

For the Pearl.  
INTERESTING NARRATIVES.

No 1.

## THE BEREAVED WIDOW.

"And it came to pass the day after, that he went into a city called Nain; and many of his disciples went with him and much people. Now when he came nigh to the gate of the city, behold there was a dead man carried out, the only son of his mother, and she was a widow: and much people of the city was with her. And when the Lord saw her, he had compassion on her, and said unto her, Weep not. And he came and touched the bier: and they that bare him stood still. And he said, Young man, I say unto thee, Arise. And he that was dead sat up, and began to speak. And he delivered him to his mother. And there came a great fear on all: and they glorified God, saying, That a great prophet is risen up among us, and that God hath visited his people." Luke vii. 11-16.

An affecting spectacle is here introduced most pathetically to our notice. What simplicity of style and yet what strength of colouring! The gradation how natural and wistful how inexpressibly beautiful! every stroke of the pencil augments the touching force of the narrative, till the description is worked up into the most finished picture of exquisite and inconsolable distress.

Slowly and solemnly the funeral procession moves along:—surely the sympathy of humanity strongly invites us to join the band of sorrowful mourners. Closed then be our business, and forgotten all our festive mirth while we attend on the gloomy occasion. Peradventure we may not only relieve the disconsolate, but gather a rich harvest of instruction from the emblems of death before us. The grave, O! 'tis a most eloquent preacher! Its sacred dust oft proves a homily most thrilling in its effects. The tomb! its sculptured stone has, not unfrequently, broken up the hardness of insensibility and filled the thoughtful heart with deep concern for its future destiny.

"I pass with melancholy state,  
By all these solemn heaps of fate;  
And think, as soft and sad I tread  
Above the venerable dead,  
"Time was, like me they life possess'd;  
"And time will be, when I shall rest."

A visit to the place of cypresses, where death sits in solemn pomp as throned monarch of the scene, well befits mortal creatures, who are crushed before the moth.

But whose funeral do these solemnities indicate? The chief mourner is a widow, and much people of the city is with her. And this is kind of the citizens to bewail with her, and go to the place of sepulture. To forget the evil of human nature is wrong—to deny the good is impolitic and unwise. Fearlessly denounce what is sinful—as manfully concede what is lovely. Deprived though we be, yet are we possessed of the attributes of humanity. We see it melting in a mother's tenderness—kindling in the kindness of a benefactor's aid—glowing with unwonted fires in the unwearied labours of the god-like philanthropist. What means these weeping neighbours? The mother has been bereft of her offspring and the circumstance brings into generous action the kindly feeling of our common nature. The multitude commiserate her loss and pity fills every bosom. Well, let us go and weep with them—'tis good sometimes to weep, and tears of mercy fall not unnoticed to the ground. Who can forbear to weep over the loss of an amiable youth? Who will refuse to shed the tear of sympathy with that poor widow? With the pall "crumpled up in her withered hands," sadly she paces over the bitter earth, while her heart-strings break in anticipation of the agonizing moment just at hand, when she must gaze on her son for the last time. \* \* \* But these pall-bearers are not clad in sable garments—they are partly robed in white. Ah 'tis the funeral of youth and beauty. A young man in the bloom of life—in the vigour of manhood—in the sunshine of existence, is smitten down. Before the wine of life is run to its lees, the cup is dashed from his lips. Ere the summer days begin to wane, or the wintry storms to appear, he emigrates to a far-off clime. The mellow fruit of autumn falls naturally from the tree—we grieve at the pitiless blast scattering the unripe. Arrived at a state of second childhood the aged pass away with the course of nature; they complete the span of life and are quietly gathered home to their fathers. But our hearts are filled with deepest emotions of interest when youth in the gay spring of life ends its sunny career—the sight of these rose-buds of promise withering on the cold earth, tends to crystallize our falling tears. The garland of life's blooming days torn from the brow of the young—the strong—the beautiful, is most painful, most affecting. O Death! how cruel is this stroke. A young man is thy victim—as one of the trophies of thy power, he lies motionless on the bier—they carry him to the house appointed for all living;

"So blooms the human face divine  
When youth its pride of beauty shows;  
Fairer than spring the colours shine,  
And sweeter than the virgin rose,  
Or worn by slowly rolling years.  
Or broke by sickness in a day,  
The fading glory disappears,  
The short-liv'd beauties die away."

But perhaps this son is one of a numerous family—and the mother finds some relief in the children who yet surround her. No—this is the climax of her sorrow,—it is her only son. Under any

circumstances it rends the mother's heart to part with a child. She has watched over it in infancy—directed it in boyhood—or loved it in manhood. But when all the hopes and joys of the parent centre in one, the loss of that one admits of no consolation. Additional interest is yet connected with this funeral. The dead man was the only son of his mother, and she is a widow. Her husband, the friend of her youth, and the guide of her riper years had already been snatched from her side. She had committed his body to the tomb and had bedewed it with her tears. But turning from the grave of her husband, she beheld in her child the image of his deceased father: and in him she had placed all her regard. Upon this son all the affections of a mother's heart had reposed, and in him all the widowed affections of a wife had sought refuge. But the staff and proof of her age is taken away, the consolation of her widowhood is cut off, and her memorial is perished from the earth. Poor widow! severed from the root, and the branch is not spared to thee. Left entirely desolate and abandoned to thy woes who can forbear offering the sigh on the altar of sympathy? And thy neighbours and friends do bemoan with thee, but they cannot bring back the dead to life.

But yonder is another crowd. In his career of mercy the Provinces of life, in company with his numerous followers approached the city of Nain. There he was met by the widow and her weeping friends. The king of terrors was thus met in the moment of his conquest, clothed in the symbols of terrific power—the coffin, the bier, the mourning train—trampling under foot youth, beauty and strength, and deriding maternal affection and distress. "Had it been the hero wearing the marks of his repeated conquests, and exhibiting his garments stained with the blood of his numerous enemies, who was now moving on to the city to receive the plaudits of his countrymen, Jesus had passed him by without notice; had it been a monarch, surrounded by his sycophants, and dazzling with splendour, who was proudly surveying his dominions, the scene had presented no attractions to the heavenly philanthropist. But it was a scene of sorrow, and it demanded his pity; the principal person in the mourning company was a widow, deprived of her husband and child; and this was enough to call forth his compassion,—this was a suitable occasion for the display of his omnipotence." And the God of all comfort has compassion on the widow:—

"He looked upon her, and his heart was moved.  
"Weep not!" he said; and as they stayed the bier,  
And at his bidding set it at his feet,  
He gently drew the pall from out her hands,  
And laid it back in silence from the dead.  
With troubled wonder the mute crowd drew near,  
And gazed on his calm looks. A minute's space  
He stood and prayed. Then taking the cold hand,  
He said "Arise!"—and instantly the breast  
Heaved in its cerements, and a sudden flash  
Ran through the lines of his divided lips;  
And with a murmur of his mother's name,  
He trembled, and sat upright in his shroud." N. P. WILLIS.

With the authoritative mandate of Him who is the Resurrection and the Life," the blood again circulates through his frame and he moves with his previous agility. Nor does the tenderness of Christ end with the life-giving word. He delivered him to his mother. And this is the most affecting circumstance in the whole transaction. In the very moment in which the spoils of death are rescued, and the power and authority of Godhead are exemplified by the Saviour of men, at that very moment, he shows himself to be touched with the sorrows of humanity, melts in compassion for a widowed mourner, and by a most stupendous miracle turns the tide of her grief! The joy of this widow, when she embraced her son, warm with restored life and affection, who shall attempt to describe?

"She saw the corse awake  
Cast off the folded cerements of the grave;  
She saw her only, her lamented child  
Rise, like a midnight spectre from the tomb,  
And gaze in wild amazements on the scene.  
She saw that well known eye, she lately clos'd,  
Resume its brilliancy—she saw it rove  
From form to form,—she saw it rest on her."

PORTER.

And the tears of the multitude are dried up; the funeral banquet is turned into a new birth-day feast! Every tongue now celebrates with Hosannas the Son of David—one is general acclamation resounds on every side—A great prophet is risen up amongst us, and God hath visited his people." There are two such mighty acts recorded in the Old Testament; and it is remarkable, both done for the sake of widows. One done by the hand of Elijah on the widow of Sareptas only son, who afforded him refuge in the time of sore persecution. The other done by the hand of Elisha, unto the only son of the Shunamite woman, who made for the prophet a chamber in the wall, and entertained him with bread so oft as he passed on his way. Well is it written "Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him."

SILVANUS.

A child that is beloved by its parents may be designated by its smooth, plump countenance, its full clear eyes, its habitual smiles and playful activity.

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THE GOLDEN AGE.

Translated from Ovid.

First came the golden era, when the mind  
To social faith, and justice was inclined;  
When right was practis'd freely, not from awe  
Inspired by judges or a penal law;  
When unprotected or by this or those  
In their own virtues mortals found repose.  
As yet no bark design'd by naval art  
Had track'd the Ocean to a foreign part.  
From their own shores men had not been allur'd,  
Nor yet in crowded cities been immur'd;  
No tortuous horn nor trumpet had been blown,  
And implements of war were still unknown  
The nations dwell secure from fierce alarms,  
Without the agency of hostile arms.  
The earth herself exempt from Ceres' thrall,  
In rich abundance freely gave to all;  
Content with food that grew spontaneously,  
They gathered fruits from every shrub and tree;  
On oily nuts and luscious berries fed,  
And wholesome mast that oaken groves had shed.  
Eternal spring enlivened these happy hours,  
And zephyrs bland caress'd spontaneous flowers;  
Melliluous foliage verdant forests crown'd  
While milk and nectar flow'd in streams around.

## STANZAS.

By THE REV. J. H. CLINCH.

I  
Streaming banner, waving crest,  
Flashing sword and iron vest,  
Rolling drum and trumpet blast,  
Martial shout and cannon's roar,  
Steeds careering free and fast,  
With their fetlocks dyed in gore,—  
These have been for poets lay  
Themes admired for many a day.

II  
But when brighter day shall break  
Softer lays the lute shall wake;  
Wars shall die and tumults cease  
Passing like forgotten dreams,  
Holy Love and deathless Peace  
Then shall form the poet's themes  
When the sword, its use reversed,  
Fills the land which once it curs'd.

Dorchester, Mass.

## THE WISDOM OF THE CREATOR.

The forms of animal life amount to many hundred thousands; and the naturalist well knows, that although adding all his own study to the accumulated knowledge of those who have preceded him, he cannot distinguish the smallest portion of this number, even when before his eyes, so as to know in what they all differ, or even how any one differs from all the others. Could he do this, he would be that which he strives to become; though even then he would be little more than the naturalist nomenclator. But whether he has thought of it or not, he thus admits in the Creator a multiplicity of co-existent ideas which, even on so limited a portion of nature, he cannot discriminate when they are before him, while all his races have never yet succeeded in numbering them. He who planned these structures saw, as he appointed, at once every thing in which they should differ; and if I may here use an admitted anthropomorphy, we must see that he could now produce, from his memory alone, a perfect model of every form in creation, to its minutest parts. But for those, we must multiply by millions, that we may attain to some conception of the included ideas; since every part of each form consists of inferior ones, in a successively downward series, while the most minute of these constituted a distinct idea in the Creator's mind before he produced its image.

It becomes again necessary, therefore, to limit the range of inquiry, by selecting a division of the animal forms, or rather, to limit it a third time, by taking nothing, in the birds, but the mere clothing; being among other things, a contrivance of differences for the sake of distinction. Yet even this inferior department is unmanageable—so far beyond all computation is the number of separate ideas which enter into the constructions of the feathers throughout the whole, while every one must have been conceived under a separate idea, for each of its minutest parts, before the general plan for all the distinctions could have been laid down, existing still in the Creator's mind in the same manner. I must therefore select from even this selection; and to take a single feather would be to exhaust this analysis to its lowest term. To the superficial and unreflecting, the feather of the Argus pheasant is a painted feather, and no more. He forgets that it is a work of art, though the Creator's work; and that it was not put together without a distinct conception of every atom of its numerous parts, any more than a watch or a cotton-engine was constructed without a drawing for every axle, and pivot, and wheel, and tooth. The artist who may attempt to imitate it in the colours will soon discover how many ideas are necessary to the execution; and far more would this be found out by him who should endeavour to fabricate a model of it. It seems to be trifling with common sense to say, that if it had not been