—
Is God's own emblem of the life of man.
Yet when the sun that shines upon the flower—
The kingly sun, to whose controlling laws,
Still mighty as at fist, the willing spheres
Harmoniously submit,—aye, when the sun
Shall see his crown in fragments, and in twain
His golden sceptre, and the whirling clouds
Of endless darkness closing round his throne,
And hear the breaking of the bonds that hold
The orbs in his dominion; then shall man—
The same that lay beside the perished flower.—
Awake, immortal, from his long repose.
And in the presence of Destruction stand,
Fearless and beautiful, till angels come
To guide him to an everlasting home.

Christian World.

LINES

Addressed to one who wished to look into the future.

O, wherefore would'st thou seek to lift the veil
That kindly hides futurity from thee?
To know our future ills would not avail,
But only make our life a troubled sea,
And poison every cup of joy and glee.

Trust in a gracious God, whose boundless love
A thousand blessings daily doth bestow;
Who seeks to win us to our home above
By every grief and trial we call wo,
Ah, what is good for us, how should we know?

I doubt not, when we enter into rest
And our past pilgrimage on earth review,
That we shall call those times supremely blest
When earthly comforts were but small and few,
For then it is we prove God's promise true,

That unto each and all doth kindly say:
"As is thy sorrow, so thy strength shall be."
Believe his word, nor coldly turn away;
His love can make you happy, make you free—
"As is thy sorrow, so thy strength shall be."

Dartford. MARY CLARKE.

Church of England Magazine.

EPIGRAM.

"How much corn may a gentleman eat?" whispered Fip,
While the cobs on his plate lay in tiers.
"As to that," answered Q., (and he glanced at the heap,)
"'Twill depend on the length of his ears!"

A wag went out a-fishing one day, and not meeting with the best luck, determined on having some sport. He went home and deposited what he had caught, and a neighbor passing by soon after, accosted him with—"What luck, to-day?" "O," answered the wag, "no great—I caught a hundred or two." "A hundred or two!" replied the neighbor, with great surprise; "I'll bet you a dollar of that," continued he. "Done," said the wag, whereupon he uncovered a pile near him and a couple of fish lay there scarcely through with their death struggles, remarking—"There they are—I have won the wager!" "How so," replied his neighbor, "here are only *two!*" "Well," replied the wag, "that's just as I told you—a hundred *or* two!" This is a fish story.

A TOUCHING SCENE.

Tender and warm is the heart of a child. The simplest notice or the smallest kindnes will often secure the most affectionate regard. Love to these "little ones" will always beget love in return.

In an adjoining town, where lived and laboured a minister especially attached to the Sabbath school, and fond of children, a few weeks ago the following touching scene occured.

Two little girls were passing through the street upon which his house was situated, and as they reached it, one, leaving her companion, ran up to the step, and pressing her little lips to the door plate, kissed it affectionately; saying to her young friend, "I love that man; for he loves children." What a reward that for that minister—the honest tribute of a youthful but sincere heart! His bosom trobbed with new affection for the young; and he inwardly resolved to devote himself more faithfully to the sweet and blessed work of feeding the lambs.—*S. S. Mes.*

NIGGER, you talk so much 'bout your counterfeit dollars, just succeed to deform me why a counterfeit dollar is like an apple pie?

"Oh! I drops the subject and dosen't know nothin' 'bout it."

"Kase it isn't *current.*"

Oh! de King, what a niggar! Why am your head like a bag of dollars?"

"Go 'way from me—why am it?"

"Kase dere's no sense (cents) in it."

"Well, you always was de brackest niggar I neber seed—you always will hab de last word. W.

ARDENT AND ANIMAL SPIRITS.

"Some flatter gin, brandy, and rum, on their merits,
Grog, punch, and what not, that enliven a feast;
'Tis true that they stir up the *animal* spirits,
But, may not the *animal* turn out a *beast?*

Our prosperity and happiness in life mainly depend on the principles we adopt, and the course we pursue. The path of rectitude unavoidably leads to happiness—that of vice always ends in misery.

A SIMPLE RULE.—To ascertain the length of the day and night at any time of the year, double the time of the sun's rising, which gives the length of the night, and double the time of setting, which gives the length of the day.

A GOOD THOUGHT.—Thousands and tens of thousands will see it, read it, appreciate it, and it will have a bearing on hundreds of minds.

It is the same with a bad thought. What countless multitudes may it lead to ruin.

What power—almost omnipotent—is there in a writer for the public press.

Be guided by wisdom, that you may direct in the right channel the immortal mind.

Humanity is one of the most beautiful parts of the divine system of Christianity, which teaches us not only to do good to mankind, but to love each other as brethren; and this all depends on the sensibility of our hearts,—the greatest blessing bestowed by Providence on man, and without which, with the most refined and polished understanding, he would be no better than a savage.—*C. J. Fox.*

MISCELLANEOUS,

THE PILOT'S BOY.

BY C. J. PETERSON.

The storm raged loud and fierce. The wind swept wildly over the waste of waters, catching the spray in its embrace and hurling it furiously onward, so that the ocean seemed a vast sheet of foam. The clouds hung low and dark, scowling on the terrible vortex below. It was one of the most awful tempests that had for years devastated the Atlantic coast.

On a low, sandy beach, against which the waves thundered until the ground shook beneath them, stood a mother and her daughter, gazing anxiously seaward, regardless of the storm. So powerful was the wind that they could with difficulty stand; yet they fearlessly kept their watch, shading their eyes with their hands to keep off the spray, apparently looking for some object on the ocean. Suddenly the child cried:

"Mother! there they are!"

She pointed with a trembling finger as she spoke, and following its direction, the mother beheld a white speck, like a flake of snow, amid the dark waters, on the horizon. It rose and fell, but kept increasing in size, as if approaching.

"O! Lord, I thank thee," said the mother, clasping her hands and looking up to heaven. "The father of my babes yet lives, save him for thy sake."

It would have melted the sternest heart to have heard the deep emotion with which she breathed that prayer. Then with hands clasped before her, she stood silent, watching the little bark which contained her husband and her only boy. And bravely did that gallant craft struggle through the tempest. Now it would be lost to sight in a whirlwind of foam as it plunged through a head-sea, and now it would re-appear, its white sail glancing like the wing of a gull. At times the wind would press with such force on the close-reefed canvass as to lay her mast nearly level with the billows, so that the mother's heart nearly sunk within her, for it seemed then as if the brave bark would never recover herself; and again the frail spar would struggle upwards, and the boat skim along for a space, like a spirit walking the deep.

For nearly half an hour, the little bark was thus visible; and during that period the suspense of the mother was worse than the most intolerable agony. One while she saw herself bereft of those she loved, and again hope would resume its sway in the bosom, only, however, to be again overthrown by the next surge that broke over the devoted craft. It seemed a miracle that the boat had lived so long; and even the sanguine hopes of a mother could not long persuade her she should see her darling boy again.

At length, one mountainous billow was seen advancing, its huge breast lifting itself slowly up, the masses of waters piling one over another, until they seemed to mingle with the black clouds above; then a speck of foam suddenly appeared on the extreme top of the wave, which spreading rapidly to right and left, until the crest was every where crowned with it, the huge bulk of piled up waters tumbling headlong, and the boat, which had been seen a second before laboring in the trough of the sea beneath, was lost to sight forever in the white and chafing whirlpool.

The mother held her breath as the waters fell, and remained, like one struck by a basilisk, gazing on the fierce vortex, as if hoping against hope, that the boat would re-appear; but moment after moment passed, until it seemed to her as if hours had elapsed, and yet no sign of the bark was visible. At length the waters partially subsided; another billow swept over the place, where the first had broken; and then the mast of the little craft rolled upward; but the hull was no where visible.

"They are lost—oh! my dear father—and Harry—mother can't you save them?" said the child, in accents of the most heart-breaking grief.

But the mother answered not. She looked wildly at her daughter, and then ran, like one distracted, to the edge of the surf, venturing so far down with the undertow that it appeared incredible that she could escape the angry breakers. Here she strained her eyes again to see if she could catch a glimpse of the crew of the ill-fated boat. But nothing was visible except the black surges, capped with foam; and no sound was heard but the roar of the hurricane: "Oh! Father in heaven;" she cried in accents of that stony grief, which once heard, lives forever in the memory, "save my child—save him even yet!"

At that instant, a dark mass appeared on the crest of a breaker, and with a cry of joy the mother saw the form of her darling boy close at hand.—The next moment the boy was hurled towards her, and rushing recklessly into the surf, she caught the child by its clothes and hurried inward to gain the dry land, before a second surge should overtake her. Twice she was struck down before reaching the beach; twice the weeping daughter lost sight of her mother; but the energy of the parent finally triumphed, and she bore her prize to land and laid the senseless form on the beach.—The moment after, the hardy frame of the pilot was seen struggling with the surf, and he, too, at length reached the shore in safety. The first object that met his gaze was the body of his darling, extended on the beach.

"My boy! my boy!" he cried, casting himself beside it. "Oh, God! he is dead!" with a heart-broken exclamation, and wringing his hands, he looked up to heaven, his whole face convulsed with the fearless agony of a bereaved father.—It was a touching spectacle. In the fore-ground lay the figure of the boy, cold and wet, his beautiful hair washed back from his face, and his little arm extended by his side, as if he had been sleeping. Over him knelt the afflicted mother, her form half prostrate on his, and her face buried in her hands. Her garments, and those of the father were flying wildly in the wind. The back ground of the picture was filled up by the white foam of the surf, and the whirling masses of clouds over head. In the distance, scarcely visible through the darkness of approaching night, was a little fishing village.

"But may he not yet live?" suddenly said the mother, as if a new hope had struck her. "Oh if we had him at home, we might do something for him."

The father started up from his momentary stupor, and every feature of his face was now instinct with energy. Catching the senseless body in his arms, without a word, he strode onwards to the village almost on a run, the rest of his family following eagerly behind, the mother in breathless silence, her heart agitated with hope and fear alternately, and the daughter clinging to her dress and sobbing as if her heart would break.

The neighbors met them before they reached their home, all eager to lend their aid; for they knew that the pilot had been abroad that day, and the rumor of his wreck soon reached every hearth. The senseless body was laid on the bed; those who could be of service remained in the room; and the rest anxiously awaited the result in the apartment without. After sometime hopelessly spent in the attempt to revive him, and when the neighbors were beginning to despair, the mother thought she saw some faint signs of life. Their exertions were now redoubled, and at length he faintly breathed.

"My boy lives," said the mother," fervently, and though she breathed no prayer in words, her heart was poured out in thankfulness to her Father in heaven as she looked on.

Before the night was very far spent, the child thus rescued from the jaws of death, was able to sit up; and many and heartfelt were the thanks for his recovery breathed to heaven that night, by the mothers of the little fishing village, for each felt that it might yet be to her own darling, as it had been that day to the PILOT'S BOY

COURAGE OF A PARENT.

It is stated in a late French paper, that Simon Etchverry, a mariner, who resided at Biarrits, near Bayonne, and was distinguished for his intrepidity, arose early one morning to follow his business of fishing. He saw that the sea was agitated by a violent gale, which would prevent him from launching his boat—but he thought that he should be able to take some fish from the rocks which hung over the sea shore. Accordingly, accompanied by his son, Jules, a sturdy lad of about fourteen years of age, he proceeded towards St. Martin's Point, on the North side of the light-house. Here the rock was some twenty-five or thirty feet above the level of the sea, but a rough and extremely narrow and dangerous path led around and beneath the rock, to a remote place, known by the name of the Fishing Bank—but which, owing to the difficulty of approaching it, was seldom visited by the fishermen. Here Simon and his son posted themselves, and fished for half an hour, when taking no fish, and the wind and the waves increasing, the two fishermen were about to quit the spot, when a huge wave dashed against the rock, and overwhelmed them in a moment. Simon clinging firmly to the cragged rock, resisted the force of the retiring wave—but his son, the unfortunate Jules, was washed away—and when the fisherman, recovering from the shock, looked around him, he saw his son at a distance struggling manfully for life, and casting an imploring look to the shore for succor.

Simon did not hesitate for a moment—but without waiting to disembarrass himself of his garments, plunged into the roaring flood, and swam towards his son. He caught him as he was sinking, supported him in the water, bade him be of good cheer, and at the same time, gradually threw off some of his loose outer garments. He then attempted to relieve Jules from the weight of his tight shaggy jacket, which he found much difficulty in doing—and unfortunately he left his knife behind him. He despaired not, however, and redoubled his efforts to disengage his boy from his heavy clothing, for he knew that much depended on this—and in the mean time, he used almost superhuman exertions to sustain his son, and keep him above the waves, which appeared to increase in size and violence, and hardly allowed the youth time to take breath.

Simon struggled desperately with the elements, and his courage and presence of mind seemed likely to triumph. He now drew towards the shore, and was about to receive the reward of his heroism. One effort more only was required to reach the beach, when he perceived to his horror that his son was no longer living—that he bore in his arms the dead body of his darling boy! This discovery robbed him of his little remaining strength. The next moment he fell exhausted upon the sand, while the sea bore off into its depths, his precious burthen.

It was with much effort that the brave and unfortunate fisherman, half dead with fatigue and grief, was at length able to drag himself towards his cottage, not far off, where he had been seen by a lad, who fled immediately for assistance. The inhabitants of the neighboring hamlet soon gathered around him—they furnished him with clothing—gave him restoratives, and deeply sympathised with him for the loss of his son. He was soon able to return to his humble dwelling, where the unhappy father mingled his tears with those of the despairing mother. This melancholy event, this sublime and affecting instance of parental love and courage, caused quite a sensation in the community at Biarrits, where the unfortunate fisherman had for years previous been greatly esteemed as a brave and an honest man.—*Boston Journal.*

From the Sheet Anchor.

TRY IT AGAIN.

A SAILOR'S STORY.

In 1841, while on a mission to Nantucket, as a Temperance lecturer, having talked and paeached and persuaded all that would come to hear, for several nights in succession, I received an invitation to visit a cordage factory out of town. I went, and was kindly received by M———k, the worthy agent or owner of the walks; and by him introduced to his workmen, several of whom were busy spinning yarns, walking backwards the whole length of the old dilapidated building, the bare ground serving for a floor, the walls being propped up every few rods to support the moss-covered roof, which seemed to threaten the occupants with instant death. One among the workmen attracted my attention; and particularly, because he was a large, well built, noble looking man, with an open, generous countenance. He treated me with politeness, and answered my questions respectfuly. I walked by his side, as he wended his way backwards again and again.

I related my experience in intemperance to him, and my reformation; and urged him, with all the powers of sympathy and what little eloquence I could rally on the occasion, to get him to sign the pledge. He said, It was of no use; that his time had flown; he had been a "whale catcher," (and report said he was a whale on board ship.) He had been first mate the last voyage; and the owners had given him a ship as master some two or three years ago. The ship was fitted and ready for sea, and only waited for a favorable wind. But in the hour of excitement, he drank to intoxication. The owners refused to let him go! Consequently, he drank more and more, until all confidence was lost, and as he supposed, irretrievably lost. He was discouraged, and had given up all thoughts of going to sea. I then reiterated my entreaties, relating my own experience, and what the pledge had done for me. Taking him by the hand as I was about to part with him, I said, "My brother, TRY AGAIN." He looked at me with earnestness, the big tear standing in his eye. He signed the *Pledge!* He kept it. A short time after this, I again visited Nantucket, and learned that he had gone to Edgartown to fit out for a voyage.—He had got a ship. As is usual on the island, I with others went to the wharf at the return of the steamboat, to see all the strangers that might come and get the news from the main; and to my surprise, I met my brother P—s.* He was dressed in a fine suit of broadcloth, his noble appearance and manly deportment commanded the respect of his fellow-citizens, which the inhabitants of this hospitable island are in no way backward in showing towards the unfortunate drunkard, if he will reform and TRY AGAIN. J. R. L.

* He had come home to see his family, as his ship lay in the offing, or outer roads, waiting for a fair wind.

BOTH HORNS BAD.—The poor tailor, in the following sketch from the New Orleans Crescent, fared no better on one horn of the dilemma than the other.

"Will you pay me my bill, sir?" said a tailor in Charles street, to a waggish fellow who had got into him about a foot.

"Do you owe anybody anything, sir?" asked the wag.

"No, sir," said the tailor.

"Then you can afford to wait?" and off he walked.

A day or two afterwards the tailor called again. Our wag was not at his wit's end yet; so turning to his creditor, he says:

"Are you in debt to anybody?"

"Yes sir," said the tailor.

"Well, why don't you pay?"

"I've not the money."

"That's just my case. I am glad to see you can appreciate my condition; give us your hand!"