

# The Weekly Observer

BEING

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### THE GARLAND.

FROM BARON'S "NEW-YEAR'S EVE."

**I KNOW THY PATH.**  
I know thy path has many a cloud,  
With many a ranking thorn is fraught,  
I know thy spirit oft is hoveled,  
With heavy care and anxious thought,  
Nor boast mine own so much of bliss,  
That I could love thee less for this.  
  
Yet lift up head and heart in hope,  
Tread on thy dark and thorny way,  
Meekly with toil and sorrow cope,  
Be patient faith thy spirit's stay,  
So shalt thou yet His goodness own  
Whose love conducts thro' "paths unknown."  
  
E'en now at times amid the gloom  
Of severing clouds, a light is seen,  
At intervals the transient bloom  
Of flowers springs up life's thorns between;  
If rare such blossom and such beam,  
The brighter from that cause they seem.  
  
O think not they would show so fair,  
Were flowers and sunshine always ours;  
Those who life's pleasures only share  
Know little of affliction's powers;  
Nor can the purest hopes of Heaven  
To hearts that live for earth be given.  
  
If not in time, of this be sure,  
Well can eternity make up,  
By joys unfolding, pangless, pure,  
For trials, thorns, and sorrow's cup,  
And more than sunshine's brightest glow  
Atone for darkest clouds below.

### BURIAL AT SEA.

The shore has blest with the distant skies,  
O'er the head of the crested seas,  
And the gallant ship in her pathway flies,  
On the sweep of the freshened breeze.  
Oh! swift be thy flight, for a dying guest  
Thou hearest o'er the billow,  
And she fondly sighs in her own blue West  
To find a peaceful pillow.  
  
'Tis vain!—for her pulse is silent now,  
Her lip hath lost its breath,  
And a strange, sad beauty of the brow  
Speaks the cold stroke of death.  
  
The ship heaves to, and the funeral rite  
O'er the lovely form is said,  
And the rough man's cheek with tears is bright,  
As he lowers the gentle dead.  
  
The cross floats down alone—alone,  
To its dark and dreary grave,  
And the soul on a lightened wing hath flown  
To the world beyond the wave.  
  
'Tis a fearful thing in the sea to sleep  
Alone in a silent bed,  
'Tis a fearful thing on the shoreless deep  
Of a spirit void to tread.  
  
But the sea hath rest in its twilight caves  
To the weary pilgrim given,  
And the soul is blest on the peaceful waves  
Of the star-lit deep of heaven.  
  
The ship again o'er the wide blue surge  
Like a wind-driven arrow flies,  
And the moon of the sea is only dirge  
Where the lonely sleeper lies.

### THE MISCELLANIST.

#### SPRING.

Come, gentle spring! ethereal mildness, come,  
And from the bosom of yon dropping cloud,  
While music wakes around, veild in a shower  
Of shadowing roses, on our plains descend.  
THOMSON.  
  
The name of Thomson is associated with  
every change of the revolving year, and reminds  
the student of nature of all that is lovely and  
mid, awful or sublime, in the seasons as they  
ply their mysterious round. The muse of  
Thomson, smitten with the love of moral song,  
seems to have made the finest feelings of hu-  
manity glow in his feeling breast, while his de-  
scriptive pen entitled him to the appellation of  
Nature's poetic painter:  
  
O, when, in rural walk, I steal along,  
From noisy crowds and life's life cares,  
Let Thomson, Nature's lovely bard,  
Be my companion; serenely sweet in rural song,  
When he poetic paints the blooming year,  
And from his rural muse pours the lay sublime  
Upon my listening ear, and wakes the heart  
To new-born joys.  
  
Nature, during the winter season, seemed de-  
pressed with languor: the earth presented a  
dreary aspect, without elevating the heart to joy,  
or presenting any thing lovely to the eye. The  
naked trees, barren fields, the chilly tendency  
of the atmosphere, the bleak moors, the un-  
fruitful orchards, and silent groves, shed a pe-  
rading gloom over the mind of man. During  
this bleak season a lethargy pervades all the  
energies of nature. No joy-diffusing beam of  
the golden sun cheers the lovely swain; no gar-  
den smiles with beautiful flowers; no enameled  
meadows delight the eye; no fields, decked  
in their green robes, (Nature's infant garb,) nor  
shady groves resound the song of birds.  
But now, "as surely winter passes off," the  
face of nature wears a different aspect; for  
gentle spring spreads a thousand charms around,  
and, instead of lonely winter presenting a scene  
of desolation, where the howling tempest, with  
its chill blast, sweeps along the echoing hills,  
and dark distending clouds pour their aqueous  
treasures on the humid world beneath; where  
condensing fogs, decoying mists, and dewy  
damps characterize the season, we have beauty,  
hope, love, and joy; for the moment the golden  
Rams strikes through the Zodiac, (as sung  
by Chaldean bards of old,) Nature seems dis-  
solved from her hyeal bondage, love and joy  
evince the genial glow of kindred affection, and  
the heart of man expands with the swelling  
scene. Man now waxes forth full of delight;  
and, stimulated to exertion by the buoyancy  
of hope, he seconds Nature in her grand design  
to adorn and supply the visible world. He be-  
holds himself surrounded with innumerable  
beauties, reviving from the ravages of past win-  
ter; and the various and variegated flowers dis-  
closing their hues; the fields and meadows assum-

ing their mantle of green; and the groves, ac-  
quiring their green foliage, re-echo the music of  
the warbling choir, among which the lark holds  
a conspicuous place when saluting the new-  
born day:  
Feathered lyric, warbling high,  
Sweetly gaining on the sky.  
Matchless Nature, guided by the sovereign power  
of Deity, is again renovated. Life and in-  
dustry, happiness and activity are the peculiar  
attendants of this blessed part of the year, which  
claims pre-eminence in shedding love and hope  
abroad in the hearts of men.  
Every part of the earth seems enlivened:  
the brown forest is the habitation of number-  
less warblers; the lofty mountains receive their  
inhabitants; the well-implanted orchard, the  
valley, the river, and the mighty ocean, are  
scenes of activity and life:  
The forest smiles, the softening air is balm,  
And every sense and every heart is joy.  
Man again cultivates his parent earth, measures  
the lengthened furrow, or sows the hopeful  
grain. The genial bud by degrees springs from  
its parent branch, and shoots gradually into the  
unfolding lovely blossom; and in due season  
the mellow fruit, clustering on the loaded  
gardens, invites the hand of man to partake of the  
bounties of Nature, prepared for him by his be-  
neficent Creator; for the expanding blossoms  
of spring promise a very bountiful harvest in au-  
tumn. Spring is as lovely to the eye after the  
gloom of winter as the new-born light struck  
into chaos is to the mind. It reminds the con-  
templator of the fascinating description of poets  
and philosophers concerning the golden age,  
the reign of paradisaical innocence and love,  
when Deity abode on the earth and conversed  
with the sons of men. There is hardly a more  
glorious scene in nature than a spring morning,  
when all is lovely and inviting:  
Cheerful is the vernal morning  
Usheing in the tranquil day;  
Spangles every blade adorning,  
Sungsters perch'd on every spray.  
The poet's eye ranges over the various scenes  
of reviving nature with delight; and, as young  
love glows with affection, the muses favour the  
invocation of the love-lorn swain. Spring has,  
in all ages of the world, been an inexhaustible  
field for the poet's numbers; and every true  
poet of nature has found his mind enlarged by  
the contemplation of all that is minutely elegant  
or awfully sublime. The morality of some and  
the religious lyre of others have beautifully pic-  
tured spring to the renovation of human nature;  
when mortality, like the flowers of the field,  
again bloom in immortal youth, and, emanci-  
pated from every frailty of humanity, wings its  
flight to the regions of immortal bliss. Spring,  
too, brings to the recollection of the aged the  
amusements and expectations of youth,—that  
time which is to life as the dawn is to the day,  
or the spring to the year; that age of hope and  
love, when the heart is untainted by the selfish  
maxims of avarice, or hardened by callous ex-  
perience:  
Childhood! happier state of life,  
Free from care and free from strife;  
Free from memory's ruthless reign;  
Fraught with scenes of former pain;  
Free from fancy's cruel skill  
Fabricating future ill!  
Time, when all that meets the view,  
All can charm, for all is new,  
How thy long-lost hours I mourn,  
Never, never to return.

Another poet has equally shown the transitory  
bliss of youth:  
The charms of youth and beauty's rosy bloom  
Smile but to fade, and live but for the tomb.  
But let me now conduct my reader to the  
kingdom of flowers, and see what incomparable  
beauty, order, and design are observable among  
them; how they charm the eye and refine the  
mind; how they engender taste and create kin-  
dred feelings of affection in the human bosom.  
Observe the rising lily's snowy grace,  
Observe the various vegetable race;  
They neither tell nor spin, but careless grow,  
Yet see how warm they blush! how bright they glow!  
What regal vestments can with them compare?  
What king so shining, or what queen so fair?  
"The sweet-scented and modest violet is  
one of the first children of the spring; the  
beautiful hyacinth rises insensibly among the  
leaves and exhibits its flowrets, which equally  
delight the sight and the smell. The tulip,  
the ranunculus, the pink, and the rose (queen  
of flowers) begin gradually to unfold their  
varied beauties. The lark shoots through the  
air, the pigeon leaves her retreat to fly o'er the  
flowery plain; and the tender song of the nightin-  
gale penetrates every lively, feeling bosom with  
its plaintive sounds. The snow-drop, (spring's  
early child;) the timid crocus makes advances;  
the brilliant auricula too shows itself." This is  
the season in which the young heart should be  
feelingly alive to every noble and virtuous im-  
pression. This is the time in which industry  
should proceed untired, and the infant mind be  
cultivated with more pleasure than in any other  
part of the revolving year. This is, indeed, the  
season in which life appears beautiful as the  
blooming spring breathing on its odoriferous  
flowers; soft as the rural shower when it de-  
scends on the balmy meadows; gentle as the  
pale primrose breathes its fragrance on the dis-  
tant wild; lovely as the unfolding rose when  
the dawn of day dispels the dew from off its  
leaves; tender as the lowly flow'ret on its slender  
stalk when kissed by the wooing zephyr. But  
summer soon succeeds, and winter, lonely  
and dark as old age, quickly follows. The air-  
born car of hope disappears; the flowery im-  
agination and exquisite sentiments of buoyant  
youth are displaced by sober reflection and in-  
contestible experience. Yet, although spring  
soon passes away, and summer is immediately

followed by the harbinger of winter, we may  
learn this pleasing and hopeful lesson,—that  
beyond the grave there is a place "where one  
unbounded spring encircles all."—*Lie. Albion.*

**CHARACTER OF LORD CHATHAM.**—Lord  
Chatham was a man endowed with qualities to  
captivate a nation, and subdue a popular assem-  
bly. Bold and unhesitating in the part he was  
to take upon every public question, he was the  
master of a loud but harmonious voice, a com-  
manding eye, an unrivalled energy, but at the  
same time propriety of language, and a light of  
imagination, which flashed from him with bril-  
liant splendor, and was gone ere one could pro-  
nounce that the speaker was either fanciful or  
disagreeable. Upon every important subject he  
appealed to some common and inspiring senti-  
ment; the feeling of national honor, disgust at  
political corruption, the care of popular liberty,  
content of artifice, of hatred, of oppression.  
But, provided the topic were animating and af-  
fective, he little cared whether it were one on  
which a wise patriot could honestly dilate; a  
vulgar prejudice served him as well as an  
ancient and honorable privilege; he contem-  
ned every prevailing delusion; and harried  
the nation to war, not as a necessary evil, but  
as an honorable choice. Above all, he loved to  
nurture the popular jealousy of France; and it  
was upon his means of gratifying this feeling  
that he seemed to build his hopes of future power.  
Ever ready to be the mouth-piece of the  
cry or clamor of the hour, he could be as inconsis-  
tent as the multitude itself; in his earliest days,  
when reproached with his change of opinion, he  
pleaded honest conviction of error; after he had  
acquired authority, he faced down his accusers  
with the glare of his eye and the hardness of  
his denial. Nor, although he assumed a tone  
of virtue superior to his age, was he more scru-  
pulous than others in political intrigue; but his  
object was higher. Instead of bartering his con-  
science for a large salary or a share of patron-  
age, he aimed at undivided power, the fame of  
a great orator, to be the fear of every cabinet,  
and the admiration of a whole people.—*Lord  
John Russell.*

**COTTON TREE OF CUBA.**—One on the Santa  
Ana estate, towers a hundred feet towards  
heaven, sixty five of which, ascertained by  
measurement, are a smooth cylinder, without a  
limb or knot, twenty seven and a half feet in  
circumference, six feet from the ground; and  
near the base where it spreads itself in the di-  
rection of its principal roots, like a giant trac-  
ing himself against the tempest, the fluted  
trunk has been measured, forty six feet and a  
half. Were there nothing to be seen but this  
noble shaft, with smooth surface, it would excite  
admiration. But at the height already men-  
tioned, it stretches forth its arms of a size for  
timber, horizontally and symmetrically, and  
forms a top, for width and grandeur, worthy of  
the trunk below. It has been measured and  
found to cover a diameter of one hundred and  
sixty five feet.

The immense tree is a world by itself, and is  
peopled by its millions. The wild pine-apple  
colonizes its top. Bajuca, or vines, vegetate on  
its extended limbs, and run downward to the  
earth, coiling like ropes on the ground, which  
the thirsty traveller, when water fails him in  
this land of rare springs, cuts, and the sweet,  
milky juice proves to him a delightful beverage.

These vines, very possibly, answer another pur-  
pose of nature, who regards with tenderness  
her humblest offspring. The rats and mice and  
opossum, who might find it difficult to ascend  
the plain surface of the trunk, may easily as-  
cend these natural shrouds and drink out of the  
cup of the pines, which stretch their leaves to  
catch and concentrate the rains and dews in  
those natural reservoirs. I said this tree was  
peopled by its millions. This is quite within  
bounds; you may see among its branches the  
commonwealths of the comajen, or wood louse.  
They are not peculiar to this tree. Their large  
black cities are attached to the body or some  
limb, or safely repose in some fork of the tree,  
where they are a Chinese population, innum-  
erable. This insect, about the size of a flea,  
forms a covered way of mortar of its own, down  
the trunk to the ground; and as they have dif-  
ferent public roads, it is probable that some are  
for ascending, and others for descending, so that  
the travellers may not incommode each other.  
This insect is harmless, and their populous nests  
are carried whole to the poultry yard, where I  
have seen hundreds, young and old, enjoying  
the repast, with all the glee of turkeys in grass-  
hopper time.—*Abbot's Letters.*

**THE HORRORS OF WAR.**—Numberless were  
the spectacles of war which was witnessed at  
this period. One in particular had been so  
deeply imprinted on my memory, that centu-  
ries of life would not efface it. Being detach-  
ed one day on duty at some distance from the  
camp, and returning home late, having outstrip-  
ped my escort, I was unfortunate enough to  
lose my way. Night overtook me in this un-  
pleasant predicament, when, finding myself near  
one of those forlorn villages, I rode up to it to  
inquire my road. The moon had just risen,  
and showed me a group of famished wretches  
seated under the walls of the village, surround-  
ed by the mortal remains of those who, happily  
for them, had already preceded their com-  
rades in the agonies of death, and whose earth-  
ly sufferings were closed. As I approached,  
packs of jackals, preying on the wasted bodies  
of the latter, even before the eyes of the helpless  
survivors, ran howling away at the sound of my  
horse's feet—their instinct teaching them that

I was a different kind of being from those scarce-  
ly living wretches whom they viewed more with  
greediness than hunger—while the vulture, ris-  
ing reluctantly from the bloody banquet, flapped  
his broad wings in anger, and joined the  
wild chorus with discordant cries. The moon's  
pale light shed a suitably mournful tint over  
such a scene. Viewed in its silvery beams, the  
dark bloodless countenances of the melancholy  
group assumed a hue perfectly unearthly, and  
which I can only compare to that in which the  
price of darkness is painted by the imagination  
of youth; while their sunken eyes, hollow stom-  
achs, and emaciated frames spoke the extreme  
of their wretchedness. I addressed a few  
words to them; but the only answer I obtained  
was a sigh accompanied with a mournful shake  
of the head, betokening the want of strength  
even to give utterance to speech.—*Twelve  
Year's Military Adventure in the East-Indies.*

**DREADFUL INUNDATION IN THE ELEVENTH  
CENTURY.**—Those of our readers intimately  
acquainted with English history, must have read  
of the terrible inundation which happened on the  
coast of Kent, towards the close of the  
eleventh century, by which the extensive es-  
tates of Earl Godwin, were completely destroyed.  
This catastrophe occurred in the reign of  
Rufus of England, and Malcolm of Scotland.  
It is generally supposed from incidental obser-  
vations contained in the works of our more an-  
cient authors, that the dreadful calamity so ex-  
tensively felt on the coast of Kent at the period  
referred to, must have been more or less sensibly  
experienced throughout Britain. It ap-  
pears, however, from ancient documents, in con-  
junction with the less veritable testimony of oral  
tradition, that the county of Elgin, or Moray,  
as it was then invariably denominated, experi-  
enced this calamity to a far more dreadful ex-  
tent than any other county of Britain. In this  
county the strongest castles were overturned  
from their very foundations—large towns were  
thrown into one unbroken heap of ruins—and  
the whole Lowland portion of the country,  
about twenty miles in length, and from six to  
ten in breadth, was inundated by the sea. We  
need scarcely add, that human life was destroyed  
to a fearful extent. The awful calamity, was  
accompanied by the loudest and most appalling  
peals of thunder, which were, perhaps, ever  
heard in Europe—might we say the world.  
With regard to the precise year in which this  
terrible catastrophe took place, we find our  
most respectable ancient historians at variance.  
Dr. Trusler, in his chronology, mentions the  
year 1100. Fordun and Buchanan speak of  
the same period as the epoch at which the calami-  
ty happened. Boethius affirms it to have oc-  
curred in the year 1007—the year in which  
King Malcolm died. We prefer the latter's  
testimony from his acknowledged accuracy as a  
Scottish historian—and particularly with re-  
spect to affairs connected with the north of Scot-  
land. It is worthy of remark, that the calami-  
ty in question was immediately preceded by  
the appearance of a comet, which some subse-  
quent historians represent as having been the  
cause of the catastrophe.—*Elgin Courier.*

**EFFECTS OF OPIUM.**—These wretches, as it  
were, mortgage their lives for a temporary ex-  
hilaration, reckless of the horrors sure to follow  
a relaxation in that customary dose which po-  
verty must sometimes prevent their repeating.  
The effects of this pernicious drug has been de-  
scribed in a recent work by an English opium-  
eater, to the truth of which I can bear testimo-  
ny from my own observation. Once I saw a  
wretch extended on the ground, with glazed  
eye and sunken features, apparently in the last  
stage of existence, with only just strength en-  
ough to moan out his prayers for a supply of opium.  
Some was given to him by a passer-by, and I  
waited to see the effects. They were truly mag-  
ical. From the time he swallowed it the lamp  
of life seemed gradually to rekindle. In a few  
minutes his countenance became flushed and  
his features animated; he rose upon his haunches;  
he twisted his moustaches; he sprang upon his  
feet; he seized his wallet; and he trotted off  
as nimbly and as merrily as a lamp-lighter.—*Twelve  
Year's Military Adventure.*

**HERCULANEUM.**—The excavations now in  
progress at Herculanum and Pompeii daily  
lead to the most important results, and autho-  
rize the most brilliant hopes. The workmen  
are engaged in uncovering a magnificent dwell-  
ing-house at Herculanum, the garden of which,  
surrounded with colonnades, is the largest that  
has yet been discovered. Amongst other my-  
thological subjects are the following:—Perseus  
killing Medusa by the aid of Minerva; Mercury  
throwing Argus into a sleep, in order to carry  
off with him the beautiful Io (a subject which  
is exceedingly rare in the monuments of art);  
Jason, the Dragons, and the three Hesperides.  
But the great curiosities in this house are some  
bas-reliefs of silver, fixed on elliptical tablets of  
bronze, representing Apollo and Diana. A vast  
number of other articles, furniture, utensils, &c.  
of the most exquisite workmanship, add to the  
interest which the discovery of this rich and  
beautiful mansion is so well calculated to excite.

**OLD FEATHERS BETTER THAN NEW.**—If feath-  
ers of old beds have become dirty, matted, or  
have lost their elasticity, by age or use, they  
should be emptied into a hog'shead and washed  
in warm soap suds, agitated by means of a rake,  
or garden hoe, and afterwards wrenched in clear  
water. They are then to be pressed dry by  
the hand, and put upon the floor of an empty  
well lighted room, and now and then whipped

and stirred up; and when thorough dry put  
again into ticks. They will be found after this  
better than new feathers, because deprived of  
the oil which abounds in the latter.—*Am. Far.*

A writer in the *Scotsman* gives a Phrenologi-  
cal account of Burk's head, from which the fol-  
lowing is an extract:—"The middle lobe of the  
brain in which are situated the organs of Destruc-  
tiveness, Secretiveness, and Acquisitiveness,  
was very large; at Destructiveness, in particu-  
lar, the skull presented a distinct swell, and the  
bone was remarkably thin, the organs of Self  
Esteem and Firmness were also largely develop-  
ed. It is mentioned in all the phrenological  
works, that Self-Esteem and Acquisitiveness are  
the grand elements of Selfishness.

**WONDERS WILL NEVER CEASE.**—An in-  
genious gardener, in the neighbourhood of Perth,  
has devised the hitherto unthought of project  
of ingrafting potatoes upon trees, from a convic-  
tion that the quality would be improved; nay,  
he even contends that, in sheltered situations,  
upon wall-trees they might be matured into  
something, in point of deliciousness not a whit  
behind the bread-fruit. If the speculation shall  
succeed to his expectations, he intends to draw  
out a full account of it for the Horticultural So-  
ciety. This will completely east artificial noses  
into the shade!—*Dundee Advertiser.*

Some gardeners, who know no better, accuse  
many birds of destroying the buds of their trees  
at this season, because the birds are seen con-  
tinually nibbling about them. The truth is,  
however, that it is not the buds, but the insects  
frequenting them of which the birds are in  
search. In the same way some birds search  
under the decayed bark of trees, amongst the  
straws of a thatched barn, or the moss on trees  
for their favourite food, insects.

**FOR SEA SICKNESS.**—Take a few fresh figs,  
reduce them to a pulp, and mix them with a  
little rum or champagne wine, diluted with  
ten or twelve drops of lemon juice; let the  
sea sick drink it, and they will speedily recover.

### THE REFLECTOR.

**ADDRESS OF THE SOUL TO THE BODY, ON THEIR  
SEPARATION AT DEATH.**  
Body, farewell! Go take thy long sleep in thy  
kindred earth: Thou hast done me many and great ser-  
vices. Through thy eyes, I beheld the glories of crea-  
tion; of the heavens above, which proclaim the glory  
of their maker, and of the earth, whose beauty in all  
the diversified scenery of land, water, hill and dale,  
with all the endless variety of creatures, animate and  
inanimate, show forth the wisdom, power, and goodness  
of the Lord. By them I was enabled to read the word  
of God, the great charter of our salvation. Through  
them, mind communicated with mind, in grief and joy  
without the intervention of words.  
Through thy ears I have been delighted with the har-  
mony of sounds, the melody of the human voice, and  
the sweet notes of the woodland songsters. By thee I  
heard the joyful tidings of salvation by a crucified Sa-  
viour, and enjoyed the society of christian and other  
kindred.

By my union with thee, I have been regaled with  
the fragrance of the rose and violet.  
By thy tongue, which was thy glory, I have been en-  
abled to communicate my thoughts to my fellow men,  
and to show forth the praises of the Most High.  
Through thy means, I have transported myself from  
place to place, and thereby multiplied the enjoyments  
of social life.

Whilst I acknowledge my obligations to thee, I must  
in parting, remind thee of the injuries I have sustained  
by thy means. Thy eyes, which were given for the  
glory of God and thy comfort and enjoyment, have  
been an inlet to much evil. What crowds of tempta-  
tions have assailed me through thy neglect in not keep-  
ing a strict watch, the melody of the human voice, and  
the sweet notes of the woodland songsters. By thee I  
gazed on the wonders of creation unconsciously of Him  
who gave the sun to rule the day, and the moon and  
stars to rule the night. How often hast thou gne after  
forbidden objects, and thereby brought guilt and dark-  
ness upon me.

Thy ears, which should have been enlightened only  
with truth, have often listened to the voice of the flatter-  
er, and to the whisper of the slanderer.  
Thy tongue, which should have been guided by the  
law of love, has been often like the piercing of a sword,  
thy speech has often been destitute of christian simplici-  
ty, and out of thy mouth hath come forth blessing and  
cursing.

How much of my precious time has been occupied  
in sleep, and in providing for thy wants—how importu-  
nate hast thou been for the indulgence of animal  
cravings. These have too often unfitted me for higher  
and nobler exercises.

Thankful indeed would I be, that, by the pain and  
sickness, I have been taught patience and resignation  
to the will of God, and a divil sense of my absolute  
dependence on him for every thing.

We have travelled together for more than three-score  
and ten years, our union has been close and intimate,  
goodness and mercy have followed us all the way.—  
Yet I cannot help feeling much at the thought of part-  
ing; but the prospect of being again united when the  
voice of the archangel and the trump of God shall  
awake the dead, cheers me. Then shall we meet in  
far different circumstances. Thou wilt soon be com-  
mitted to the dust a mass of corruption—then shalt thou  
be raised in incorruption; now in dishonour—then in  
glory;—now in weakness—then in power;—now a  
natural body—then a spiritual body, like to the glori-  
fied body of the adorable Saviour.  
How glorious the change! No more sin, nor sick-  
ness, nor sorrow—no more consumption of time in  
sleep, for there shall be no night there; nor in provid-  
ing for thy wants; for the Lamb, who is in the midst  
of the Throne, shall lead us to living fountains of wa-  
ter, and God shall wipe away all tears from our eyes.

**GARDENING.**—Being employed in the garden,  
I was affected to see, how much the weeds came  
on faster than the herbs and plants. Just so  
do corruptions thrive and grow in my soul.  
Yet this comforts me—the herbs, most of them,  
are better rooted than the weeds; they are not  
so easily pulled up. The good part shall not be  
taken away. If I am growing on the root  
Christ, no man shall ever be able to pull me  
thence—kept by the power of God to salvation.

It is impossible for a man to be made happy,  
by putting him into a happy place, unless he  
be first in a happy state.

Mr. J. B. Harrison