

THE SABBATH MORN.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

Light of the Sabbath—soul awakening morn,
Thou mirror of the mystery above!—
Oh sainted day! on prophet pinions borne,
How waits the heart thy solemn rest to prove;
How longs the soul with Deity to move,
And drink thy deathless waters!—and to feel
Thy beauty—and thy wisdom—and thy love—
Sublimely o'er the soaring spirit steal,
Till ope the heavenly gates Jehovah to reveal!—

Whilst, mounting and expanding, the Mind's wings
Thus like a seraph's reach eternal day;—
Futurity its starry mantle flings
And shrinks the past an atom in its ray!—
So mighty—so magnificent—the way
Which leads to God!—so endless—so sublime!—
The skies grow dark, their grandeur falls away
Before the worldless glory of that clime
Which feeds with light the suns and thousand worlds of Time!

Light of the Sabbath—soul-awakening morn;—
Take me, Religion, on thy holy quest;—
Lead me 'mid desert hills, the wild and lorn,
To mark the lowly shepherd hail his guest
And bless the voice which ever leaves him blessed!—
Makes his rude cot an altar to God's praise!—
Where 'neath a mother's pious bosom prest,
His child, with little hands, and upward gaze,
Pleads for its parents' health and happy length of days!

Sun of the Sabbath—lead me to the vale
Whose verdant arms unfold yon village, fair;—
Afar from towns where passions stern prevail,
Afar from commerce and her sons of care—
Guide me where maidens young for church prepare
In cottage grace—and garments Sunday-white!
With reverent step, and mild submissive air,
Oft let me hear their tuneful lips unite
To hail with humble hearts the Sabbath's sacred light!

Morning of worship!—with thy beams arise
Devotions sanctified by memories dear;
With thee the hymns of nations wake the skies!
The broken prayer;—the sinner's contrite tear;
Hail, blessed morn, that brings the distant near;
Bids kindred meet the hallowed page around;—
Pours comfort in the friendless widow's ear,
For Who the wild birds fed whilst winter frowned,
Will succor her poor babes when she sleeps in the ground.

Some hand, she prays, an Infant School may raise!
And learn—oh, task divine!—their lips to bless!
Teach them that hope the book of Christ conveys,
To be their consolation in distress!
And He—the Father of the fatherless—
The sheltering wing of the poor orphan dove,—
God,—more than, words may show, or thought express,—
Shall aid them with his own almighty love!—
For angels plead for these—the motherless!—above!

Hail Sabbath hour!—hail comforter and guide!
Hour when the wanderer home a blessing sends;
Hour when the seaman o'er the surges wide
To every kindred roof his heart extends!—
Hour when to all that mourn thy peace descends,
When e'en the captive's bonds less sternly lower;—
Hour when the Cross of Christ all life defends;—
Hour of Salvation—God's redeeming hour—
Eternity is thine—and heaven-exalting power.

WILLIAM PENN'S WAY OF GETTING WHAT LAND HE WANTED.—Penn learned in 1669 that there was some very choice land not included in his first purchase; and he sent to inquire of the Indians, if they would sell it. They replied that they did not wish to part with the land where their fathers were resting; but, to please their father Onas,—the name they gave the good man,—they would sell him some of it. Accordingly, they agreed for a certain quantity of English goods, to sell as much land as one of his young men could walk round in a day, "beginning at the great river Cosquanco," now Kensington, "and ending at the great river Kallapingo," now Bristol. This mode of measurement, though their own choice, did not in the end satisfy the Indians; for the young Englishman, chosen to walk off the tract of land, walked so fast and far as greatly to astonish and mortify them. The governor observed this dissatisfaction, and asked the cause. "The walker cheat us."

"Ah, how can that be?" said Penn; "did you not choose yourselves to have the land measured in this way."

"True," replied the Indians, "but white brother made too big walk."

Some of Penn's commissioners, waxing warm, said the bargain was a fair one, and insisted that the Indians ought to abide by it, and if not, should be compelled to it.

"Compelled!" exclaimed Penn, "how can you *compell* them without bloodshed? Don't you see this looks to murder?" Then turning with a benignant smile to the Indians, he said, "well, brothers, if you have given us too much land for the goods first agreed on, how much more will satisfy you?"

This proposal gratified them; and they mentioned the quantity of cloth, and number of fish hooks, with which they would be satisfied. These were cheerfully given; and the Indians, shaking hands with Penn, went away smiling.

After they were gone, the governor, looking round on his

friends, exclaimed, "O how sweet and cheap a thing is charity! Some of you spoke just now, of *compelling* these poor creatures to stick to their bargain—that is, in plain English to fight and kill them, and all about a little piece of land!"—*Adv. of Peace.*

A SUNDAY AT MOSCOW.

To one who had for a long time been a stranger to the sound of the church-going bell, few things could be more interesting than a Sunday at Moscow. Any one who has rambled along the Maritime Alps, and has heard from some lofty eminence the convent bell ringing for matins, vespers, and midnight prayers, will long remember the not unpleasing sounds. To me there is always something touching in the sound of the church-bell; in itself pleasing by its effect upon the sense, but far more so in its associations; and these feelings were exceedingly fresh when I awoke on Sunday in the holy city of Moscow. In Greece and Turkey there are no bells; in Russia they are almost innumerable, but this was the first time I happened to pass the Sabbath in the city. I lay and listened, almost fearing to move lest I should lose the sounds; thoughts of home came over me; of the day of rest, of the gathering for church, and the greeting of friends at the church-door. But he who has never heard the ringing of the bells at Moscow does not know its music. Imagine a city containing more than 600 churches and innumerable convents, all with bells, and these all sounding together, from the sharp, quick hammer-note, to the loudest, deepest peals that ever broke and lingered on the air as if unwilling to die away. I arose and threw open my window, dressed myself, and, after breakfast joined the throng called to their respective churches by their well-known bells; I went to what is called the English chapel, where, for the first time in many months, I joined in a regular church service, and listened to an orthodox sermon. I was surprised to see so large a congregation, though I remarked among them many English governesses with children, the English language being at that moment the rage among the Russians.—*Incidents of Travel.*

CHINA.—The most interesting portion of Asiatic intelligence relates to the destruction by the Chinese authorities of opium belonging to British subjects, surrendered by Mr. Elliot. The following is a description of the operation; which foreigners were invited to witness, though but few availed themselves of the opportunity—

"Vats, or stone trenches, for the purpose, were prepared at the Bogue; and the destruction was effected by means of lime and salt, that no traces of it might remain. So injurious was it considered, that it was declared even unfit to be used for manuring the ground. The spot selected for the ceremony was an enclosure of 400 feet square, well palisaded; the side opposite, or away from the river, being, occupied by neat buildings for storing the opium, etc. The larger part of the foreground was covered by three vats of perhaps 75 feet by 150 each, opening by sluices into the river. The chests of opium, after being re-weighed and broken up in the presence of superior officers, were brought down to the vats; and the contents, ball after ball, broken down, crushed upon platforms raised on high benches above the water, and then pushed by the feet of the coolies into the receptacles beneath. A great number of men were, it appears, employed in thus macerating the balls for days together with long rakes, until the whole became a fetid mud, when the sluices were raised and the vats emptied into the river. Every precaution seemed to be used by the officers to secure the complete destruction of the drug; the spot being well guarded, the workmen ticketed, etc. The lookers-on were fully satisfied of the strict good faith with which the threat of the Peking Government was carried into execution; and it is remarked, as a matter worthy of reflection, that while Christian Governments were growing and farming the pernicious article, the Pagan Monarch should disdain to enrich his treasury with a sale the proceeds of which could not fall short of 20,000,000 dollars. The ceremony was conducted in the presence of the Imperial Commissioner, supported by the Admiral of the station, the Hoppo, and the provincial Judge."

About 300 chests were daily discharged by this process.

EFFECTS OF LOVE OF PLAY.

The first machine of Newcomen required the most unremitting attention on the part of the individual who unceasingly opened and closed certain stopcocks, first for the introduction of the steam into the cylinder, and then for injecting the cold shower for its condensation. It happened on one occasion, that the person so employed was a boy named Henry Potter. His young companions at their sports uttered cries of delight, which vexed him beyond endurance. He was all impatience to join in their sport, but his required duties did not allow him half a minute's absence. His anxiety excited his ingenuity, and led him to observe relations he had never before thought of. Of the two stopcocks, the one required to be opened at the moment that the beam (which Newcomen first and so usefully introduced into his machines) terminated the descending oscillation, and required to be closed precisely at the termination of the opposite one. The management of the other stopcock was precisely the reverse. The positions, then, of the

beam and of the stopcocks, had a necessary dependence upon each other. Potter seized upon his fact; he perceived that the beam might serve to impart to the other parts of the machine all the required movements; and on the spur of the moment he realized his conceptions. He attached a number of cords to the stopcocks; some to the one end of the handle, and some to the other, and these he attached to the most suitable parts of the beam, so that in ascending it pulled one set of the cords, and in descending the other, and so effectually, that all the work of his hand was entirely superseded. For the first time, the steam-engine went by itself; and now no other workman was seen near it but the fireman, who from time to time fed the furnace under the boiler.

For the cords of young Potter, the engineers soon substituted rigid vertical rods, which were fixed to the beam, and armed with small pegs which either pressed from above downwards, or from below upwards, as required; and thus turned the different stopcocks and valves. These rods themselves have since been replaced by other combinations; but, however humbling the avowal, all these expedients are nothing more than simple modifications of a contrivance suggested to a child by his desire to join in the gambols of his youthful companions.

BEAUTIES OF THE THAMES.

From Chiswick upwards there is a constant succession of beautiful villas, only to look at which is enough to satisfy the traveller that he is indeed in England. Such neatness, such cleanliness, such taste, such variety of flower and tree peeping from behind, or springing on either side, such ivy covered walls, and such comfort visibly dwelling over all, meet the gaze of the passer by no where but in England. We have sailed up other rivers in our time, have seen the castles of the Rhine, the chateaux of the Seine, and the villas of the Elbe, the Scheldt, and the Menso; but never have we met with scenes of such elegant luxury as all England is dotted with. There is more appreciation of the simple loveliness of nature in England than in any other country in the world; even our poorest cottages embellish their poverty, and render it more endurable by nicely trimmed gardens both in the front and rear. Flowers and trees are the poor man's luxuries in England. The gewgaws of the art are beyond his reach, but roses and lilies, violets, blue bells, and anemones, and all the tribes whose very names are pleasant, adorn his humble windows, and show the taste of the indweller, as well as the rich vases, golden time-pieces, or choice paintings, that solicit our admiration in the chambers of the rich. How different is it in most of the countries on the Continent, especially in Germany, France and Belgium! There, neither rich nor poor have that love for verdure and flowers which is so characteristic of all classes of Englishmen. Their rivers show no such embowered villas and cottages on their banks as ours; the country houses of their gentry are naked and tasteless in comparison, and their cottages are miserable huts, around whose doors or windows the honey suckle never crept, and even a flower pot is an unusual visiter.—*English paper.*

Selected for the Pearl.

(A friend sent some brief selections for the Pearl, some time ago. They have been lying out of sight and forgotten. Having come to hand we give one this week.)

NO I.

ADVICE TO THE YOUNG.—Pride, Profit, and Pleasure, have sometimes been called the world's trinity; they are its three chief idols: each of them is sufficient to draw a soul from God, and ruin it. Beware of them, therefore, and of all their subtle insinuations, if you would be innocent and happy. Remember that the honor that comes from God,—the approbation of heaven, and of your own conscience, are infinitely more valuable than all the esteem or applause of men. Dare not venture one step out of the road to heaven, for fear of being laughed at for walking strictly in it.—It is a poor religion that cannot stand against a jest. Sell not your hopes of heavenly treasures, not any thing that belongs to your eternal interest, for any advantages of the present life; "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

Remember also the words of the wise man, "He that loveth pleasure shall be a poor man;" he that indulges himself in drinking, in feasting, and in sensual gratifications, shall not be rich. I is one of St. Paul's characters of a most degenerate age, when men become "lovers of pleasure, more than lovers of God." And that "fleshly lusts war against the soul," is in St. Peter's caveat to the christians of his time.

Preserve your conscience always soft and sensible. If but one sin force its way into that tender part of the soul and dwell there, the way is paved for a thousand iniquities.

And take heed, that under any scruple, doubt, or temptation, whatsoever, you never let any reasonings satisfy your conscience, which will not be a sufficient apology to the great Judge at the last Day.

STOVES.—The air of a room in which a stove is used becomes at length completely dry, unless care be taken to keep up the supply of moisture by having constantly in the room a vessel filled with water. From the air becoming dry the skin of the face and hands become heated, and the