

THE BIBLE.

Lamp of our feet! whereby we trace
Our path, when wont to stray:
Stream from the fount of heavenly grace!
Brook by the traveller's way!

Bread of our souls whereon we feed;
True manna from on high!
Our guide and chart! wherein we read
Of realms beyond the sky!

Pillar of fire—through watches dark!
Or radiant cloud by day!
When waves would whelm our tossing bark—
Our anchor and our stay!

Pole-star on life's tempestuous deep!
Beacon! when doubts surround;
Compass! by which our course we keep:
Our deep-sea lead—to sound!

Riches in poverty! Our aid
In every needful hour!
Unshaken rock! the pilgrim's shade,
The soldier's fortress—tower!

Our shield and buckler in the fight!
Victory's triumphant palm!
Comfort in grief! in weakness, might!
In sickness—Gilead's balm!

Childhood's preceptor! manhood's trust!
Old age's firm ally!
Our hope—when we go down to dust—
Of immortality!

Pure oracles of Truth Divine!
Unlike each fabled dream,
Given forth from Delphi's mystic shrine,
Or grove of Academe!

WORD OF THE EVER-LIVING GOD!
WILL OF HIS GLORIOUS SON!
Without! These how could earth be trod,
Or heaven itself be won?

RESIGNATION.

The distressed husband sat by the bedside of his dying wife. Summer had paid its annual visit but once since they stood before the holy altar and pledged their mutual faith. Uninterrupted joy had crowned their union. Their passage from the single to the married state had been like the passage of a traveller from the shrubless desert to the land of fruits and vegetation. No unkind words had e'er fallen from their lips—no self-will and obstinacy had e'er been manifested—nothing had occurred to make them regret the step they had taken. They realized the benefits of that institution which the wisdom of God appointed and which all must enjoy, if their ungoverned tempers do not mar it.

Affliction at last inflicted its torturing blow. The tender wife was laid low upon the couch of sickness, and notwithstanding all the efforts of skill to save her, the disease raged with increasing power as if it were the appointed instrument for her removal. The husband seemed to have a presentiment of her decay. He leaned over her, and as he marked the progress of her decline, feeling convulsed his bosom and caused him to weep in all the bitterness of a wounded spirit. 'Twas a fearful thing for him to see her slowly wasting away. Any thing else his heroism could have stood—loss of fortune and health he could have borne; but to behold that eye which had been constant brightness becoming dim—to hear that voice which had never spoken but in love utter its broken accents, and to feel that hand which had so often returned the warm press of affection, scarcely retaining its heat, it was too much, and he bowed his head and gave vent to the emotions which had burst their bounds. Strange providence which separates the loving and the lovely, and leaves the unhappily connected to pursue their thorny path. But hush, our murmuring hearts;

"God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain."

I cannot, I cannot sustain your loss. Oh, Mary, humanity.

is too feeble to bear such a burden. What can reconcile me to it?"

A moment he paused, and then he rose and exclaimed—
"What can reconcile me to it?"

The words died away. As if summoned by them to appear, a strange form stood before him. Its countenance was stern and strongly marked. The softer graces had not written their characters upon it. It spoke, but its voice was unmusical: "Thou wishest assistance in thine hour of trial. I come to bring it. I have left my retreat and hurried to thy aid. My name is Philosophy—my descent is divine, and my work is glorious. I have brought thee the healing herbs from my garden. They are sovereign remedies. They can cure any wound and heal all afflictions. For thy inward health take them and sorrow shall no more weigh down thine eyelids and oppress thy spirit."

The form vanished. The afflicted one hurried to obey its orders. He took of its herbs, but still his woes continued, and in the agony of his grief he cried again, "what can reconcile me to it?"

Another form appeared. It was different from the former. Modesty and amiability sat upon its features—its step was perfect gracefulness, and its voice was music itself. "I come, sufferer, I come to thy relief. Thy heavenly Father has sent me from the courts of light to bind up thy broken heart. I bring thee the balm of Gilead. I bring thee the unfailing consolations of grace. Rest to thee, sufferer, rest thou mayest find on this bosom. Strength thou shalt have in this arm." And as she spoke she presented the cup, and the sufferer took and drank. Calmness was restored, and though he still felt as a man, yet he felt, at the same time, as a Christian. Resignation spread its placid smile over his countenance, and raising his eyes to the heavens, he exclaimed, "The Lord gave and the Lord taketh away; blessed be the name of the Lord."
A. A. L.

ACTS, xviii. 11. "And after three months we departed in a ship of Alexandria, which had wintered in the isle, whose sign was Castor and Pollux."—To this day the names of the vessels belonging to the ports of Italy and Sicily are almost invariably sacred: and at Messina, or Naples, may be seen the Swift, the Dart, the Enterprize, or the Wellington, from Liverpool, lying beside the Santa Elizabetha, the Santa Maria della Providenza, the Santissimo Core di Jesu, etc., with corresponding figures conspicuous on the prow. At the same time in the cabins of these latter will be found a Madonna or a saint, in wax, wood, or paper, with a lamp suspended before it. In Sicily, the smallest boat which is paddled along shore by a fisherman or porter, would be thought not more ill appointed without an oar, than without a guardian angel for insurance against calamity.—*Blunt's Vestiges.*

JOB, ii. 10. "Thou speakest as one of the foolish women speaketh."—In these words it has been supposed that Job refers to the Idumean women, who were accustomed to reproach their gods when displeased with them. Such a practice appears still to prevail among some to whom paganism cannot strictly be imputed. When disappointed by his tutelary saints, an Italian or Sicilian will sometimes proceed so far as to heap reproaches, curses, and even blows, on the wax, wood, or stone, which represents them. The same turbulent gusts of passion displayed themselves in the same way amongst the Romans, who scrupled not to accuse their gods of injustice, and to express their indignation against their faithless protection by the most unequivocal signs. Upon the death of Germanicus, stones were cast by the populace at the temples in Rome, the altars were overturned, and, in some instances, the lares thrown into the streets. And Augustus thought proper to take his revenge upon Neptune for the loss of one of his fleets, by not allowing his image to be carried in procession at the Circensian games which followed.—*See Blunt's Vestiges.*

A delicate mind in a frail body, is a drop of dew in a tender flower-cup, which the least thing can crush or exhaust, and which exhales away before the sun has reached its meridian."—*Jean Paul.*

Selected for the Pearl.

A STRING OF PEARLS.

No. 1.

IMPATIENCE.—I have seen the rays of the sun, or of the moon, dash upon a brazen vessel, whose lips kissed the face of those waters that lodged within its bosom; but being turned back and sent off, with its smooth pretences or rougher waftings, it wandered about the room and beat upon the roof, and still doubled its heat and motion. So is sickness and sorrow entertained by an unquiet and discontented man. Nothing is more unreasonable than to entangle our spirits in wildness and amazements, like a partridge fluttering in a net, which she breaks not, though she break her wings.—*Bishop Taylor.*

PRAYER.—Prayer is the peace of our spirit, the stillness of our thoughts, the evenness of recollection, the seat of meditation, the rest of cares, and the calm of our tempest: prayer is the issue of a great mind, of untroubled thoughts; it is the daughter of charity, and the sister of meekness.—*Ibid.*

VICE AND VIRTUE.—He that can apprehend and consider Vice, with all her baits and seeming pleasures, and yet abstain, and yet distinguish, and yet prefer that which is truly better, he is the true wayfaring Christian. I cannot praise a fugitive and cloistered Virtue, unexercised and rubreathed, that never sallies out and sees her adversary, but slinks out of the race where that immortal garland is to be run for, not without dust and heat.—*Milton.*

Solitude and society may be illustrated by a lake and river. In the one, indeed, we can view the heavens more calmly and distinctly; but we can also see our own image more clearly, and are in danger of the sin of Narcissus; while, in the river, the view both of the heavens and of ourselves is more broken and disturbed; but health and fertility are scattered around.—*Wolfe.*

Passion, when we contemplate it through the medium of imagination, is like a ray of light transmitted through a prism; we can calmly, and with undazzled eye, study its complicate nature, and analyze its variety of tints; but passion brought home to us in its reality, through our own feelings and experience, is like the same ray transmitted through a lens—blinding, burning consuming wherever it falls.—*Mrs. Jameson.*

MERCY.—She comes arrayed in robes of light,
Surrounded with a rainbow bright;
The lightning's flash, and thunders roar,
As she descends, prevail no more.

There is no such thing as time. It is but space occupied by incident. It is the same to eternity as matter is to infinite space—a portion of the immense occupied by something within the sphere of mortal sense. We ought not to calculate our age by the passing years, but by the passing of feelings and events. It is what we have done and what we have suffered makes us old.—*James.*

WARFARE OF NATURE.—All is warfare. The wave rages round the rocks and the islands, the wind struggles with the waves and with the forest; and in the blue sky worlds contend with worlds; yea, even the soft shining stars are but fierce suns and raging volcanoes. Man alone can, if he will, possess his spirit in peace amid the universal turmoil.

The shroud is to man like the covering used by gardeners to protect their plants from sun and rain—it shuts him out from the storms of adversity, and the fierce glow of passion.

TRUTH AND FICTION.—We should turn as doth the earth, alternately, to the sunlight of truth, and the moonlight of fancy, but not exclusively to either.

Birds of Paradise always fly against the wind, and heavenly-minded souls move against the current.