

tongue and mouth both inside and outside, are covered with a crust of the thickness of a crown piece: this crust is of a dark colour, of an insipid taste, and of a consistence like the soft wax from the bee-hive. A faintness of languor takes away the power to move: a kind of knot in the throat and diaphragm, attended with great pain, interrupts respiration. Some wandering tears escape from the eyes, and, at last, the sufferer drops down to the earth, and in a few minutes loses all consciousness. These are the symptoms which I remarked in my unfortunate travellers, and which I experienced in myself.

"My Bedouens, and my faithful Salem, were going in different directions to find out some water, and two hours afterwards returned, one after another, carrying along with them good or bad water as they had been able to find it. Every one presented me part of what he had brought. I was obliged to taste it, and drank twenty times: but as soon as I swallowed it, my mouth became as dry as before. At last I was not able to spit or to speak. I got with difficulty on my horse again, and we proceeded on our journey."—*Ali Bey's Travels in Morocco, etc.*

Selected for the Pearl.

G E M S .

THE HOUR OF CONSCIENCE.—We are apt to connect the voice of conscience with the stillness of midnight. But I think we wrong that innocent hour. It is that terrible 'next morning,' when reason is wide awake, upon which conscience fastens its fangs. Has a man gambled away his all, or shot his friend in a duel—has he committed a crime, or incurred a laugh—it is the 'next morning,' when the irremediable past rises before him like a spectre—then doth the churchyard of memory yield up its grisly dead—then is the witching hour when the foul fiend within us can least tempt, perhaps, but most torment. At night we have one thing to hope for, one refuge to fly to—oblivion in sleep. But at morning sleep is over, and we are called upon coldly to review, and re-act, and live again the waking bitterness of self-reproach. [Ernest Maltravers.

METAPHYSICS.—Talent strikes conviction; but genius does not convince; to whom it is imparted, it gives forebodings of the immeasurable and infinite; while talent sets certain limits, and so, because it is understood, is also maintained. The infinite in the finite; genius in every art is music. In itself it is the soul, when it touches tenderly; but when it masters this affection, then it is spirit which warms, nourishes, bears, and reproduces the whole soul—and therefore, we perceive music; otherwise the sensual ear would not hear it, but only the spiritual; and thus, every art is the body of music, which is the soul of every art. And so is music too the soul of love, which also answers not for its working; for it is the contact of divine with human, and one for all the divine is the passion which consumes the human. Love expresses nothing through itself, but that it is sunk in harmony. [Goethe.

BRILLIANT SPIRITS.—It is a strange thing, but so it is, that very brilliant spirits are almost always the result of mental suffering, like the fever produced by a wound. I sometimes doubt tears; I often doubt lamentations; but I never yet doubted the existence of that misery which flushes the cheek and kindles the eye, and which makes the lip mock with sparkling words the dark and hidden world within. There is something in intense suffering that seeks concealment, something that is fain to belie itself. In Cooper's novel of the Bravo, Jacques conceals himself and his boat, by lying where the moonlight fell dazzling on the water. We do the same with any great despair; we shroud it in a glittering atmosphere of smiles and jests; but the smiles are sneers, and the jests are sarcasms. There is also a vein of bitterness runs through these feverish spirits; they are the very delirium of sorrow seeking to escape from itself, and which cannot. Sufferance and agony are hidden by the moonshine. [Miss Landon.

EDUCATION OF FEMALES.—There is a season when the youthful must cease to be young, and the beautiful to excite admiration; to learn how to grow old gracefully, is perhaps one of the rarest and most valuable arts that can be taught to a woman. And, it must be confessed, it is a most severe trial for those women who lay down beauty, who have nothing else to take up. It is for this sober season of life that education should lay up its rich resources. However disregarded they may have been, they will be wanted now.

When admirers fall away, and flatterers become mute, the mind will be driven to retire into itself, and if it find no entertainment at home will be driven back again upon the world with increased force. Yet, forgetting this, do we not seem to educate our daughters exclusively for the transient period of youth? Do we not educate them for a crowd and not for themselves?—for show and not for use?—for time, and not for eternity?

PEACE.—That serene heaven, those lovely stars, do they not preach to us the philosophy of peace? Do they not tell us how much of calm belongs to the dignity of man, and the sublime essence of the soul? Petty distractions and self-wrought cares are not congenial to our real nature; their very disturbance is a proof that they are at war with our nature. Ah! sweet Florence, let us learn from yon skies, over which the old Greek poetry believed brooded the wings of primeval and serenest love,

what earthly love should be—a thing pure as light, and peaceful as immortality, watching over the stormy world that it shall survive, and high above the clouds and vapours that roll below. Let little minds introduce into the holiest of affections all the bitterness and tumult of common life! Let us love as beings who will one day be inhabitants of the stars!—[Bulwer.

OLD AGE.—Grieve not, reverend age, that thy beauty and brilliancy have left thee. Once in a summer's night, the flowers glittered with dew in the moonbeams; and when daylight drew nigh, they grieved that the light of the moon was gone, and with it, the lustre of the dew drops. They thought not that, after a little while, the sun would rise upon them, whose fall lustre would change those pearls into blazing diamonds. So shall it be with you, after a brief moment of darkness.

THE MEMORY OF THE DEAD.—The ancients had it, that no corpse, nor even the ashes of the dead, should be embarked on a voyage with the living, for fear of the storms which would be sure to follow. We have learned better, and know, that to be accompanied on our voyage through life by the memory of the dead, brings calm and not storm. He who always feels one loss, is rendered by it less accessible to new sorrows.

ELEVATION OF MIND.—The more the mind becomes elevated, the smaller do the great things of this world appear to it. It loves rather to dwell on the minutiae of life, on the often-repeated, on the always recurring, on minute joys and pursuits, yet without losing itself in them. Thus, when a man is placed on a high mountain, the hills below him dwindle; but the valleys seem larger than before his elevation.

SUFFERINGS OF CHILDREN.—Children were the first martyrs of the church, at the massacre of the innocents; and they are still made to suffer far too much. They are made martyrs to the coldness, or misjudged fondness, of parents, and martyrs to study. O, wipe away their tears. Know ye not how hurtful are heavy rains, when the blossom is just opening?

THE SUN.—The sun is the only image of God. Clouds, the moon, the earth, night, all obscure it; yet it shines out every morning, the source of light and life. What then? Shall we refuse to lift up our eyes in prayer to God, because clouds sometimes hide his visage, and wait till we can see its perfect brightness in another sphere?

HISTORY OF THE WORLD.—Whatever portion of man's history we study, we shall find that the weak and the wicked are the most numerous, and the pure and the good appear only here and there, like icebergs, which, in the midst of the salt sea, preserve the sweetness of their waters.

FEMALE ATTRactions IN THE MARRIAGE STATE.—To attempt to enchain a husband's affections by mere attractions, whether of body or mind, without the sense and the heart, which alone can preserve them, is about as wise as to try to form a garland of flowers only, without stalks.

THE PRESENT TIME.—Is it not with the present time as with deserts, which, according to Humboldt, are always surrounded with banks of perpetual verdure? The only difficulty is, that you must have crossed the desert, before you can discern the shore.

SYMPATHY.—How trifling a change in the temperature of our hearts, can make us feel warm or cool towards others, and they towards us! Morning turns frost into dew; evening turns dew into frost. Which shall we copy?

UNION OF GREAT QUALITIES.—The highest reach of human nature is, when the love of truth and the love of man exist together; for such a spirit is like the magnet, which attracts, at the same time that it points the way.

THE POETRY OF LIFE.—He who enjoys the prose of life only, and not its poetry, has at best a poor and imperfect enjoyment; it is as though he was placed in an autumn, rich in harvests, but with no birds to give life or expression to its scenery.

MORAL BEAUTY.—It was promised to the Messiah in ancient prophecy, as the glorious result of his mediation, that, "In the beauties of holiness from the womb of the morning, thou hast the dew of thy youth," Psalm cx. 3. In these words the holy Prophet leads us from the means by which the kingdom of Christ was to be established, to contemplate their efficient results: first, in the multitude of Christ's subjects, which should be as the number of the drops of morning dew; and, secondly, to that of universal moral beauty, the beauty of holiness, diffused as wide as the dew of his youth, from the womb of the morning. The eye cannot look upon a scene of beauty more exquisite than the opening of such a morning as is here presented to the imagination; every hill and vale, every spire of grass, and the spray of every tree, sparkling in the ray of the advancing sun, and breathing life and freshness over all nature. Thus decked and adorned does a second world appear, in the beauty and freshness of holiness, to the eye of the prophet, and thus does he represent it to us. Behold, then, a world, so long in the darkness and death of night, arising out of it by the wondrous operation of its reconciled and redeeming Lord. How diffusive and how marked

will be the beauty of holiness, when his work is thus complete! The beauty is every where, on every spire of grass, and every lofty tree; on the lowest and highest orders of society. All are invested with the garments of salvation and the robes of praise. It beams upon the cottage, and shows that the poor are visited by Heaven. It sparkles from the throne and gives it a lustre more glorious than its earthly pomp; the mild and beauteous lustre of mercy, righteousness, and truth. It gives beauty to unsightly objects; to show us that holiness dignifies the mean, and sanctifies the common and unclean. It adds the beauty of a higher element to that which has an earthly excellence; to teach us that whatever is worthy and useful, is rendered so in a far higher sense when it is connected with religion. It hallows affliction, gives awe to justice, and tenderness to mercy. Behold this beauty of holiness among the nations: wars, oppressions, injuries cease. The earth, tossed and swept for ages by the storms of night is quiet, imbibes the vivifying dew of Divine influence, and catches the glory of the brightening truth of revelation. Behold it in civil society; in the beautiful order and harmony of pious families; in the charity and kind offices of christian neighbourhoods; in the reciprocal reverence and confidence of rulers and their subjects; and behold it especially in the church.—*Richard Watson.*

BETTER DAYS.—Better days are like Hebrew Verbs—they have no present tense; they are of the past or future only. "All that's bright must fade," says Tom Moore. Very likely, and so must all that's not bright. To hear some people talk, you would imagine that there was no month in the year except November, and that the leaves had nothing else to do than fall off the trees. And, to refer again to Tom Moore's song of the "Stars that shine and fall," one might suppose that by this time, all the stars in heaven had been blown out, like so many farthing candles in a show booth: and, as for flowers and leaves, if they go away, it is only to make room for new ones. There are as many stars in heaven as ever there were in the memory of man, and as many flowers on earth, too, and perhaps more in England, for we are always striking fresh importations. Some croakers remind one of the boy who said that his grandmother went up stairs nineteen times a day and never came down again.—Or to seek for another resemblance, they may be likened to the Irish grave-digger, who was seen one night looking about the church yard, with a lantern in his hand. "What have you lost, Pat?" "Oh, I've lost my lantern!" "You have your lantern in your hand." "Oh, but this is a lantern I've found, it is not the lantern I've lost!" Thus it is with men in general: they think more of the lantern they have lost, than the lantern they have found.

SICKNESS.—In sickness the soul begins to dress herself for immortality. And first she unties the strings of vanity, that made her upper garment cleave to the world and sit uneasy. She puts off the light and fantastic summer-robe of lust and wanton appetite. Next to this, the soul, by the help of sickness, knocks off the fetters of pride and vainer complacencies. Then she draws the curtains, and stops the light from coming in, and takes the pictures down; those fantastic images of self-love, and gay remembrances of vain opinion and popular noises. Then the spirit stoops into the sobrieties of humble thoughts, and feels corruptions chiding the forwardness of fancy, and allaying the vapour of conceit and factious opinions. Next to these, as the soul is still undressing, she takes off the roughness of her great and little angers and antipathies, and receives the oil of mercies and smooth forgiveness, fair interpretations and gentle answers, designs of reconciliation, and Christian atonement, in their places.—*Bishop Jeremy Taylor.*

BEAUTY'S EMPIRE.

What avails thine iron brow,
Strong one of the battle field?
Thou hast met a stronger now,
Render up thy lance and shield,
Yield at last—who yielded never,
Beauty reigns on earth for ever!

What avails thy purple pride,
Monarch on thy golden throne?
Cast thy haughty looks aside,
Jewelled slave, thy sovereign own!
Kneel—thy whole allegiance give her,
Beauty reigns on earth for ever!

What avails thy lore severe,
Sage—by midnight taper sought?
Hark! there's laughter in thine ear,
And thy boasted strength is nought—
Mocking all thy life's endeavour,
Beauty reigns on earth for ever!

Ah! her might too well I know,
Caught—made fast by sweet surprise:
Spare me, lips of rosy glow,
Spare me, melting sunbright eyes!
Only death my chains can sever,
Beauty rules the earth for ever!