

(an idiom quite as purely Hindostani, as it may be thought Irish.)

'Bring a tea-kettle of boiling water,' shouted the gentleman, to the dismay of the family.

'Sir, great sir, what would you do with boiling water? the man is dead.'

'Exactly so my good friends; and that is the reason that you are all weeping and sorrowful?'

'What else, sir?'

'Why I am a great physician, and know how to bring such dead men as these to life.'

'The poor fellows begged hard that the body might be spared; but the kettle was brought; and still the dead moved not, until a small quantity was poured upon his foot; when he bounced from his *charpáli*, and upsetting one-half of his little brothers and cousins, fled like a spirit rather than an earthly body.—BACON'S *Hindostan* recently published.

For the Pearl.

FRAGMENTS OF PIOUS THOUGHT.

I

PSALM XXV. 5 :

"On thee do I wait all the day."

There is something so beautiful, so happy, so full of meaning in the idea of waiting upon God.—It indicates a spirit so patient, so serene, so hopeful, so confiding, so firm.

On thee do I wait!—it speaks a devotedness that cannot forget itself in unconcern—an expectation that cannot weary itself to sadness—a patience that no delay can irritate—an attention that can scarcely mistake its meaning, a willingness that never loiters to fulfil it. An abandonment that has no purpose of its own, and effects nothing on its own behalf, but "waits all the day" long.

Many are the events that an hour may bring forth, changeable is the aspect of the days of man. The sun that rises all bright and glorious, may be shadowed ere it is noon. The friends that saluted us in the morning, ere the night closes upon the world, may be numbered with the silent dead. Various are the occupations of the days of man, and fickle as the winds are the feelings of his bosom. Do I wait on thee all the day? not in sorrow only when I cannot do without thee, nor in joy only when I revel in thy bounties—nor only when the sweet voices of wife and children mingle in glad some strains, hymning the praises of the skies, but when far away from home and its endearments, amid the tumult of the thronging crowd, or the corroding anxieties of the busy mart—nor only when my heart is warmest, and prospects are brightest, but all the day long—giving my futurity as it were to thee with all its temporal and spiritual concerns, and looking to receive it back again minute by minute in whatsoever form or errand thou art pleased to charge it; waiting for the message it brings, confident in being pleased with it, and determined to abide by it.

Is there any happiness on earth worth the peace of a bosom that thus waits upon its God? The senator may quail for the fate of his country—the philosopher tremble for the interests of his loved and cherished pursuits, and the merchant become haggard and gloomy with the wide-spreading symptoms of commercial depression and failure, but he that waits on the Lord shall be as Mount Zion which abideth for ever.

II

NATURE AND REVELATION.

The voice of nature is the voice of God. This position admitted, you will not wonder that we urge you to go abroad on the wide theatre of existence to gather instruction from every object presented to your notice. For you the dread magnificence of the planetary worlds is to cry aloud—the waves of the great and endless deep tossing and foaming in their rage are to utter their strong and awful voice—the tempest which rends the everlasting hills and tears the solid rock in pieces is to admonish you—the crumbling of the hoary mountain is to teach you—the murmuring of every pebbled stream is to convey knowledge—every breeze of wind that fans you is to waft some

gentle lesson of wisdom—the ancient forest oak is to stand before you a powerful monitor—in the trail of the worm crawling at your feet you are to read some useful and salutary sentiment. You are to

"Find tongues in trees—books in the running brooks.
Sermons in stones and good in every thing."

Every withered leaf is to be a preacher—every blade of grass a discourse—and all the glory of man is to teach eloquently and impressively of vicissitude and perpetual mortality. The book of nature is to be spread open before you and on every page and distinctly traceable in every line you are to behold inscribed "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity." Having read this book of mutability with aching eyes and bleeding heart, you are to turn to the book of divine revelation—on it you are to see emblazoned "This word liveth and abideth for ever;" and you are to remember that its Redeemer can never die—that its Gospel can never change—that its essential truths can never be impaired—that its everlasting mercy can never depart, and that its holy consolations can never cease. This word is the stupendous fortress raised by the power and goodness of the great Jehovah, and you are to go round it and mark its mighty bulwarks, and count its invulnerable towers, and consider its massy iron gates, and having ascertained that the 'foundation of the Lord standeth sure' the song of your triumph is to be heard, saying "The grass withereth, the flower fadeth, but the word of our God shall stand for ever."

SILVANUS.

THE STARS.

I WALK abroad at midnight, and my eye,
Purged from its sensual blindness, upward turns,
And wanders o'er the dark and spangled sky,
Where every star, a fount of being, burns,
And pours out life, as Naiads, from their urns,
Drop their refreshing dew on herbs and flowers:
I gaze, until my fancy's eye discerns,
As in an azure hall, the assembled powers
Of nature spend in deep consult those solemn hours.

Methinks I hear their language—but it sounds
Too high for my conception, as the roar
Of thunder on the mountains, when it bounds
From peak to peak; or on the echoing shore
The tempest-driven billows bursting pour,
And raise their awful voices; or the groan
Rumbling in Ætna's entrails, ere its store
Of lava spouts its red jets; or the moan
Of winds, that war within their caverned walls of stone.

And there is melody among those spheres.
A music sweeter than the vernal train,
Or fay notes, which the nymph-struck shepherd hears,
Where moonlight dances on the liquid plain,
That curls before the west wind, till the main
Seems waving like a ruffled sheet of fire—
'Tis Nature's Alleluia; and again
The stars exult, as when the Eternal Sire
Said, 'Be there light and light shone forth at his desire.

JAMES G. PERCIVAL.

THE GRASS AND THE FLOWER.

By J. K. Paulding.

A lovely flower stood blooming on a bush alone. It was the admiration of all, but most of itself. It unveiled its painted leaves in the sun; it glittered with the dew-drops of morning, and breathed pleasant fragrance upon the air. Throned amid the fresh green leaves, which sheltered as well as ornamented it, nothing could be more charming and graceful. Every passer-by said, "Look what a beautiful flower!"

Beneath this pretty and delicate creature of Providence there spread a green meadow, here swelling into gentle undulations, and sloping till it fringed the bank of a running stream. The flower looked down on the lowly grass and with a sneering air and with a haughty tone gave utterance to these thoughts,—

"Behold this insolent grass, what does it so close to me? How different the appearance and destiny from me! Never does it hear the admiring murmurs which I excite.

It emits no fragrant odor, but remains to be trodden under foot by all who list, unvalued and unnoticed. I should like to know for what it was created."

"Ignorant and conceited flower," replied the grass, "that question might better be asked of thyself; for thou art as useless, idle, and fleeting, as thou art pretty. True, the scent which rises from thy silken leaves is greatful, but where will it be to-morrow? The gleaming of thy soft colors, too, amid the verdant leaves,—but how soon will they fade on the ground? Evanescent child of vanity! I have witnessed the brief existence and death of a thousand such as thou, living unvalued and perishing unmourned; and dost thou sneer at me because my stem is not so slender and brittle, my blade so fair as thine? Know that the wise regard me, even for my beauty, more than they do thee. I spread over the earth a carpet of velvet. I clothe the uplifted hills in mantles of verdure. I furnish food to hundreds of animals who derive from me the power to gratify man with the most judicious luxuries. The wind blows over me and hurts me not. The sun-shine falls on me and I am yet unwithered. The snows of winter cover me and I am ready to beautify the earliest spring. Even the steps of the many who tread upon me, do not prevent my growing ever bright and cheerful; and Heaven has blessed me with a color of all others the most graceful to human eyes."

The fancy flower was about to reply, when a passer-by plucked it, admired its hues, and threw it away.

CIRCULATION OF THE BLOOD IN MAN.—In man the heart is said at every contraction to expel about two ounces of blood, and calculating that there are eighty such contractions in a minute, there must be one hundred and sixty ounces sent forth by it in that space of time; and in the course of about three minutes the whole blood in the circulation, on an average about thirty pounds, must pass through the heart; and in the space of one hour this must by consequence take place twenty times. What must be the feelings of that man who can think of these things without wonder? I envy not his feelings, I covet not his mind, who, reflecting on the tissues to be permeated, the functions to be discharged, the secretions to be formed from, and the nutritious substances to be taken into the circulating fluid; and reflecting upon how soon each particle, each atom of blood, after having been deteriorated in its constitution, and rendered unfit for the discharge of its important duties, is again driven through the lungs and again aerated; who, I repeat, reflecting on these things, can retire from the investigation of the course of the blood in our frames, without feelings ennobled, and the whole man rendered better by his researches. But, to carry this interesting investigation still further, let us suppose that two ounces of blood will occupy a cylinder eight inches in length, then it will pass through eight hundred and forty inches in a minute, and thirty-eight thousand four hundred inches, or three thousand two hundred feet in an hour.—Dr. Robertson.

WOMAN.—Female attachment is much more pure, refined, and disinterested, and of a higher, holier character than the love of man. Every effort of superstitious education would be exhausted in vain to induce men to burn themselves on the funeral pile of a wife; and yet, for ages, thousands of females, in the eastern world have voluntarily and cheerfully submitted to this self-immolation.

The timidity of woman at the sight of blood ceases when it is her own that is shed. Her sensibility to human agony disappears, when it is herself that suffers. She submits to pain, to amputation, to "all the ills that flesh is heir to," and to death itself, when they become necessary, or inevitable, with more composure, and less complaint than man. In the horror of the French Revolution, when hundreds of males and females were daily hurried to the guillotine, the contrast between feminine firmness, and masculine trepidation, was conspicuous to every beholder.

Men will wrangle for religion—argue for religion—write for religion—anything and everything rather than live and die for religion.