

THE CONFESSION.

BY MISS PARDOE.

Father, I love the meadows,
Where the turf is fresh and green,
And I love the shady hedge-rows,
Where the purple violet is seen ;
And I dearly love to hear the song
Of the wild bird in the trees,
When the hair is lifted from my brow,
By the gentle morning breeze.

Father, it is pleasant
'Neath the clust'ring boughs to steal,
When to the golden harvest field
I take your noon-day meal :
And it is very gay to listen,
When the sheaves the reapers bind,
To their merry laughter, as it swells
Upon the summer wind.

Father, it is beautiful
To see the sun decline,
When his slanting beams make stream and tree
In floods of glory shine :—
To wander in the shady lanes,
Or in the green-wood stray—
To me it is the loveliest hour
Throughout the live-long day.

But father, when the darkening sky
Sheds gloom upon the earth ;
When the birds are silent in the boughs,
And the loathsome bat comes forth ;
When the owl is shrieking from her hole
In the ivy mantled tower,
I tremble as I walk alone
In that dull and dreary hour.

Father, you know the dark-eyed youth
Who came from distant lands,
To sooth his gray-haired mother's age,
By the labor of his hands ;
Sometimes I've met him in the way,
As I've trembled in the gloom,
And with a gentle brother's care,
He has brought me safely home.

Father, the moon and stars have shone
In the sky above my head,
As together we have moved along
By the path where I have led.
And oh, the wond'rous tales he tells
Of the billows' wanton sport !
I have ever thought, as we wandered on,
That the way was very short.

Father, he is a pious son,
So all the neighbors say,
And as civil as the other lads,
Though he's been so far away :
He often lends a helping hand
With my picher at the well,
Or bears my basket when I go
With your dinner to the dell.

Father, you are no longer young,
And I cannot bear to see
How very hard you're forced to work,
To support yourself and me ;
I often wish you had a son
Who could share your heavy task,
While you might at our cottage door,
In the evening sun-shine bask.

Father, a stout and willing heart
Should stand in lieu of gold,
For industry will prosper still,
As we were often told :
I know of one would gladly share
Your labor, but he's poor—
May he not tell his tale himself ?
Father, he's at the door.

THE TOMB OF JOSEPH OF ARIMATHEA.—We now took off our shoes, and prepared to enter the second sanctuary, which, it is averred, is the very chamber hewn in the rock, but cased with marble, in which the body of our Saviour was placed ! A curtain was drawn aside, and, on stooping to enter a lower doorway, the scene that presented itself was imposing to a degree. The interior of the sanctuary was clouded with the wreathing smoke of burning incense, and the air was loaded with perfume. Forty lamps of massive gold, or silver gilt, the presents of as many different European Potentates, suspended by chains of like

material from the ceiling, diffused a brilliant but softened light throughout the marble chamber, and around a marble sarcophagus placed at the side of the sanctuary. On the right of the doorway extended a row of lighted wax candles, placed in richly chased candlesticks, and leaning against the opposite marble wall was seen a tall, motionless figure, habited in a long black robe ; his hands were folded across his breast, and he held within them a long white wand.—The pealing organ was still faintly heard, and the voices of the choir dying away in the distance.—The old monk knelt by the side of the marble tomb, and, influenced by a thousand varied emotions, I placed myself by his side. What matters it that I did not believe that the tomb before me was that of our Saviour, or that the marble sanctuary was the sepulchre in which he was laid. I was in a Christian church in the heart of Jerusalem, and at all events but a little way removed from the spot where Jesus Christ suffered on the cross, and offered himself as a sacrifice for mankind.—*London Metropolitan Magazine.*

TASTE FOR LITERATURE.—A taste for literature and valuable knowledge cannot be taught without being felt. To bribe the early curiosities to the exercise and development of the mind the early instructor must have been well instructed, and have acquired the art of blending information with delight. The powers, the beauties, the copious use of the mother tongue can only be known, felt, and transmitted by talents improved by various and studious reading in English literature, aided by some acquaintance with other idioms. And it is, perhaps, to the want of this preparation of the mother's mind for the task of early instruction, that the melancholy blank in respect to all the primary, professional and practical acquirements of reading, articulation, elocution, reasoning, and composition, left by the education of our principal schools, so often remains to the end of life, disgracing the pulpit, the senate, and the bar. The pleasure that occupies the highest place, and fills the widest space in rational existence, is free intellectual conversation. If women are to be our companions, we must share this pleasure with them, or we give them only a vain compliment—a nominal rank—the title without the estate. The most solid parts of intellectual culture are theirs by imperscriptible right as rational beings : it is the fairest of all their privileges, and our sex has an equal interest in maintaining it for them against a perverse arrangement, which gives up their first years to fugitive attainments, that sparkle in the sunshine of youth, but perish, and their memorial with them, as age increases the want of resources.

THE GREAT AND THE SMALL.—From the cottage to the palace, from the castle to the hovel, through all the imperceptible shades and grades of life and station that intervene between greatness and littleness ; from the sage to the idiot,—from the conqueror to the worm, fate, in darkness and in silence, with movements that men seldom see and never appreciate, is spinning that small, fine, but binding thread, which weaves their common destiny into one inextricable web. It is not alone that the mouse disentangles the lion from the toils ; it is not alone that the stronger saves or destroys the weaker ; but it is that every being, at every step, affects the destinies of millions of others, present and to come, and carries on the train of cause and event that is going on from eternity to eternity. The dependence of the great upon the small, and the continual reference of our fate to petty circumstances, is a consideration full of weighty moral, and is never to be forgotten.

DERRYNANE ABBEY AND SCENERY.—Derrynane house is situated in a beautiful spot, facing the south, and overlooking a little bay, where the waves come rolling upon the smooth sands. The plantations near seem to thrive, well protected as they are, from the northern blast, by a fine range of rocky heights. The house is an irregular pile of building, having received various additions at different times ; the interior is most comfortable, and affords the extensive accommodation which the hospitality of its proprietor renders necessary. The drawing-room is a spacious apartment, on each side of which is a row of windows commanding beautiful views. It is well furnished, and adorned by a fine bust of the owner's lovely daughter. The tables are covered with the latest publications, and numerous good prints, and caricatures. Near this room is the library, full of well-chosen books. The walls of the dining-room are covered with family portraits ; and on a slab at the end opposite the fire-place, are some old spear and hatchet heads, of a mixed metal, which were dug up not far from Derrynane. The next morning I took a delightful walk before breakfast, on the sand hills, at whose base the house is situated, and whose slope, covered with fine grass, forms the ground beyond the plantation. The view over the bay is beautiful : its fine sandy beach—the rocky mountain which forms its western boundary—magnificent sea breaking in heavy billows against it—the indented shore of Derrynane—the islands at its entrance, and ocean beyond, create a splendid landscape. The enjoyment of such a scene was rendered perfect by the sunshine and brilliancy of the finest day we have had this year.—*From Lady Chatterton's Rambles in Ireland, lately Published.*

THE RULING PASSION STRONG IN DEATH.—In the Life of Samuel Drew—an English Wesleyan Methodist of great eminence and piety, the following anecdote is introduced, furnishing another instance of the 'ruling passion strong in death :'

"Many years ago, an old gentleman not far from Plymouth, who had grown rich by government contracts, was on his death bed. Wishing to make a Christian end, he desired to have read to him the first and last chapters of Job. At the inventory of Job's wealth, the old gentleman desired the reader to pause, that he might duly estimate the value of each item.

'Now how much will 14,000 sheep amount to, at so much a head?' naming a sum.

'It will be so much.'

'Well, put that down. And how much are 6000 camels worth ?

This was computed.

'Put that down too. And the thousand yoke of oxen, and the thousand she-asses, reckon them and put down the amount.'

It was done.

'Now cast it up, and tell the total.'

Being informed of this, he raised his dying hands in admiration, saying—'oh ! what a happy man !' If Job was living now, he and I would take all the dockyard and navy contracts !'

WIT VERSUS TYRANT.—Al Hejaj who governed Irak more than twenty years, was equally remarkable for his cruelty and love of wit. He one day met a strange Arab, and asked him, "What sort of man is this Al Hejaj of whom people talk so much ?"

"He is a great scoundrel," replied the Arab.

"Do you know me ?" asked the irritated governor.

"No," said the stranger.

"I am," said he, "that Al Hejaj of whom you give so bad a character."

"Well, do you know me ?" asked the Arab in turn.

"No," was the reply.

"I am a member of the family of Roheir, whose posterity all be come mad three days in the year, and this is one of them." Al Hejaj freely pardoned the insult.

ART OF FLOATING.—Any human being who will have the presence of mind to clasp the hands behind the back, and turn the face towards the zenith, may float at ease, and in perfect safety, in tolerable still water—ay, and sleep there, no matter how long. If not knowing how to swim, you would escape drowning when you find yourself in deep water, you have only to consider yourself an empty picher, let your mouth and nose, not the top of your heavy head, be the highest part of you, and you are safe. But thrust up one of your bony hands, and down you go, turning up the handle tips over the picher. Having had the happiness to prevent one or two drownings by this simple instruction, we publish it for the benefit of all who either love aquatic sports or dread them.—*Walker.*

At Moscow there are 112 market places with 2805 other shops and ware houses, 89 dress makers and mercers shops, 11 fishmongers, 70 hotels and inns, 14 coffee houses, 26 confectioners, 200 taverns, 10 eating houses, 239 wholesale wine merchants, 123 retail wine shops, 562 manufactories, among which are 205 for cotton goods, 54 for silks, 49 for linens and 21 for woollens, 20 printing offices, of which 7 belong to the government, 12 lithographic engravers, 165 public carriages, 2137 caleshes, 229 phaetons, 10,220 Russian carriages, 13,343 sledges, 5692 wagons.

SECRETS OF COMFORT.—Though sometimes small evils, like invisible insects, inflict pain, and a single hair may stop a vast machine, yet the chief secret of comfort lies in not suffering trifles to vex one, and in prudently cultivating an undergrowth of small pleasures, since very few great ones, alas ! are let on long leases.

THE COLONIAL PEARL,

Is published every Friday Evening, at seventeen shillings and sixpence per annum, in all cases, one half to be paid in advance. It is forwarded by the earliest mails to subscribers residing out of Halifax. No subscription will be taken for a less term than six months. All letters and communications post paid, addressed to John S. Thompson, Pearl Office, Halifax, N. S.

AGENTS.

Halifax, A. & W. McKinlay.
Windsor, James L. Dewoll, Esq.
Lower Horton, Chs. Brown, Esq.
Wolfville, Hon. T. A. S. DeWolfe,
Kentville, J. F. Hutchinson, Esq.
Bridgetown, Thomas Spurr, Esq.
Annapolis, Samuel Cowling, Esq.
Digby, Henry Stewart, Esq.
Yarmouth, H. G. Parish, Esq.
Amherst, John Smith, Esq.
Richibucto, Thomas Caie, Esq.
Fort Lawrence, M. Gordon, Esq.
Economy, Silas H. Crane, Esq.
Pictou, Dr. W. J. Anderson.
Truro, John Ross, Esq.
Antigonish R. N. Henry, Esq.
River John, William Blair, Esq.
Charlotte Town, T. Desbrisay, Esq.
St. John, N. B., G. A. Lockhart, Esq.
Sussex Falls, J. A. Reeve, Esq.
Dorchester, C. Milner, Esq.
Sackville, { Joseph Allison, and
 { J. C. Black, Esqrs.
Frederickton, Wm. Grigor, Esq.
Woodstock, John Bedell, Jr. Esq.
New Castle, Henry Allison, Esq.
Chatham, James Caie, Esq.
*Carleton, &c., Jos. Mengher, Esq.
Bathurst, William End, Esq.
St. Andrews, R. M. Andrews, Esq.
St. Stephens, Messrs. Pengree & Chitman.
HALIFAX: Printed by W. Cunnebell, at his Office, near head of Marchington's wharf.