

For the Pearl.

THE SISTER'S WISH.

1.

Language hath not power to tell
How I love thee, Brother,—
Dearer than all else below
Since we lost our Mother!
Ever when I think of thee,
Tears of sweet emotion,
And the faltering of my voice
Show my deep devotion.

2.

Could a Sister's prayer avail,
And her warm caressing,
Thine should be a charmed life,
Rich in every blessing.
Never more should thrill of pain
Cause a start of anguish,
Or a moment's weariness
Make thy spirit languish.

3.

I would rear for thee a home
In a clime Elysian,
Decked with every beauty rare,
Like a fairy vision.
Nothing sad should entrance gain,
But, from morn till even,
Joy should rest on folded wings
'Neath a smiling heaven.

4.

Flowers whose leaves should wither not,
By clear waters growing,
Pure as are an infant's dreams,
Bright as fancies glowing,—
Lofty trees, like guarding love,
Pleasant shelter making,
Singing winds from all around
Echoes sweet awaking;—

5.

These should cluster round thy home,
Brother—dearest Brother;
Ah, that smile! it tells me thou
Dreamest of another—
And that other! mortal eye
Ne'er hath seen its splendour,
All of power most grand is there,
All of Love most tender!

6.

Vanish, then, my fairy dream,
As the light of morning
Dies amid the golden glow
Earth and skies adorning.
Brother! this shall be my prayer,
Thine hopes suppressing—
Sister cannot ask for more—
'Tis—Jehovah's Blessing!

E. H. STOCKTON.

THE SICK ROOM.

If any place in this world calls for wise and well dictated benevolence, it is the chamber of sickness and death. The writer has much opportunity for observation, and been painfully taught by personal experience.

A sick room is no place for *curiosity*. If no good word is to be said, or kind services to be rendered in a sick and dying room, it is the last place to which one should go as a mere spectator. Every new face, the tread of every uncalled-for foot, the demands upon the air for every breath, but the breathings of such as must be in attendance, is an *injury* in sickness, and especially when debility is great. I have seen persons go into sick rooms, and sit hour after hour, with eyes fixed on the sick persons, occasionally *whispering* to some equally indiscreet one that may chance to be nigh. This is absolutely intolerable. We cannot endure the fixed gaze of half a dozen persons when well, and what must it be to one sinking and dying? Others will hang about the door and *peep* at the sufferer, as they would steal a look at some show. I have seen this so much, that I can scarcely write and possess my soul in patience.

Another practice where the patient is very sick, is that of feeling the *pulse*, looking at the finger-nails, examining the feet, with sundry other acts, all which are accompanied with a very *wise* look, a sigh and a whisper. Those things are generally done by persons who very poorly understand their own tests of approaching death, and alike mistake the good and comfort of the dying. Think not that I would have the fact of approaching death kept from any friend or any fellow-being—far from this—but let the matter be wisely, kindly, and distinctly stated to the patient, and not by such untimely, and I must say unkind hints and insinuations.

A sad mistake common in a dying chamber, is that the dying

person has lost perception and sensibility, because unable to speak. I seriously believe that often, if not in general, the perceptions and sensibilities are more keen and delicate than when in health. I have been in circumstances which I shall never forget. For four hours I was *speechless*; I supposed, and all supposed I was dying. Never, never shall I forget what was said and done around me. Always, let it be remembered, in a dying room, that the departing friend may hear all, and see all, when the persons present will little suspect it. As I have been in hundreds of dying rooms, I might give many examples, to show that persons do notice and understand, when it is not suspected. How important that every thing in a dying room should be made what it ought to be, for one who is being borne away from all that is dear on earth, and approaching all that is serious in eternity. Most generally, persons in this situation are much inclined to commune with their own hearts and the scenes about to open upon them. The sacredness and stillness of the scene should be disturbed with great care and caution.

The only thing I have to say in addition, is that a very great mistake is often made in the length of prayers, and loud speaking in prayer, in the sick room. This is often the occasion of great suffering to the sick and dying.

Let no one understand the above remarks, as intended to keep any away from the house of sickness and distress. No, reader, go to such places, and show your kindness to the afflicted members of the family, governed by the Christian tenderness which will ever keep in mind and reduce to practice the above cautions.—*Recorder, U. S.*

How frequently does the tried Christian mistake his troubles for proofs of his heavenly Father's displeasure.

A poor but worthy inhabitant of Paris, once went to the Bishop with a countenance beclouded, and a heart almost overwhelmed. "Father," said he, with the most profound humility, "I am a sinner, but it is against my will. Every hour I ask for light, and humbly pray for faith, but still I am overwhelmed with doubts; surely if I were not despised of God he would not leave me to struggle thus with the adversary of souls."

The Bishop thus consulted kindly his sorrowing son: "The king of France has two castles in different situations, and sends a commander to each of them. The Castle of Montelberry stands in a place remote from danger, far inland; but the Castle of La Rochelle is on the coast, where it is liable to continual sieges. Now which of these commanders, think you, stands highest in the estimation of the King—the commander of La Rochelle, or he of Montelberry?"

"Doubtless," said the poor man, "the King values him the most who has the hardest task, and braves the greatest dangers."

"Thou art right," replied the Bishop; "and now apply this matter to thy case and mine; for my heart is like the Castle of Montelberry and thine like that of Rochelle."

DEPARTURE OF THE SULTANEE—PRESENTS TO THE IMAUM OF MUSCAT.—The *Arcturion*, the Sultanee, sailed from New York, on the first of August, on her return to Muscat. She is to touch at Madeira, and from thence she proceeds directly to the sea of Arabia. The valuable presents which she brought to the Executive are all to be sold, and the avails are to go into the National Treasury. The commander of the Sultanee is a man of sense and education, and he easily comprehended the reason which prevented the acceptance of the presents of the Imaum by Mr. Van Buren. The rich and tasteful presents which he carries from our Government to the Imaum, will assist in rendering the result of the voyage acceptable to him.

Besides refitting the ship at the Navy Yard, Congress appropriated 15,000 dollars to be laid out in various articles suited to the taste and fancy of an Arab. Most of the presents are completed, and the public have had an opportunity to examine many of them. The richest thing of all, is a pleasure boat, built under the direction of Mr. Livingston, the Navy Agent. It is 30 feet long, by 4 wide, clinker built, of white cedar, and copper fastened. Her outside is enamelled white, and beautifully polished—the gunwale and row locks are lined with rich silver plate—the tiller, and even the rudder, the stanchions for supporting the awning, and the crescent with which each stanchion is surmounted, all heavily plated. The floor of the boat is covered with elegant Brussels carpet. The awning is of fine linen, lined with silk, and covers the whole boat. The seats and the sides are cushioned with rich damask silk, and the tiller ropes, and tassels, are also of silk—all making as pretty a thing as ever filled the eye of a sailor. Her cost is about 2,000 dollars.

Two large and elegant mirrors, and a magnificent chandelier, are among the presents, and we understand the President has directed specimens to be sent of every species of fire arms, and other military weapons, including not only those in authorized use in the army, but repeating guns, rifles, pistols, &c. and every description of swords in use by officers of different grades, artillery, dragoons, and others.—*N. Y. Herald.*

The celebrated German philosopher Kant, well observes, "Take from man hope and sleep, and you will make him the most wretched being on earth." Sleep is intended to refresh the body and

restore the mental faculties when exhausted by the fatigues of labour or mental exertion. It is impossible to specify the quantity of rest necessary for this purpose,—as too little sleep weakens the nervous system, and occasions diseases; while too much renders the mind dull, the body bloated and phlegmatic. We have many extraordinary examples of men, who, with a few hours of sleep, have lived to a great age in the enjoyment of health. Yet seven or eight hours, at least, in the four-and-twenty, seem to be requisite for the generality of mankind. Children require more sleep than grown persons, and the sick and convalescent more than the healthy. "Night is the time for rest," and the proper season for sleep, and few habits are more injurious than late hours.

DEEP SOUNDINGS.—Captain James Ross, R. N. found bottom 3d of March last, in lat. 33, 21 South, long. 94 East, at the depth of 2677 fathoms. He had over 5000 fathoms of line on the reel, and the weight employed was 540 lbs. Captain Ross says—'Nothing could be more satisfactory than this sounding, and it is the more so from showing that we have the means of getting soundings however deep the sea may be, and I trust our next trial will be in deeper water. I have ordered the line to be completed again to 5000 fathoms; but it would be useless to attempt it any more on this side of the Cape.' The mean velocity of the weight, in descending 2677 fathoms, was at the rate of three miles and one fifth per hour. The first fifty fathoms descended at the rate of 71 miles per hour, and the last 100 at 24. On a previous occasion Captain Ross found bottom at the depth of about 3700 fathoms, or about three miles!

HOW TO EAT STRAWBERRIES.—The Kilmarnock Journal says that those who have eaten strawberries served in the following manner, will never eat them in any other way. Place as many strawberries as will form one layer at the bottom of a dish; sift some fine loaf sugar over them; then place another layer and sift again. When there are five or six layers, cut a fresh lemon, and squeeze over them. Before they are helped, let them be gently disturbed, that they may have the benefit of the lemon and sugar.

The celebrated physician Barhave, through life, consecrated the first hour after he rose in the morning, to meditation and prayer, declaring that from thence he derived vigour and aptitude for business, together with equanimity under provocations, and a perfect conquest over his irascible passions. "The sparks of calumny," he would say, "will be presently extinct of themselves, unless you would blow them; and therefore, in return, he chooses rather to commend the good qualities of his calumniators, if they had any, than to dwell upon the bad."

A schoolmaster belonging to a small village in France, was deputed to compliment Louis XIV. as he passed through. A nobleman, who knew the place to be celebrated for an annual fair of asses, asked him in the middle of his speech, "how they sold last year." "My Lord," says the pedagogue, "those of your colour and size fetched little or nothing," and finished his harangue amid the applause of thousands.

The greatest man, says Channing, is he who chooses the right with invincible resolution; who resists the sorest temptation from within and without; who is calmest in storms, and most fearless under menaces and frowns; whose reliance on truth, on virtue, on God, is most unflinching.

Money invested in furniture, too expensive for a man's means, is worse than dead stock—because it requires, or at least induces a corresponding mode of living. The eye is ill pleased at the expense of comfort—and to fill a sheriff's inventory is small ambition.

Who will sleep on feathers this hot weather? inquires the 'Journal of Health.' Many do, and then complain of weakness, heat, lassitude, &c. Throw feathers, as well as physic to the dogs, if you want health and strength.

The silk worm was first introduced into Europe by two monks, from Persia, who were missionaries. The silk-worms were secretly carried in a hollow cane.

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