

pearing dishonourable, or any proof of want of affection, is rather considered an act of kindness. How often is the aged Hindoo parent deemed an incumbrance by his family; and carried a living victim, devoted to die on the margin of the Ganges, or some other holy stream; his own children fill his mouth and nostrils with mud; and cutting off every prospect of recovery, leave the author of their being, to be carried away by the stream as food for alligators and vultures! When a person has been taken to the side of the Ganges, or other substituted waters, under the supposition that he is dying, he is in the eye of the Hindoo law, dead; his property passes to his heir, according to his bequest; and in the event of recovery, the poor fellow becomes an outcast. Even his own children will not eat with him, nor afford him the least accomodation; if, by chance, they come in contact, ablution must follow. The wretched survivor from that time is held in abhorrence, and has no other resort, but to associate himself in a village inhabited by persons under similar circumstances. There are but few such receptacles; the largest is on the banks of the Simla, which passes near Sooksaugur, about forty miles north of Calcutta. Such is heathenism! Can you contemplate immortal beings passing into eternity under such circumstances without pitying and endeavouring to help those not yet lost for ever. It may be instructive to detail a few cases of misery springing from this cruel and horrid superstition. "A gentleman as he passed a place called Culna, a little above Calcutta, saw some Brahmuns pushing a youth, of about eighteen years of age, into the water; and, as they were performing their work of suffocation with mud, he called on them to desist. They answered calmly—"It is our custom. He cannot live; he cannot live; our gods says he must die." On March 18th, at nine o'clock in the morning, a sick man by the name of Beekenaut was brought by his relatives to the river-side, and laid on the wet sand in expectation of soon expiring. In this situation he remained, exposed to the scorching rays of the sun, till about four p. m., when he was immersed up to the breast in the river; and in this position one of his relatives vociferated in his ears, "Hurree! Ram! Krishma! Ram!" After some time finding that death was not so near as they anticipated, he was again replaced on the wet bank. The next morning the same ceremony was commenced of immersing and repeating the names of their deities, until five o'clock p. m., when the man expired, literally murdered by his own relations. In a village near Serampore, an aged father was brought by his children to the river side to die. After having been there for some time, contrary to their expectations, he recovered and went home again; but his unfeeling children, instead of rejoicing that he was spared to them a little longer, so tormented him by their jeers and scoffs, because he did not die when carried to the river-side for that purpose, that, weary of his life, the old man at length put a period to his existence by hanging himself on a tree near the public road! "One evening," says the widow of a Missionary, "as I was walking with my husband by the river-side, we saw two respectable natives carrying a woman in their arms. We asked them what they were going to do with her? They very coolly answered, 'We are going to put her into the water that her soul may go to heaven, for she is our mother!' I asked them if she was ill? They said, 'She is not very ill; but she is old and has no teeth, and what is the use of her living?' I felt a great deal on hearing this, and said, 'What! have you no compassion on your mother? Will you drown her because she is old? The woman instantly fixed her eyes on me, and said, 'What sort of woman are you?' I told her I was an English woman, and wished to prevent her children from drowning her; and, if they did, I would acquaint the governor with it, and have them hanged. They said, 'Never mind;' and proceeded towards the river. Mr. R. then ran down the bank, and taking hold of the woman, insisted upon their taking her home. They did so; but they brought her again the next evening, and Mr. F. Carey saw them throw her into the water, without performing the usual ceremony of giving her water in the name of their gods."—*East India and Colonial Magazine.*

THE FARMER.—It does one's heart good to see a merry, round-faced farmer so independent, and yet so free from vanity and pride. So rich and yet so industrious—so patient and persevering in his calling, and yet so kind, social and obliging. There are a thousand traits which light up his noble character. He is hospitable—eat and drink with him, and he wont set a mark on you, and sweat it out of you with a double compound interest, as some I have known will—you are welcome. He will do you a kindness without expecting a return by way of compensation—it is not so with every body. He is generally more honest and sincere—less disposed to deal in low underhand cunning, than many I could name. He gives to society its best support—is the firm pillar that supports the edifice of government—he is the lord of nature. Look at him in his homespun and gray black—gentlemen, laugh at him if you will—but, believe me, he can laugh back if he pleases.

COMMUNING WITH ONE'S SELF.—A person of a truly superior and philosophic mind, would seldom wish to forego the inestimable privilege of communing with himself. Sir Walter Scott

says in his diary—"from the earliest time I can remember, I preferred the pleasure of being alone to wishing for visitors, and have often taken a bannock and a bit of cheese to the wood or hill, to avoid dining with company. As I grew from boyhood to manhood I saw this would not do; and that to gain a place in men's esteem, I must mix and bustle with them. Pride and exaltation of spirits often supplied the real pleasure which others seem to feel in society: yet mine certainly upon many occasions was real. Still, if the question was, eternal company, without the power of retiring within yourself, or solitary confinement for life, I should say, 'Turnkey, lock the cell.'"

For the Pearl.

THE LATTER DAY GLORY.

ISAIAH II.—MICAH. IV.

Mountain summits all transcending
In the days so long foretold—
Majesty and beauty blending,
Now the church of Christ behold!

Sequel to his faith and patience:
Lift your eyes—and look abroad,
All around th' enquiring nations
Turn themselves to seek the Lord.

Numerous tribes and tongues and peoples
See the day-star now arise;
And to Zion's sacred steeples
Bend their wondering, longing eyes.

"Let us go to seek Jehovah—
Bow ourselves beneath his fane,
Christ the saviour—our soul's lover
Is Jehovah,—God and man."

"Come for he will then instruct us
In his true and holy ways,—
And by his great-grace conduct as—
In his service all our days."

Hear his law proclaimed in Zion—
Love of God and Man enjoined,—
Hear the word we may rely on—
Righteousness and peace combined!

Zion is the Lord's possession,
He will bless her—give her peace—
Shield her children from oppression—
And secure her long increase.

Jesus, sits as judge for ever:
Jesus, pleads our cause alone:
Jesus, will forsake us never—
Jesus, knows and saves his own.

Jesus, than our foes are stronger,
He will vanquish them in might:
They shall break our peace no longer,—
Ne'er again disturb our right.

Now reduced to your allegiance,
Nations, all to Jesus bow;
Pay your constant true obedience
Coronate his glorious brow;—

Now the Prince of Peace proclaim him,—
Kiss the son,—repeat your vows—
Ground your arms—and victor name him;—
Beat your thirsty swords to plows,—

And your spears to hooks for pruning;—
Consecrate them to the Lord,
Now your harps and voices tuning,—
Praise him, all with one accord!

Next proclaim, a peace eternal,—
Peace pervade your happy bowers!
Let the seasons ever vernal—
Blissful roll their hallowed hours!

In your vineyards, by your fountains—
Beneath your fig-trees, freed from fear,—
On his fruitful holy mountains,—
Offerings of your love prepare.

God will thus his people honour,
Bless his Zion—her defend—
Beam his glowing smiles upon her—
Cause her grief for ever end.

Come then O come from every dwelling,—
Spread the honours of his name,—
Let the anthem still be swelling,
Hallelujah to the Lamb!

In his promise reap salvation;
For the feeble shall be strong:
And with gladsome exultation
Exiles feed his sons among.

Feeble ones shall be as David
David shall prevail with God:
God shall reign o'er all the saved,—
Light of life, beam all around!

Happy Zion! saved—annointed—
Sanctified and ruled by Love!
He thy blissful lot appointed,
Peace from thee shall never move!

Named of Love, Jehovah Shammah,
All thy gates resound his praise:
All exclaim—The Lord's my Banner,
He is my king, to endless days!

DESTINY OF WOMAN.

The progress of society manifests itself more clearly in the development and beauty of the female character, than in any other way. In a rude and uncivilized community, woman is a disregarded creature; as it advances, she is the mark of its exaltation. A new era has dawned upon us, and woman is the morning star of the return of the golden rising; she is the herald of a spiritual sun, whose beams are to search the darkened depths of humanity, and reveal the great problem of our nature. There is not one in a million who knows what man is, or the relation he bears in the interminable universe of being. The thoughts of the millions are bowed down to the earth, and are centered in themselves—they have no conception of the nature of love and the emotions which bear that name give the lie to its philosophy. They do not understand—their intelligence has not expanded to that degree of reciprocity which drinks in the vast revelation of humanity, its end, its mighty destination, and the causes which have operated to produce its present state, and the causes which must energise for its consummation.—They do not know that woman is the recipient of celestial love, and that man is dependant on her to perfect his character; that without her, philosophically and truly speaking, the brightness of his intelligence is but the coldness of a winter moon, whose beams can produce no fruit, whose light is cheerless and depressing. They do not know that woman is all affection, and they cannot appreciate the comprehensiveness of the truth.

We have no disposition to flatter the sex: we should raise them above the humiliation of flattery. Adulation is not congenial with their better nature; and this we are desirous of unfolding. If they can only be made to understand their real character, they will feel and acknowledge the truth of the remark, that in proportion as they admit self-satisfaction from the praises of man, they are removed from his purest admiration. In this expression, we would not be understood as being the advocates of prudery and that false modesty which prides itself in the distance it holds from man. On the contrary, we would expose the narrow minded views of that class of teachers indicated in the 'Young Lady's Friend,' who, by warning the sex against unthought-of improprieties, have no other end but to suggest them as wrong. Women ought to associate freely with men, according to the unwritten rules of decorum which are stamped on the heart. The precepts of prudery are steeped in the guilt of contamination. Truth and the loveliness and delicacy of cherished affections, beautiful dreams of the ideal woman, gentle hopes and aspirations for the pure and perfect attainment of the angelic character, are enough for her guidance, without the transferred colorings of a stained sufferer.

Woman has heretofore occupied a false position in the world—an unnatural one. She has been so long regarded as a weak creature, an inefficient actress on the great stage of life, a mere puppet, to fill up the drama of existence that she has too often come to be of the same mind herself, and forgotten her high destination in the frivolities of an hour. We have no patience with those persons who wish to treat her as a mere Rora Matilda, who can be allured by a pretty compliment and satisfied by the gossamer of romance. Bésset, as she has been, by the intellectual, vulgar, selfish, the designing and the false, no wonder she has sometimes folded her wings in despair, and forgotten her heavenly mission in the delirium of imagination. But this cannot be always.—There is a remnant of blessedness with her, in spite of evil influences; there is enough of the divine master left, though the portraiture is worn and blighted; and the time is fast approaching when the picture of the true woman will shine for its fame or glory, to captivate, to win back and restore the objects of her mission.

PRAISE.—Of all drams, the most noxious is praise. Be sparing of it, ye parents, as ye would be of the deadliest drug; withhold your children from it, as ye withhold them from the gates of sin. Whatever you enjoy, do it because it is right, enjoy it because it is the will of God; and always without reference of any sort to what men may say or think of it. Deference to the opinion of the world, and reference to the opinion of the world, and conference with it, and inference from it, and preference of it above all things, above every principle, and rule and law, human and divine; all this will come soon enough with out your interference.—*Catholic Telegraph.*

SCIENTIFIC PREACHING.—The humbler classes miss every gleam of instruction, when illustrations drawn from the sciences are introduced into the pulpit. I met with an instance of this in one of the country parishes in England. A young preacher used a simile drawn from the principles of optics, a science to which he repeatedly referred in the course of his sermon. Next day I entered into conversation with one of his rustic auditors, who said he liked the sermon well enough, only he wondered how the parson could call hop-poles by the odd name of *hop-sticks*.—*Fraser's Magazine.*

FEELING AND REASON.—Feelings are stars, which are guides only when the sky is clear; but reason is the needle, which aids us even when the former are obscured.