

For the Pearl.

A SCRIPTURE SKETCH.

"And Moses said unto Hobab, 'We are journeying unto the place of which the Lord said, I will give it you: come thou with us, and we will do thee good; for the Lord hath spoken good concerning Israel.'"—Numbers x. 29.

O'er the lone waste the setting sun
His golden glories threw,
And Paran's vast and sandy wilds
Were lighted up to view.

No shrub was there—no grassy glade
Shone forth in that bright beam,
Nor limpid fountain bubbling up,
Nor river's silvery stream.

'Twas desolation's seat—nor bird,
Nor living thing was near,
Save where of Israel's pilgrim bands
The snow-white tents appear.

And strange it was to see that troop
Alone on that drear road—
Alone! No—yonder pillar'd cloud
Speaks the protecting God.

And none of that vast multitude
But stretch'd him on his bed,
Conscious that His Almighty arm
Would shield his pillow'd head.

But now the light is glancing o'er
The leader's lowly tent,
And near stand groups of slaves and steeds,
As if for journey bent.

And there too is the camel seen—
Guide o'er the sandy wave—
Submissive kneeling for his load,
'To man the willing slave.

And forth from that lone tent there strode
Hobab the Arab Chief,
And with him came the Man of God,
His eyes suffus'd with grief.

By Hobab's troop the brothers stand
To press each kindred heart,
To bid a long and kind farewell,
Ere they forever part.

Then paused the holy Man of God—
And to his noble guest,
To turn him from his homeward path,
These earnest words address.

"Why turneth my brother toward Midian's fair plain,
Though deep in Arabia's bosom it lie,*
There pleasure and honor will court thee in vain,
If the blessing of Israel's God be not nigh.

"What though thy parents and kinsmen be there,
And thou leavest them all with our wanderers to go,
Jehovah a lasting, a mightier care,
Than parent or friend upon thee will bestow.

"Come with us—oh come! if drear be the way,
And the ocean-like sand spread forth to thy sight,
Our path is mark'd out by yon bright Cloud by day,
And our slumbers secured by the Fire at night.

"Come with us—our God his promise of good
Hath given to Israel his own chosen race;
And from Egypt's oppression, through the Red Sea flood,
He leads them to dwell in their long destin'd place.

"And fair is that region as Eden of old,
The land of the olive, the myrtle, and vine,
Where vallies and mountains new beauties unfold,
And the sun lights them up with a radiance divine.

"And no scorching deserts the travellers allright,
But cool sparkling streams trickle down the hill side,
And Jordan's dark wave there flows on in its might,
Mid leaves of green palm-trees with leaves spreading wide.

"Come with us—oh come! and thy lot shall be cast
In that blissful rest with the people of God,
And 'neath His protection thy days shall be pass'd,—
Come with us, my brother, and we'll do thee good."

He ended—and the Chieftain's train,
Left not that pilgrim band,†
For Record shows that Hobab's lot
Fell in the promised land.

KAPPA.

*The Midianites, of whom Hobab's father was priest, were settled in the western part of Arabia, along the eastern shore of the Red Sea.
†The only mention of Hobab's name in the Bible, after his interview with Moses, is in Judges iv, 11, where his children are spoken of as inhabitants of Canaan.

For the Pearl.

TO REBECCA.

Too lovely girl, when those dark eyes
Shall softly beam on what I write,
And beauty in thy smiles arise
Bright as an angel's of the light,
Say,—wilt thou not remember him,
Who makes for thee his lonely verse,—
And though all else is darkly dim,
Smile on the lines he doth rehearse?
For they are written love for thee,
And with a hope that not in vain
Words of unrest to thee may flee,
Though not to give thy bosom pain.

For one so beautiful as thee—
So framed to give the heart delight,—
So like those fairy forms we see
Bewitching in the dreams of night,—
Should never feel the weight of care,
Should never know the pangs of grief,
Should never raise the trembling prayer
'To skies that will not give relief;
But in the midst of sunny flowers,
In perfumed airs that lilies give,
In grottoes and ambrosial bowers
Pure as a heavenly Peri live.

And who can gaze upon thy face—
Upon thine all unrivalled light—
Upon the lustre and the grace—
That dazzle, while they win the sight,—
And hear the low tones of thy voice—
Thine honied words so softly sweet,
And see thy blissful heart rejoice;
Or in the dance with sylph-like feet
Observe thee move,—and coldly turn
Away from thee, thou lonely one?
Not he who writes, and can discern
Enough to make a heart undone.

I will not ask a tear from thee,
I will not ask the breath of love,
But thou within my heart shalt be
As one I'd worship, from above.
Though some may think they know the hand,
That, as before, now writes again—
Tell them that thou canst understand,
Alone, the thoughts which guide my pen;
That though all else may pass them by,
With looks of scorn or deep disdain,
Yet the calm beauty of thine eye
Will say I do not write in vain.

Kentville, October 5th, 1839.

HENRY.

For the Pearl.

SONG.

The moon is beaming
Amid the mild light,
Each flower is gleaming
In silvery light:
Come, fairest, then with me,
'Together we'll roam—
Under the greenwood tree,
Dearest, oh! come.

Soft airs are stealing
O'er deepening night,
Steep'd is each feeling
In mute delight;
All things around agree
To hallow our love,
Oh then along with me
Pure moments prove.

The streamlet that flows
Beneath the green shade
Shall witness our vows
Endearingly made;
And the pure Being above
We'll humbly implore
On our mutual love
His blessing to pour.

To mortals but few
Such moments are given,
When earth takes the hue
And the semblance of heaven;
Then, fairest, come with me,
'Together we'll roam,—
Under the greenwood tree
Dearest, oh! come.

Halifax, October 28th, 1839.

KAPPA.

For the Pearl.

A SUMMER SABBATH IN THE COUNTRY.

The bright-eyed day had climbed far up the steep,
Towards the golden palaces of noon;
And sparkling drops from out their od'rous beds,
Among the crimson leaves, had stolen, unseen,
To fleecy clouds along the summer sky.
The tuneful birds had sung their matin songs,
And silent now retired to grateful shades.
Each verdant hill, and every flowery vale
Refulgent shone with genial solar light;
And zephyrs, warm and gentle as the breath
From Beauty's lip, stole o'er th' unruffled lake,
And bore its moisture to the fainting flowers.
Not the shrill voice of lab'ring swain was heard,
Urging the tired steed: for the six days
Of toil for man and beast were done, and now
The plough lay in the furrow, and the ox
Found grateful rest beside the peaceful lamb.
Now, at the appointed hour, all cleanly clad,
In garb unostentatious, came the meek
And holy worshippers of heaven supreme:
Some mutely stood beside the humble church;
While others wandered 'mid the grassy mounds
Where lay, unmarked by sculptured stone, the dust
Of many a worthy sire and graceful youth.
Beside a new-made grave an aged man
Leaned on his staff, and sorrowful he seemed
As one bereaved of his last hope; none heard
His deep-drawn sighs; none saw his muttering lips,
Save one fair child, who touched with sympathy—
Pure, strong, and open as it ever is
In days of innocence—stood gazing on
The grey-haired mourner; soon that mourner saw
And felt the tenderness of that sweet boy;
And new emotions rose in his sad breast,
Recalling days of early thoughtless mirth.
"Oh! lovely child! oh generous boy," he said,
"Can thy young heart be touched with my poor grief?
Canst thou feel sorrow for an old man's sighs,
Or pause from thy amusements to bestow
Thy care on one so wretched? Yes, thou canst!
For once like thee I felt, like thee I played;
And many a time, upon this very spot—
Ere it had been the resting-place of all
I loved on earth—ere its green bosom hid
The dust of sinful man—I roamed at large,
And laughed, and ran, with headlong speed, to catch
The golden butterfly;—as man pursues
Like fitting pleasures of as little worth.
But gloomy clouds, alas! soon overcast
The sunshine of my days; and since that time
My hours have darker grown, till no bright ray
Is left: the children, that I loved so well,
My darling boys,—here, here, they ~~are~~—and now
The long-loved partner, who, with earnest care
Tried every art to soothe my saddened soul,—
She too, alas! is torn from my embrace,
And I am left a wretched lonely one."

Thus having poured his tale of sadness forth,
He sought his place amid the attentive throng
Assembled in the temple of their Lord.
Now heaven's devoted servant had performed
His Sabbath task; and from that obscure church,
That day, a song of adoration rose
To heaven's exalted throne; angels, that day,
Rejoiced to hear the heart-felt prayers pour'd forth
Of many a one unknown to noisy fame,
Unknown to fashion, and the city's pomp:
But known in heaven!

Then each retiring sought
His distant habitation, and I saw
The old man pass; but oh! how altered was
That old man's look; new lustre filled his eye,
His aspect tranquil seemed as summer lake
That pictures heaven; for he had heard of worlds
Where happy kindred meet, forever blest,
And in his heart he said, "I'll meet them there."

Halifax, August, 1839.

S. N.

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