

our markets, and sit around our boards of festivity, and labour from morning to night among the cares of family management, and exchange the calls and salutations, and the inquiries of civil companionship; and whether in the pursuits of science, or merchandise, or amusement, are severally busy, each with a world of his own, from which God is shut out, and in which eternity is forgotten. Nothing can be more wide of apostolical faith than the spiritual frame and habit of these. They mind earthly things. They have no conversation in heaven. The world is their all, and it is within the compass of its visible horizon that their every wish and every interest lies. The terrors of another world do not agitate them. The hopes of another world do not enliven them. To both they are profoundly asleep: and that, too, at the very time when all within them is restless, and anxious, and a-stir about the matters of the short-lived day that is passing over them. This is the general description of all those who live without God and without hope. Does it apply to any of you? Then you may have honour, and decency, and kindness, and courtesy, and agreeable manners, and even exemplary morals, but you have no faith.

THE GATHERER.

OCEAN ROLLERS AT ASCENSION ISLAND.—One of the most interesting phenomena, (observes a recent writer,) that occurs at the Island of Ascension, is that of the rollers; which consist of a heavy swell producing a high surf on the leeward shores of the island, occurring without any apparent cause. When all is tranquil in the distance, and the sea-breeze scarcely ripples the surface of the water, a high swelling wave is suddenly observed rolling towards the island. At first it appears to move slowly forward, till at length it breaks on the outer reefs. The swell then increases, wave urges on wave, until it reaches the beach, where it bursts with tremendous fury. The rollers now set in and augment in violence, until they attain a terrific and awful grandeur, affording a magnificent sight to the spectator. A towering sea rolls forward on the island, like a vast ridge of waters, threatening, as it were, to envelope it; pile on pile succeeds with resistless force, until, meeting with the rushing-off-set from the shore beneath, they rise like a wall, and are dashed with impetuous fury on the long line of coast, producing a stunning noise. The beach is now mantled over with foam, the mighty waters sweep over the plain, and even the houses of George Town are shaken by the fury of the waves. But the principal beauty of the scene consists in the continuous ridge of water, crested on its summit with foam and spray; for, as the wind blows off the shore, the over-arching top of the wave meets resistance, and is carried back against the curl of the swell, as it rolls furiously onward, which gives it the appearance of a bending plume, while, to add to its beauty, the sunbeams are reflected from it in all the varied tints of the rainbow.

SAGACITY OF THE OSTRICH.—It is commonly supposed that the ostrich is a very stupid bird, that when hard pressed it conceals its head in a bush, and because it cannot see the hunters it imagines they cannot see it, that it is careless about its eggs, etc.; but it appeared to me that the ostrich has quite as much intelligence, and, with the exception of leaving its eggs for some hours, in the heat of the day, for the purpose of feeding—has as much care for its offspring as others of the feathered tribe. What befell Elliot about this time proves all this.

One evening he came to me with his face flushed, and out of breath. "What's the matter now?"

"Sir, I've had such a chase after a sick ostrich, and the beast got away from me after all, sir—it got out of a bush, and ran off, lame of a leg; and with its wings flapping, for it was mortal sick or badly wounded. I did not stop to fire till I got close to it; two of the dogs and myself chased it to make sure of it—it lay down sometimes, and the dogs could make no hand of it; then it got up again, but so bad was it, that I thought it would tumble over and break its long neck every minute; but I ran three miles after the thief of the world; and it bothered me entirely."

I told him it must have been playing the same trick which partridges practice at home when they have eggs or young, viz., going off as if crippled to allure the foot of the stranger from their charge. But Elliot maintained that the ostrich was sick or wounded, and could not help its limping off; till Henrick the hunter came up, carrying half a dozen eggs, and reported he had shot the ostrich which we were talking about.

"I saw it start," said he, "and Elliot after it; I looked about and found its nest with fifteen eggs in it; as it was near sundown, I knew it would soon come back to the nest after decoying Elliot to a distance, so I made a screen of bushes near the nest. I sat down behind it for half an hour, and shot the ostrich on the eggs."—*Alexander's Expedition of Discovery.*

STAINED AND PAINTED GLASS.—Great, sublime, and beautiful was the accession to architecture by the glass of many colours, which intercepted not only the light of heaven, as it pierced through the windows, but cast upon the painted surface of the walls a rich variety of tints, so admirably in unison with the glazed floor and high, uplifted roof.

Gothic tracery had, about the reign of Edward III., reached its

zenith of excellence; and, at this period, the architects bestowed much care, as well in designing their windows, as in depicting subjects on them. They were divided by mullions, and finished in their heads by segments of circles and rosettes; in which there were elegance of form and graceful flow of outline. In the divisions produced by its ramifications, escutcheons, or coats of arms, were diapered in their proper colours, and mosaics, foliage, and grotesques, on a ruby or other ground. The vertical compartments were generally filled with the figure of a prophet, patriarch, king, or ecclesiastic of the higher orders, shrouded in a niche, beneath a canopy; while a pedestal, or the armorial bearings of each, occupied the space below; the whole being bordered by roses, fleurs-de-lis, oak or vine leaves.

The exact period when stained-glass was first introduced into the houses of kings and nobles is uncertain. Our morning star, Chaucer, in his *Drime*, v. 312, describes the story of the siege of Troy, as painted on the windows of his own house; and from this we may infer, that such embellishments were not confined to ecclesiastical edifices of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. But we have an authority which removes all doubt, if any exists, on this point. Le Noir informs us, that Charles V. of France, who lived in the time of Chaucer, ornamented not only his chapels, but his apartments in his castles, with stained-glass. In the year 1405, the great east-window in York Minster was executed by Thornton, of Coventry, which he was to finish in less than three years. For his own work he received 4s. a week; and the glass, which he supplied, cost 1s. a square superficial foot, before it was formed into figures and put up.—*Architectural Magazine.*

The following touching incident, relating to the trial of a mulatto girl, who wished her mistress to love her, appeared a short time since in an American paper:—A poor mulatto girl, a slave, has been recently tried at New Orleans, on a charge of having attempted to poison her mistress and the family. It was proved that she sprinkled some powder upon a dish of oysters, which made some members of the family sick. It came out in the course of the trial, however, that the poor girl was innocent of any evil design; for, on the powder being analyzed, it was found not to be poisonous; and, at the same time it was stated that the girl, in her simple innocence, having been told that it had the charm of love-powder, had sprinkled it upon the food, in order to make her mistress love her. W. G. C.

THE PEARL.

HALIFAX, FRIDAY EVENING, MARCH 22, 1839.

AMERICAN INSANITY DESCRIBED BY AN AMERICAN.—On Wednesday evening the 4th inst. the 'Massachusetts Harmonic Society' gave a concert of sacred music in the city of Boston. By special invitation, William Lloyd Garrison, the celebrated abolitionist, made a brief address during the interlude. We wish that all men of every clime and nation under heaven were actuated by the kindly spirit which breathes in the following remarks, made on the occasion alluded to:—

"I would to God that there were nothing but strains of melody to be heard over the whole earth; that there was not one note of discord to jar upon the ear of Humanity; that all mankind were as happy as they are now miserable; that it might be evermore as it was at the birth of the Saviour, when suddenly was heard a multitude of the heavenly host praising God—

Sounds of so sweet a tone
Before were never known,
But when of old the sons of morning sung;
While God disposed in air
Each constellation fair,
And the well-balanced world on hinges hung.

Hail, hail, auspicious morn!
The Saviour Christ is born;
(Such was the immortal, seraph's song sublime);
Glory to God in heaven;
To man sweet peace be given,
Sweet peace and friendship to the end of time!"

But it is not so. There are few happy, there are many miserable in the world. Every where are seen the ruins which evil has made—on every breeze are borne the sighs and groans, and wailings of bleeding, outraged humanity. Grim-visaged WAR stalks through the earth, a bloody-minded demon, who lives like the vampire upon human blood, and whose work and purpose it is to devastate nations, and offer upon its horrid altar whole hecatombs of victims, from the gray-haired sire to the blooming maiden and the innocent babe. Strange that men are not content with those sufferings and calamities which naturally occur in the providence of God—from the upheaving of the earthquake, shaking down the strongest towers of man's invention and skill, and engulfing in a moment some village or city—from the perils ever attendant upon those who do business upon the great deep—from the destructive influences of hail, and fire, and storm—from accident, sickness, helplessness;—strange, I say, that men, instead of being content with the ordinary calamities of life, should seek to increase them

a thousand fold by hellish artifices, and with more than fiendish delight. What shall be put in competition with the life and the soul of man? Shall honors, or riches, or houses, or lands? Nay, 'what shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?' Yet there is nothing held so cheap in our world, as the liberty and life, the body and soul of the being whom God created but a little lower than the angels, and crowned him with glory and honor. See with what eagerness and unanimity the people of Maine are now preparing for a fierce and bloody conflict with their neighbors, the British colonists—all brothers by creation, and one in Christ Jesus. And why all this? Simply because there is an insignificant strip of land at stake, which is not worth the shedding of one drop of human blood.

'And there is rushing in hot haste—the steed,
The mustering squadron and the clattering car
Go pouring forward with impetuous speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war.'

This is the height of moral insanity, and furnishes conclusive proof that the people of Maine, (as well as of the provinces,) know not God, and will not have the Messiah to reign over them, though his yoke is easy, and his burden light. He has told them, as the condition of their salvation, to forgive men their trespasses as they hope to be forgiven. Do they regard at all what he says? Not in the least—no more than brute beasts. They say there are trespassers upon a portion of territory which in equity belongs to them. It may be so, but what then? Christ commands them to forgive those trespassers, and to overcome their evil with good. Are they disposed to rally under the white banner of the Prince of Peace, and to obey his commands? No—they brand him as a coward and traitor. They recognise no other flag than the blood-stained stars and stripes of hypocritical, tyrannical, flesh-devouring America. They prefer that Gen. Scott should be their leader, rather than JESUS OF NAZARETH. O horrible infatuation, called by the name of *patriotism*—as southern men-stealers call the impious system of slavery a *domestic institution*. Christ warns them, that all those who take the sword shall perish with the sword. Nothing daunted by this, they are arming themselves with every deadly weapon—swords, muskets, cannon, powder, bombs, and all the implements of war. And now, should war actually ensue, what torrents of blood would be shed—what multitudes of wives made widows—what throngs of children made fatherless—what horrible sights, what ghastly wounds, would be witnessed—what groans and cries, mingling with the clash of steel and the roar of artillery, would shock the listening ear! 'Know ye not,' says the voice of inspiration, 'that your body is the temple of the HOLY GHOST which is in you, which ye have of God, and ye are not your own? For ye are bought with a price: therefore glorify God in your body, and in your spirits, which are God's.' Now, think of men levelling a masket, or discharging a cannon, to destroy the temple of the Holy Ghost, in order to obtain more land! Is it not a horrible thought? Is this committing the keeping of our souls to God, in well-doing, as unto a faithful Creator? Is this giving heed to the all-sufficient promise of Christ—'For every one that forsakes houses, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or LANDS, for my sake, shall receive an hundred fold, and shall inherit everlasting life'?

O, surely, there are calamities enough, in the providence of God, independent of human agency, that ought to satisfy the most voracious appetite for misery. 'The ills that flesh is heir to' need not be multiplied. Yet it seems to be the chief employment of mankind to see how much injury they can do to each other—how many hateful divisions they can excite among themselves—how many partition walls they can erect to separate each other—how much they can oppress, and defraud, and covet, and crush one another. O, Lamb of God, how few partake of thy innocent, peaceful, divine spirit! O, Jesus of Nazareth, how few are engaged, as thou wast, in doing good—in comforting those who mourn—in proclaiming liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to those who are bound—in beating swords into ploughshares, and spears into pruning-hooks—in rebuking principalities and powers, and spiritual wickedness in high places—in seeking to save that which was lost! O, Son of the Highest, I thank, and bless, and praise thee, for that good and glorious example which thou hast set me, in being obedient even unto death. With joy I take up the cross which thou didst bear, and count all things as dross for the excellency of the knowledge that is in thee. Thy gentleness, goodness, compassion—thy lowliness of mind and purity of character—thy exhaustless benevolence and ever active philanthropy—thy yearning desire and unwearying endeavours to reconcile man to his fellow-man, and all to God—the indignities which thou didst meekly endure, though possessed of all power—the crown of thorns which thou didst wear—and thy dreadful crucifixion as one more to be detested than Barabbas, a robber and a murderer—the spear, the nails, the bleeding side—but, above all, the spirit of forgiveness which thou didst manifest toward thy murderers, in the awful agonies of a lingering death—all these, O blessed Immanuel, inflame my love for thee, and make me willing to endure all things for thy sake.

War is among the greatest of crimes, and the most terrible of calamities—it being a total abrogation of all the principles and re-