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SONG.

BY R. M. MILNES, ESQ. M. P.

I wandered by the brook-side,
I wandered by the mill,
I could not hear the brook flow,
The noisy wheel was still.
There was no burr of grasshopper,
No chirp of any bird—
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

I sat beneath the elm-tree,
I watched the long, long shade,
And as it grew still longer,
I did not feel afraid;
For I listened for a footfall,
I listened for a word—
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

He came not—no, he came not,
The night came on alone,
The little stars sat one by one,
Hush on his golden throne;
The evening air past by my cheek,
The leaves above were stirred,—
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

Fast, silent tears were flowing,
When something stood behind,
A hand was on my shoulder,
I knew its touch was kind;
It drew me nearer—nearer—
We did not speak a word,
But the breathing of our own hearts
Was all the sound we heard.

From the Book of Devotion for 1839.

THE ART OF SHINING.

BY LUCY SEYMOUR.

"Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works and glorify your Father which is in heaven."

"Marion, I wish you would make this vest for me: I am in want of it," said Frank Laurens, to his sister, as he entered the parlor where she sat with folded arms, her eyes fixed on vacancy.

"I cannot, indeed, Frank. I am much too miserable to sew."

"It is very foolish of you, then, Marion," replied the youth, with a look and tone but ill according with his words: they expressed sympathy and affection. "If father chooses to marry again, we ought not to complain. He is the best judge of his own happiness."

Marion did not answer: she was thinking of her own beloved mother who slept beneath the cold mound of a neighboring grave-yard. "You must learn to accommodate your mind to circumstances," pursued Frank, seriously, "there is but little pleasure in this world. We ought not to lessen its sum by imaginary wo."

"Imaginary, Frank?"

"Yes; for father's marrying is not *really* an affliction to us.—You will have less domestic vexation, less trouble with house-keeping. To be sure," he added, in a lower tone, "it is trying to the feelings to see another occupying our mother's place, but that dear mother is not the less lost to us, were our father never to have a second wife."

"I wish that I could die and sleep in yonder grave-yard," said the unhappy girl, in a voice of desolation. She lent her head against the window she had approached, and wept in all the abandonment of early grief. Her brother tried to soothe her, but the attempt was vain. Brightly the sun shone that summer morning, and the birds sang gaily, and the bees murmured from flower to flower, and the balmy air wafted many a sweet perfume as it played amidst the dishevelled curls of Marion Laurens; but she noted not the melody of nature except to wonder that it could thus mock her misery; one thought filled her mind—her heart. This was her father's wedding day! That evening a new mistress would succeed to the hearth and board where her mother once presided, and that mother's name be but a memory! Those only, who, possessed of Marion's acute sensibilities, have mourned the death of a passionately beloved parent, and have seen a "stranger take the place which knew her once," can understand her feelings!

Heavily, yet too swiftly, the day sped by, and in obedience to her father's desire, Marion prepared to receive him and his new bride with composure. Severe was the effort to appear calm to see with her strong and undisciplined feeling, yet she succeeded,

and as the noise of the carriage wheels announced to her listening ear their dread approach, she pressed her hand against her throbbing heart, and proceeded to the lighted parlor. Her sisters (she had two, Harriet and Louisa) were already there, unconsciously waiting to reflect the expression of her countenance and regulate their deportment by hers. The one was thirteen the other ten years of age. Marion was seventeen. Frank and his only brother, Granville, a youth of fifteen, were at the front door.

Marion heard her father's step and voice. The next moment he had entered with his wife, presented her, and the so dreaded meeting was over. Marion turned from the caress of her new relative, which she had permitted rather than returned, to a young lady whom her father presented as "Miss Lorimer," the daughter of Mrs. Laurens. Marion knew that her father had married a widow with one child, but as that child was a great heiress, independent of her mother, and no longer a minor, and withal was accustomed to a city life, Mr. Laurens' children had not calculated the probability of her accompanying her mother to their humble abode in the country.

"How very young Miss Lorimer looks, Marion," whispered Harriet to her sister as they descended to the supper room after Mrs. Laurens and her daughter had completed the arrangement of their toilet. "I should not think she was more than eighteen; but papa says she is twenty-one. (Harriet like most ladies in their teens deemed that very old.) Only think, she is the age of brother Frank. How fair and delicate she looks?"

"Has your journey fatigued you, Helen?" inquired Mr. Laurens of the young stranger as he met them at the door of the refectory.

"Not much," she replied, cheerfully, "I doubt not I shall be quite recruited to-morrow. We have had a beautiful day," added she, advancing with Marion to an open window, "and you bright moon seems to wish to prolong its splendor."

"It is well you could deem it beautiful," thought Marion; and she could not refrain from remarking, "moon light always makes me sad."

"Let me welcome you to the head of your table, my dear Agnes," said Mr. Laurens, leading his wife to the seat his daughter had occupied for the last three years. A chill passed over Marion's heart, and the pale cheeks of Helen Lorimer flushed slightly; she too was feeling, but more for others than herself. "I hope Marion will be able to make our dull neighborhood tolerable to you, Helen," pursued Mr. Laurens, when they were all fixed at the table.

"Rather hope that she may be able to tolerate one so sick and troublesome," Miss Lorimer somewhat quickly replied. "It will be but a poor return for the forbearance I must necessarily ask to be pleased."

"Have you been ill?" inquired Frank.

"I am just recovering from a severe attack; but I am never very well."

"Delicate enough to be interesting," said Mr. Laurens, smiling.

"And sensible of the uncertainty of life," remarked his wife, gravely, "Helen has early been called to learn that her chief business in this world is to prepare for a better. I hope her sufferings, in imparting light to her mind, may also remind her of the necessity of letting her light shine for the benefit of others."

"And we are to be the *advantaged* party, I presume," thought Frank. Did Helen Lorimer read in his slightly curling lip and expressive glance what was passing in his brain that she colored so deeply? There was little appetite and less conversation at the table that evening. Mr. Laurens made two or three more attempts to talk, and was seconded by Helen, but they did not advance beyond a few brief remarks. Marion felt cold and proud, Frank was observing, Mrs. Laurens deemed much talk at table always superfluous, and the children were uneasy and embarrassed. Perhaps all felt relieved when the ceremony of supper was over.

"I think I shall like Miss Lorimer, sister," observed Harriet Laurens when alone with Marion, "she has such sweet, gentle manners." Marion began to feel her own reserve vanishing too. There was indeed something about Helen Lorimer that deeply interested her. She was not beautiful, but there was an indescribable charm around her, an absence of all pretension, a characteristic simplicity of demeanor, a natural softness which was irresistible to the young Laurenses. Her features were not handsome, but they beamed with sensibility, intelligence and good-will. Mrs. Laurens shall introduce herself to the reader.

"Helen, my dear," observed she, entering her daughter's chamber the morning after the arrival, "we must endeavor to do something for these poor children. They are quite in the dark re-

pecting their spiritual interests, I fear, I have just been talking to Marion and she tells me they attend the — Church, but I do not believe she knows what religion means. What are you reading, Helen?"

"A story of Mrs. Sherwood's, mamma, on the ninth commandment, relating to the government of the tongue."

"Trash, mere trash! If you need instruction on that subject, read Mr. Wesley's sermon on evil speaking. But I did not know that was one of your faults, Helen."

"I hope it is not ma, but a lesson on the government of the tongue I often need."

"And you go to the novel for it?"

"You know I regard Mrs. Sherwood's 'Lady of the Manor,' as superior to most fictitious works, ma."

"Nonsense! they are all bad enough. I hope you will not let Marion and her sisters see you engaged in such unprofitable reading. Remember, my dear, it is your duty to let your *light shine* that you may not be considered a mere professor without the power of religion. You may do much for this family, Helen. I believe my marriage with Mr. Laurens a providential circumstance. I wish it to be a memorable era in his children's history. You must aid me, Helen, to recommend religion to them, and discharge my responsibility as a wife and mother."

"Most willingly, ma," replied her daughter, with feeling, and forcibly checking the sigh the mention of her mother's marriage had called forth. "I sincerely trust you may prove a blessing to all around you: but, my dear mother," she continued, timidly and hesitatingly, as if she feared offending, "would it not be better to talk less about religion for the present, until we have an opportunity of knowing the children of Mr. Laurens, and understanding their different dispositions, a good example is more impressive than many precepts."

"Talk about religion! Understand their disposition! A good example! What can you mean, Helen? Do you not know that out of the abundance of the heart, the mouth speaketh? Are not Mr. Laurens' children human creatures, and therefore fallen and corrupt, and needing to be renewed? And I hope you have no reason to complain of deficiency in my example. I know indeed I might be better than I am, but my imperfection is no excuse for not seeking to do good. You are wrong, my child; you are too diffident, always were. You are, I am afraid, ashamed to confess your Master before men. You dread ridicule; but reproach is the glory of the Christian."

"You mistake me, ma," Helen mildly replied, "if some faint glimmerings of the wisdom from above have dawned into my soul, I am grateful to Heaven; but those beams only make the darkness which still exists there more visible, and"—

"I have heard that before, my dear," her mother hastily said, interrupting her, "you fear to acknowledge yourself a christian, lest people should expect too much from you. You hide your light under a bushel. That will not do. You must learn the art of shining."

How little this lady understood the art of which she deplored her daughter's ignorance! But let not the reader with her own want of charity, judge her too hastily. Mrs. Laurens really desired to be and to do good. Hypocrisy formed no part of her character. She had read the command of our blessed Redeemer which heads this narrative with a determination to obey it, but had studied its meaning too superficially. Whatever light she possessed she wished to communicate to others, but in her zeal to do so, often obscured its native lustre, and injured the cause she sought to advance. She placed it not "under a bushel," indeed, but in a situation where, instead of *enlightening*, it bewildered and misled. There was no warmth in its radiance, *no coloring*; hence it melted not the heart of ice, nor attracted the eye of taste. Contented to perform the *act* of shining, she overlooked the *mode*. She had never observed the strength and *point* of the Saviour's expression, "*SO SHINE*," regulating the manner, as well as inculcating the precept. She followed not the wise man's advice, "set your apples of gold in pictures of silver." She deemed it enough to have *apples of gold*; the *pictures of silver* were a superfluous ornament. She felt that religion was "the one thing *needful*;" she forgot that other things might be useful and expedient. She was convinced that spiritual concerns were all important; she had no patience with those who could not see with her eyes, hear with her ears and understand with her heart. She declaimed much on the depravity of human nature, and sighed over the follies of the world. She wondered at and pitied the blindness of prejudice and the recklessness of skepticism, but there was anger in her surprise, contempt in her compassion. She instructed the ignorant, and relieved the poor; encouraged the contrite, and solaced the afflicted,