

Fair Artist, this poor song of praise,

Amidst his native bowers,

Acadia's humblest poet pays

For these delightful flowers.

[ANON.—May, 1840.]

To point out the fine touches of these lines would be superfluous. The dulcet flow of the metre, the appropriate diction, the poetic exultation over the perpetuation of the flowers, and the well turned compliments,—all show the tuneful and thoughtful skill of the bard.

The last of our quotations is like unto its forerunner, in excellence. It brings us back to our exordium.

"THE MERRY MORN OF MAY."—(BEATTIE.)

Come forth, young men and maidens,

So light of heart and gay,

To celebrate with Nature

"The merry morn of May."

Come whilst the wild birds, singing,

Make glad the vocal air;

Come whilst the wild flowers, springing,

Make e'en the desert fair.

Seek out amidst the woodlands

Some lovely sylvan scene,

And crown the best and sweetest

Your proud and happy Queen.

Then wreath your brows with garlands,

And form the fairy ring,

And hail with choral voices

The bright return of Spring.

Come forth, young men and maidens—

Come—light of heart and gay,

And celebrate with Nature

"The merry morn of May!"

[J. MCP.—May 1, 1840.]

This is a regular May morn carol. It trolls on sweetly and simply, as a set of little silver bells, and we cannot do better than close our cogitations with its music.

Some excuse may be made for this our celebration of the first of May, in the beginning of June, for June is here, in effect, the old country May. We get the balmy airs, and the gay flowers, and the green meadows, and the budding groves, which make glad the heart of man, as a new life after the death of winter, about four weeks behind our friends in the Old Country. Should we complain at this? By no means, when Spring comes it comes in its glory,—and how nobly are we compensated at the other end of the vernal months. While at "Home" they are talking of their "brown October," and resigning themselves to the rough usage of winter's herald,—we are luxuriating in some of the loveliest weather that ever wraps our sphere in any quarter of the heavens: a clear sky, the forest decked like a tulip bed, the lawns literally breathing richness, and a haze fluttering over the landscape, as the loving lark over its beloved, grassy nest.

So much then for May, and May Flowers, in this its sister month; and many thanks to the lovers of nature whose communications have suggested thoughts, of little value in themselves, perhaps, but soothing to the thinker, and too apt to be forgotten amid the lumber of every-day existence.

(PEARL.)

For the Pearl.

#### A SCENE OF TRIAL.

Come then ye sons of men and mourn with me,  
Without vain thoughts or any sensual pride,  
But to the great Creator bow the knee,  
And in his mercy and his grace confide;  
And even when misfortune, such as mine,  
Does counter to our dearest wishes run,  
And cut the thread that our best hopes entwined,  
Then let us all vain thoughts and murmuring shun,  
But say with heart and voice, Great God thy will be done.

MR. EDITOR,

I some time ago laid before your readers a death bed scene, where the dying person, was the principal object of sympathy and commiseration. This, however, is not always the case; sometimes the sufferings of those who are left most engage our attention.—Such a scene I have now to narrate.

Let us imagine a kind, sensitive and affectionate woman,—mother of a large family of beautiful and interesting children, whom she idolizes in their infancy, and towards whom affection and love, if possible, grow with their growth, and strengthen with their strength. How her joy increases, and how her happiness expands, as the objects of her maternal tenderness approach to maturity, and manifest every appearance of becoming the strength, the stay and the comfort, of her declining years. Such a mother, and such a family, is the object of the present article. Of all her children, she whom I shall call Augusta, was the favourite; not from any undue partiality,—but Augusta was her first-born,—and was not only the sprightly and agreeable companion, the dutiful and affectionate daughter, but she was her mother's active and able assistant

in forming the minds of the junior branches of the family, and in all the multiplied duties of life.

To all the lighter and more amiable traits of the female character, Augusta added that of judgement and understanding. Her natural and acquired capabilities, and her facility of communicating her ideas, were such,—that to converse with her was to receive instruction, conveyed in the most easy and agreeable manner. She was, accordingly, the favourite of every person who had the pleasure of her acquaintance,—and the light, the life, and the joy of her father's house. Such was Augusta yesterday, at the blooming of twenty-two,—such indeed was she this morning,—what is she now? now at the noon of the same day? Reader, she is dead!—she is arrayed in burial clothes! and they are preparing her body for the grave!

O what a reverse—what a sad reverse for her family—what a dreadful—dreadful change. Of the anguish of the father, sisters, and brothers, I might tell in language that perhaps would convey some slight idea of the reality—but of the mother, of the kind hearted and affectionate mother,—she who could weep like a child at the death or suffering of a stranger, and who regarded her dear Augusta as the apple of her eye,—who is it that can sufficiently portray her sufferings? The pen of a Burns or a Byron would fail to do it—for there is nothing in language equal to the task.

Are there any hopes of comfort for her this side of the grave? Come ye wise ones of the earth, ye are in duty bound to use your endeavours to mitigate the sufferings of poor human nature, how would ye alleviate the pangs of the heart broken mother, bereaved of such a daughter?

Ye whose wisdom leads you to seek for comfort in the fashionable circle, who have largely partaken of the joys arising therefrom, and have become rotaries of fashion,—do ye advise her to mingle with society, and promise her relief, by a change of scenes and faces? Ye greatly err. In the whole broad range of society she might not find her lost one's equal, and if she did, it would only bring her own dear child more forcibly to her recollection. The lively scenes and the happy faces would make her own loneliness more dreadful to be borne—and could not yield relief.

Ye Latitudinarians—ye may offer her comfort in forgetfulness—and tell her that time will blunt the edge of her grief, by obliterating the past—*Out upon such counsel!* The present moment, with all its bitterness of grief, is infinitely preferable to the dreadful idea, that at any future time the recollection of her departed child, should be less acute or less sensitive, than at the present moment. Forget her, dear Augusta! That thought falls on her heart like a bolt of ice, and in mercy to her do not mention it again.

Ye who claim to be ambassadors from the most High, ye may, some of you, endeavour to convey comfort to this afflicted mother, by calling to her mind the piety of her who is to be laid in the grave,—ye may tell her of good works,—of her exemplary walk through life, and of the proofs which she gave of her heart weaned from things of this world! *You more than mock her.* Augusta cared for her father, mother, sisters and brothers—she was anxious and solicitous for the comfort and happiness of all around her, for this her mind was exercised and her hands employed; and when the awful moment arrived, she was attending to the comforts of the mother—to whom you would vainly offer counsel—and she had not time to say "*God have mercy on me.*" Ye mistaken men, offer nothing in the way of consolation under such trying circumstances, unless ye can offer something more substantial, than alienation from the world, good works, and such like.

Ye Philosophers,—do ye set your maxims in array before her, and talk of the magnanimity of subduing our grief, of meeting the casualties of this life with resignation, and preach loud and long of patience. *Away with you!*—have ye not taught her to bear with resignation and patience, the cares and the labours, and the heavy responsibilities of watching over the helpless infancy and early childhood of her for whom this afflicted woman mourns, and offered as a reward, the comfort and happiness, which her daughter would be to her, in her declining years? And now would you come forward with your stale and hacknied arguments,—arguments which have heretofore often cheated mankind,—which have outwitted but not convinced in their best days. *Away with you!*—even all you wise ones of the earth—your counsels may serve to amuse at the times of health and strength and prosperity,—but when the hour of adversity comes,—when death is busy with us, or with such as our soul delights in,—when the affectionate mother is called on to mourn for such a daughter,—stricken to death in a moment, while life was in its morning, and expectation joyous and buoyant,—then the best of your wisdom has no more effect, than the idle winds that play around the house top.

What then—must this devoted sufferer give herself up to the blackness and darkness of despair? Is there no hope—no comfort—no consolation?—There is!

Would this afflicted mother intensely mourn, for any extensive period, if her Augusta was gone, on a visit of a few days, a few months, or, happily, for a few years, to a friend's house, where unalloyed happiness awaited her, and where no evil could possibly befall her; and where, after a short period, she should again meet her daughter, be restored to her society, enjoy her converse, and partake of her happiness? where, in process of time, all her little ones should be gathered around her, never again to be separated from her maternal arms, but should continue together in uninterrupted joy and happiness? If all this were sure and not to be doubted,

would there be cause of excessive grief? Some grief there would be, because we are frail in judgment, but ought it to be excessive? Ought not rather a short interval of grief give place to hope and comfort, and indeed to joy and gladness? Such hope does the cheering voice of Christianity hold out to us,—why then should this afflicted mother or any of the mourners despair? The Son of God said, "*Fear not, because I live ye shall live also.*" and He has verified this promise, given us hope beyond the grave, and brought life and immortality to light, by himself rising from the dead, by triumphantly breaking the barriers of the tomb, and by ascending to heaven, in the presence of competent witnesses, who have placed it on record for the comfort of all those who study the Scriptures.

Let this afflicted mother, and all those who have similar cause of despondence, rest their hopes here. This is high authority, and cannot fail us in the time of need,—and with these, in our mind, we have every cause of comfort, and little of despondency, much less of despair.

THE LAYMAN.

May, 1840.

For the Pearl.

#### NOTIONS ON ANGLING.

BY A LITTLE FISH.

An angler, our common enemy, my fellow fish, may be described generally, as a deceitful, conceited, hard-hearted, ninny. (Applause.)

His art, as the affected thing calls catching us, consists, acknowledgedly, in deception. To beguile a trout is the height of his skill; his triumph; his pride! (cries of shame.) To tell practical falsehoods is the end and aim of his multifarious materials. His fly-fabricator is, by profession, a maker of lies,—and for the purpose of gulling and gilling innocent fish. In these lies is the angler a connoisseur; he stores them carefully, and vends them zealously, as if his existence depended on out-witting us. (Shame.) He has a rod for over-reaching our pearly domain,—a treacherous line for laying into our cool recesses,—manufactured insects to amuse our fancies, and under each, a hook, to pierce, in the moment we nibble for food. Sometimes he sallies forth, with a stock of worms, on which some of our commonwealth love to regale. He comes with this fish's bread, offers it, and, as we rise to partake, gives us his cold and cruel steel. (Shame, shame.) Yes,—and yet this practiced deceiver would foam like a war horse, if one of his fellows were to charge him with falsehood. (Laughs of contempt.) Time would fail me to recite all the systematic deception which characterises the angler,—in proportion as he can cheat us,—play us in our death agonies,—and lure us from this sweet atmosphere to the poison of his own, is he considered accomplished in his department. (Shame, shame, shame.) Then, as regards conceit, he calls this out-witting of us, stream-born, finny fools,—an art! a delightful art! a gentle occupation, a sport, a pleasure!!! Would that he could see himself and his traps, as we see him and them. (Hear, hear.) He also affects to love nature, to delight in rambling among her retired scenery, and raves of many such things, put into his mouth by poets, who make the most of every subject, and are the privileged nonsense makers of the two-legged tribe. We know how he mopes, frog-like, about the stones, and mud banks,—and on dull days, when our own domain loses half its beauty,—blind to every thing around him,—intent only on hooking some of us, as if his own life depended on our death. (Shame.)

Conceited and deceptions, he is also lazy, in his way,—when any thing useful is to be done. He hates work,—he turns up his nose, with great contempt, at actual labour,—he counts his cost and his profit as if he were laying by for eternity; and yet, he goes floundering through ditch and swamp, deep in damp and mire, far away from shelter and comfort, toiling like a slave, to catch what he can get caught to his hand, at one fiftieth part of the cost. (A laugh.) He returns, weary and worn, talking of the sport he has had, and exhibiting his spoil; while, alas! urchins, whose trade it is to draw from our reservoirs, offer our brethren by the dozen at his door. (A laugh and groans.)

But, my fellow-fish, we are sometimes avenged. Innumerable are the ways in which the gentle vice of angling rebounds on those who call themselves the lords of Creation. Thus, idling, and drinking of the fire water, and blindness of intellect, and deadness to duties, and disobedience, and recklessness, and cruelty, and many other evils, are fostered in early life,—until the angler's rod may well be considered emblematic of that which is intended for the fool's back, and which falls hot and heavy, frequently, as experience proves. (Applause, and clapping of many fins.)

If our enemy were the dignified, rational creature which he plumes himself on being, could he not revel harmlessly amid nature's scenery,—catch her peculiarities, and beauties, study rural life,—and, leaving us to enjoy our fate, only kill, and destroy when his necessities require,—and not, in accordance with the organ of destructiveness, and, as he cruelly terms it, for sport. If he put this wise restraint on his follies, we would glide more fearlessly through our transparent plains,—would rise and gambol nearer the sunny surface, and delight him with our motions, and forms, and colours, if, as he professes, he is capable of delight from such matters. (Hear, hear.)

I will no longer detain you, my deeply attentive friends. The sun-beams grow hotter among the aquatic grasses, and flowers;