

Technical and Bibliographic Notes/Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured covers/  
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged/  
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated/  
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing/  
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps/  
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/  
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations/  
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material/  
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion  
along interior margin/  
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la  
distortion le long de la marge intérieure
- Blank leaves added during restoration may  
appear within the text. Whenever possible, these  
have been omitted from filming/  
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées  
lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte,  
mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont  
pas été filmées.
- Additional comments:/  
Commentaires supplémentaires:

- Coloured pages/  
Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged/  
Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated/  
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/  
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached/  
Pages détachées
- Showthrough/  
Transparence
- Quality of print varies/  
Qualité inégale de l'impression
- Includes supplementary material/  
Comprend du matériel supplémentaire
- Only edition available/  
Seule édition disponible
- Pages wholly or partially obscured by errata  
slips, tissues, etc., have been refilmed to  
ensure the best possible image/  
Les pages totalement ou partiellement  
obscurcies par un feuillet d'errata, une pelure,  
etc., ont été filmées à nouveau de façon  
à obtenir la meilleure image possible.

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/  
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

|                          |                          |                                     |                          |                          |                          |
|--------------------------|--------------------------|-------------------------------------|--------------------------|--------------------------|--------------------------|
| 10X                      | 14X                      | 18X                                 | 22X                      | 26X                      | 30X                      |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 12X                      | 16X                      | 20X                                 | 24X                      | 28X                      | 32X                      |

741

# OAK LEAVES.

BY

E. N. L.

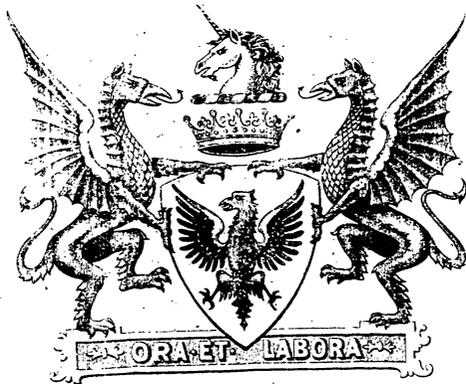
---

HALIFAX, N. S.

PRINTED BY WM. MACNAB, 11 PRINCE ST.

1869.

111



Dalhousie College Library

*The*

JOHN JAMES STEWART  
COLLECTION

# OAK LEAVES.

BY

E. N. L.

5014 - Mar. 22 / 20

## CONTENTS.

|  | Page. |
|--|-------|
| The Young Barrister.....               | 3     |
| Doctor D—k—r.....                      | 10    |
| A Score of Questions.....              | 12    |
| Answers.....                           | 13    |
| Lines to a New York Gent.....          | 16    |
| Lines on the Death of Carrie Hume..... | 17    |
| "    "    "    Miss E. Clarke.....     | 17    |
| To Hattie.....                         | 19    |
| Twenty-five Questions.....             | 20    |
| Answers.....                           | 21    |
| Poor Rose.....                         | 24    |
| Come to the Concert.....               | 30    |
| The Artist.....                        | 31    |
| Two Days in Woodstock.....             | 33    |
| Sermon by the Rev. R. C. Nelson.....   | 34    |
| Man.....                               | 41    |
| A Visit to Fundas Temple.....          | 48    |
| To Dr. Stillwell.....                  | 49    |
| An Advertisement.....                  | 50    |
| Life.....                              | 51    |
| To a Beloved Friend.....               | 53    |
| Joy and Sorrow.....                    | 54    |



## Oak Leaves.

---

### THE YOUNG BARRISTER.

YE Templars good, pray hear my lay,  
A simple, honest tale,  
Against the use of Whiskey Old,  
Of Brandy, Gin, and Ale.

No fiction shall your ears enchain,  
But truth will I rehearse ;  
My hero I will introduce  
In strains of modest verse.

A Scottish youth of high degree,  
In science deeply skill'd ;  
Well taught in legal mysteries,  
His brain with knowledge fill'd,

Set out to view America,  
Himself to satisfy  
If any other land there was  
Like his beneath the sky.

Across the Western main he sped,  
And came to Charlottetown,  
Expecting not to find a maid  
To whom he could bow down,

But soon he spied a dimpled face  
That made him softly sigh ;  
That stole his heart and made it her's,  
With one glance of her eye.

He told the maid the touching tale :—  
With pride the fact she learn'd :—  
He blessed the day he went from home,  
And found his love return'd.

With joy he clasp'd her promised hand  
And proudly call'd her his ;  
In happiness she own'd the spell ;  
And both believ'd it bliss.

But one sad note must come to sound  
More mournfully my theme,  
For one sad night of sorrow came  
To mar their pleasing dream.

The Barrister, in all good faith,  
To see his lady fair,  
With burnished locks and heart elate,  
Himself he did prepare.

But ere he rang the willing bell,  
He needs must *make a call*,  
He "did not mean to tarry long,—  
Just quench his thirst, 'twas all."

His love began to think it late ;  
" He does not mean to come ;  
I wonder what can have occur'd  
To keep my dear at home ! "

But soon within her parlor door  
She spied his well-known form,  
And ran to clasp his hand in her's,  
With words of welcome warm.

With strange, unsteady step he came  
Within the lady's door ;  
He gave one wild, bewilder'd look,—  
And *tumbl'd on the floor !*

O lady ! now behold your hopes,  
In ashes lying low ;  
You little thought your barrister  
Would e'er affront you so !

She quickly call'd assistance in  
To take the drunken man ;  
" Make haste," she cried, " remove this sot,  
With all the speed you can. "

Then straightway out they carried him,  
A dull, unconscious clod ;  
Poor soul ! your hopes of wedded bliss  
Are now beneath the sod !

Once more he walked the city street  
Toward the rolling tide ;  
For he no more in Charlottetown  
Could joyously abide.

But with the same unsteady step,  
Adown the wharf he strode,  
That marked his sad departure from  
His lady-love's abode.

And up the good ship's side he went,  
And tried the deck to gain ;  
But Old Sir Alcohol was there ;—  
His efforts all were vain !

With nervous hand he grasped the rail ;  
But ah ! no strength had he !  
His feeble fingers clutched the air ; —  
He tumbled in the sea !

A noble comrade sprang amain  
And caught his sinking head ;  
And but for that good *temperate man*  
The barrister were dead !

The cold and bleak December wind  
Had swept the river dark,  
And formed a crust of sparkling ice  
Around the stately bark.

He fell with heavy crash, and struck  
The surface shining bright ;  
A heavy groan escaped his lips ;—  
He vanished out of sight !

With active hand, and powerful grasp  
His flaccid form they caught,  
And snatched him from a watery grave  
With motion quick as thought.

Toward the "Island Home" they bore  
His cold and dripping form,  
Where consciousness was soon restored  
By cordials kind and warm.

His faithful friend beside him watched  
Till peeping dawn of day;  
But clouds of frost swept o'er the Isle,  
And now he must away.

He rose with aching heart and brain,  
With feeble, trembling limb;  
He left the courteous "Island Home,"  
And *one* who wept for him.

Again he crossed the western main  
And sought his own bright home,  
Resolved that he no more would go,  
In foreign lands to roam.

A doting mother caught his hand  
With fond maternal grasp,  
And tenderly he press'd her brow  
And hand with loving clasp.

"My son!" she cried, "my dearest son!  
You're welcome home again!  
Kind Providence has brought you back  
Across the stormy main.

Oh! say you never, never more  
Will wander from my sight;—  
Those eyes are dearer far to me  
Than morning's rosy light.

"Dear mother, I have cross'd the seas,  
And viewed a goodly land;  
But better far has been to me  
The clasp of thy lov'd hand."

"My son," she said, "your words are balm,  
To soothe my troubled soul;—  
O say are joys as sweet as these  
Within the madd'ning bowl?"

Ah! stay with thy sweet sisters, stay!  
For they have lov'd thee well;  
Thy widow'd mother bears thee now  
A love no tongue can tell;

"No more I'll leave my friends," he said,  
"To roam in distant lands;  
A widow'd mother, sad and lone  
My heart's best love demands.

I'll sit me in my happy home,  
I'll go no more astray,  
But walk with you, my sisters fair,  
In wisdom's pleasant way."

"Then promise me you'll touch no more  
The hateful, deadly bowl;  
But cast its bitter dregs from out  
Your inmost heart and soul.

Is it a pleasure pure and high  
To drain the fiery cup?"

"No! for its poison burns the heart,  
And dries its fountains up!"

“Then cast the serpent from your arms ;  
His fangs are at your breast !  
And far from haunts of vice retire :  
'Tis virtue makes us blest.”

“I will !” he cried, “by Heaven I will !  
I'll dash the poison down !  
And if I break my vow to God !  
Then let me meet his frown !”

But straightway forth he went, the same  
Unchang'd, unthinking man,  
And steep'd his brain in liquid fire,  
As he at first began.

To dull the pain that rack'd his brain,  
And quench the fever's glow,  
He quaff'd a strong narcotic draught,  
And donn'd his hat to go.

The evening train from Manchester,  
Swept from the little town,  
And slowly in a sleeping car  
Alone he laid him down.

He closed his heavy drooping lids ;—  
Fast flew the clanging train ;  
And darkly fell the gloomy night,  
And dropped the misty rain.

The midnight lamps were winking low,  
The sable clouds look'd down,  
When slowly wound the freighted train  
Within the silent town.

A friendly form came kindly in,  
 To wake the slumbering youth ;  
 A lusty call—but no reply ;—  
 “ A sleeper sound in truth ! ”

He raised the pale unconscious face,—  
 Back fell the drooping head,  
 No breath escap'd those livid lips ;—  
 The barrister was dead !

Ah ! who will cheer that widow lone ?  
 Those weeping sisters soothe,—  
 That reverend brother who had oft  
 Bewail'd the wayward youth ?

What word of comfort dare we breathe,  
 When, toss'd by passion's storm,  
 A soul is plac'd before his God  
 By death in such a form ?

---

DOCTOR D—K—R.

1. I saw a brow—'twas very dark ;  
 A form—'twas like a wrecker ;  
 That brow, that form, that sunken eye  
 Belonged to Doctor D—k—r.
2. I saw a gent ride down the street,  
 His brain was crazed with liquor ;  
 I marvell'd who that man might be ;  
 'Twas said 'twas Doctor D—k—r.
3. There sat beside the social board  
 Of one good Mrs. Hecker,  
 A doleful, dismal, doltish man,—  
 That man was Doctor D—k—r !

4. I saw an old grey fortress dim  
Where bright Aroostic's ripples flecker,  
That structure old contained a pair.  
And *one* was Doctor D—k—r!
5. I heard a man insult his wife;  
With smut he tried to speck her,  
And then exposed the spot to view—  
'Twas that same Doctor D—k—r.
6. A British lady asked his aid;  
With spleen he did attack her;  
She smiled and said, "I thank you, Sir,  
Good morning, Doctor D—k—r."
7. Her guide, an honest Birtish boy,  
Observed he tried to peck her;  
Quoth John, "I'll deal one British thump,  
'Twill fall on Doctor D—k—r!"
8. Then with a little pointed thorn,  
Where leaves and sunbeams checker,  
She drew a little hasty sketch,  
And thought of Doctor D—k—r.
9. John cracked his whip,—they crossed the line  
The muse had nought to check her;  
She raised the sketch,—"Bravo," cried John,  
"That's ugly Doctor D—k—r."
10. 'Twas not, 'twas not on British ground,  
They tried to spot or fleck her;  
'Twas no whole souled American:  
'TWAS ONLY DOCTOR D—K—R!!!

## A SCORE OF QUESTIONS.

1. What virtue do you most desire ?
2. What motto do you most admire ?
3. What is your favorite flower and tree ?
4. What character in History ?
5. Next who inspires you with aversion ?
6. What is your favorite diversion ?
7. What occupation suits you best ?
8. What is the thing you most detest ?
9. Your greatest weakness now declare.
10. What season is to you most fair ?

## ANSWERS.

1. Sincerity, my friend, O spotless truth,  
The brightest ornament of age or youth.
2. "Do right," my motto is, and still shall be,  
While sailing life's tempestuous, troubled sea.
3. Go read the title of my little book ;  
You'll see the flower on which I love to look.  
Go view the woods that skirt the swift St. John,  
The graceful elm stands fair to look upon.
4. My model character 's in Holy Writ ;  
Good Joseph stands as an example fit.
5. The person vile who basely sets the snare,  
And seeks to sully viture pure and fair,
6. My favorite sport is riding-out at morn,  
When golden tints the verdant hills adorn.
7. To earn my bread I love to wield my pen,  
Nor stoop to ask emolument of men.
8. I most detest to have my books refused,  
And most rejoice to know they are perused.
6. My greatest weakness has been, heretofore,  
My *limbs*, when I have walked ten miles or more.
10. The season that to me has seemed most fair  
Was *when a suitor did his love declare.*

## QUESTIONS CONTINUED.

11. What favorite color charms your eye?
12. What work of art stands first and high?
13. Your favorite sculptor, painter, poet?
14. Hero, and heroine, if you know it?
15. Do children please or tease your mind?
16. The dark or bright in life do you find?
17. Prefer you solitude or social hours?
18. Have you responsive or suggestive powers?
19. Say do you like the "Animated No"?\*
20. And now, reveal your name, and you may go.

HARRY HODSON.

\* A new Pamphlet.

## ANSWERS CONTINUED.

- 11 The shade that most should captivate my eye,  
Should surely be his hair—*whatever dye.*
12. The man who has the art my heart to charm;  
Displays the finest art and noblest arm. *leg*
13. Dear D— of London did the three combine,  
But he in mending one poor heart—broke mine.
14. My favorite hero then of course was he—  
Of heroines the greatest sure was she—  
Who conquered *him*, and took my D— from me.
15. The little fairy imps I don't dislike—  
Sweet Susey, Kate, or curley-headed Mike.
16. You ask if bright or dark in life I find ;  
Why both, dear friend, are sure to be combined.
17. Without my social hours I could not live ;  
But sometimes solitude true peace can give.
18. Why sometimes I have heard myself suggest,  
At other times response has answer'd best.
19. As yet I have not read your "Animated No."  
And early Monday morning mean to go.
20. You wish my name ; consult the *Morning News* :  
And pardon me if this I should refuse.

Having been accidentally introduced to a very spruce young gent from New York, a prominent trait in whose character was *special devotion to the ladies*, the author was solicited by him on the plea of friendship, for a few verses, and he was presented with the following:—

Dear Harry, you asked me to send you some verses,  
Of course I at once shall comply,  
And take for the theme of my comments the friendship  
Subsisting between you and I.

But tell me now, Harry, and answer sincerely,  
How deep does your friendship extend?  
For deeper than oceans, and richer than diamonds  
I deem the true heart of a friend.

Perhaps, if you knew I was fainting with hunger,  
You'd send by your *lady* some bread;  
Or if you should hear I had crossed the dark river,  
You'd answer, "poor thing, she is dead."

But oh not a single salt tear could you muster,  
Nor once heave your breast with a sigh;  
That the worms should enjoy such a bountiful breakfast,  
As doubtless they would on poor I.

Perchance if I happened to slip from my footing,  
And roll 'neath the merciless wave,  
And you should be standing hard by, a spectator,  
You'd scream—"O won't somebody save!"

But to venture your own noble form in the water,  
I fancy you'd rather decline,  
And indulge not the faintest idea of risking  
Your precious existence for mine.

## LINES

WRITTEN ON THE DEATH OF LITTLE CARRIE HUME, OF JACKSONVILLE,  
ST. JOHN RIVER.

1. Sweet babe, the bright angels have called thee,  
To dwell in that region above,  
Where no sorrow or pain can come nigh thee,  
Within the bright "Eden of Love."
2. Thou wast set like a gem in our household,  
To bid every bosom rejoice ;  
And sweet as the music of heaven,  
Rang out the lov'd tones of thy voice.
3. Though sadly we wept to resign thee,  
Dear Lamb, to thy Saviour's fold,  
Yet a portion is thine more enduring,  
More precious than silver or gold.
4. We'll dry up the tears that are falling  
So thickly around thy low grave ;  
Believing our Father in kindness  
Has taken again what he gave.

## LINES

ON THE DEATH OF MISS ELIZABETH CLARKE.

Sweet was the face and bright the smile,  
Where the hectic flush was glowing,  
And we scarce believed that the gentle maid  
Of our love was surely going.

But fainter, fainter grew each pulse,  
For the fleeting breath was flying,  
And bitterly, bitterly dropped our tears  
When our best beloved lay dying.

Her heart was firm, her eye was fixed  
On the Mighty Rock of Ages,  
Who takes the weary Lambs in His arms  
And every pain asuages.

Calmly she spoke of her burial rites,  
"In muslin white you'll enfold me,  
And there is one whom I know will weep,  
When he comes the last time to behold me;

And lay me down in the old Church Yard,  
Where a mother's tears will water  
The lowly plants that her hand will place  
On the lonely grave of her daughter."

Though her youthful friends might think it hard,  
As they cluster'd in sorrow around her;  
Yet death, she said, had no sting for her,  
And no fetter of fear had bound her.

"And many, many a lonesome hour,  
Dear mother you'll spend without me;  
And many a day will come and go  
Ere you cease to sorrow about me.

But oh when your wearisome journey is o'er,  
And you enter the heavenly portals,  
I'll welcome you then from this region of pain  
To the rest of the blessed immortals."

Then tenderly bent that mother down,  
Saying "Darling, O you are dying."  
"I know," she answered, "this feeble frame  
Will soon in repose be lying."  
The eye grew dim, and the white lips cold,  
The hectic flush had faded,  
And calmly that gentle spirit soar'd  
To the presence of Him who made it.

---

## TO HATTIE.

Dear Hattie, accept of these verses,  
Though not very gracefully penn'd,  
They come with a gush of affection  
From out the true heart of a friend.  
Three days of bright sunshine unclouded  
Have fled to the past since we met,  
But thy angel-like sweetness I never  
Till life's latest day can forget.  
Thy voice is like silvery music :  
Thy accents are gentle and kind ;  
No lovelier maid in New Brunswick,  
The tourist or pilgrim can find.  
O Hattie ! I pray the good angels  
To guard thee from sorrow or ill ;  
And whate'er be thy portion, believe me  
This true heart will cherish thee still.  
Though oceans may, henceforth, divide us,  
Though regions afar I may roam,  
Yet my heart will return to the river  
That ripples by Hattie's sweet home.

## TWENTY-FIVE QUESTIONS.

PROPOUNDED BY C. T. ZEALAND, OF NEW YORK.

1. What is Life?
2. What is Sight?
3. What is Impression?
4. What is Inclination?
5. What is Reciprocity?
6. What is Affection?
7. What is Love?
8. What is Faith?
9. What is Hope?
10. What is Charity?
11. What is Acuteness?
12. What is Knowledge?

## ANSWERS.

1. A dream—a shade that mocks the gazer's sight;  
A star that shines an hour, then sets in night.
2. 'Tis seeing objects as they really are,  
And knowing what we see, dear questioner.
3. A picture brightly painted on the mind,  
A lasting impress stamp'd—of any kind.
4. That feeling of the heart that bids us strive,  
For any cherished object while we live.
5. When we are lov'd 'tis but to love again,  
Or injured, 'tis to render pain for pain.
6. That sweet emotion of the human mind,  
When heart to heart, and soul to soul is join'd.
7. A sacred fire from God's own Heaven sent down,  
To cheer our poor cold hearts when tempests frown.
8. 'Tis simply, trust, dear friend, 'tis to believe  
That he who promises will not deceive.
9. The beacon to illumine our weary life,  
To light us through its storms and restless strife.
10. To feed the hungry—clothe the wretched poor—  
And scan our *neighbours foibles* gently o'er.
11. 'Tis aptness—'tis a quick discerning mind,  
By which we judge the actions of mankind.
12. A man of fame has told us it is power;  
A noble weapon in an evil hour.

13. What is Avarice ?
14. What is Science ?
15. What is Wisdom ?
16. What is Satisfaction ?
17. What is Selfishness ?
18. What is Contentment ?
19. What is Vanity ?
20. What is Solitude ?
21. What is Beauty ?
22. What is Loneliness ?
23. What is Sublimity ?
24. What is Honor ?
25. What is a Fearful Thought ?

13. 'Tis watching, catching, gouging other men,  
'Tis scraping, pinching, hoarding—feasting then.
14. 'Tis a wide field where intellect can range,  
And scan full many objects wondrous strange.
15. The light of reason and philosophy,  
By which we grasp at truths sublime and high.
16. 'Tis a sensation felt when duty's done,  
Or any great achievement fairly won.
17. A trait by which we mark the little soul,  
Whose *wants* and *wishes* all his thoughts control.
18. 'Tis that blest state which none on earth can know,  
It is not given to mortals here below.
19. An overweening judgment of one's self;  
Proud of one's person, rank or pelf.
20. 'Tis walking through the heartless, busy throng,  
Without one trusty arm to lean upon.
21. The highest type of beauty is the tutored mind  
Incapable of thoughts or words unkind.
22. A poor old bachelor upon a winter night,  
Is surely in a sad and lonesome plight.
23. What sight on earth is more sublime to see  
Than that same man if he should *wedded* be?
24. To keep your word, a sacred, lasting bond,  
And from your first affianced ne'er abscond.
25. To live and die without one faithful friend:  
So now I hope your questions have an end.

## POOR ROSE.

Sir Chesnut met poor Rose one day,  
As down the street she hasted,  
With motion light and heart as free  
As any little busy bee  
That tulip just had tasted.

He took her gentle hand in his,  
And spoke in words most kindly,—  
“Pray how are you, sweet Rose, to-day?  
It seems to me you’ve been away;—  
Indeed you’re looking finely!”

Poor Rose looked down, and blushing, sighed,  
Half satisfied, half sadly;—  
“I have been gone a week or so,—  
I’m on the wide world now, you know,—  
And doing not so badly.”

“They tell me you have sang sweet strains  
That have enchanted greatly;—  
Indeed I own their charms for me,  
As you, dear Rose, ere long will see,—  
I’ve been so busy lately!

“But tell me, Rose, have all the plants  
Entreated you most blandly?  
I’m sure your honest sparkling eyes  
Will find their way without disguise  
To every heart that’s manly!”

“You know, Sir Chesnut, empty praise  
I neither seek nor relish;

But words of truth and actions kind—  
The noble heart—the upright mind—  
The plainest form embellish.

I've roamed our lovely Island o'er ;  
I've talked with judge and peasant ;  
I've sat with ladies fair and high ;  
Than whom no star that light's our sky  
Sheds brighter beams at present.

And gladly they have heard my songs,  
And gratefully rewarded ;  
And sweet their kindness was to me,  
And in their homes I loved to be,  
And by them am regarded.

But one hard heart was set, to make  
More beautiful the contrast ;  
And one harsh word threw tenfold back  
The golden beams that o'er my track  
With this dark shade held contest.

Within our city stands a dome.  
With ancient gate and gable ;  
No fragrant rose entwines the door,  
No woodbine climbs the portal o'er,  
No blossoms grace the table.

These outward signs proclaim a tale,  
Yet I was recommended  
To offer there a touching lay,  
Before I turned my steps away,  
And distant hills ascended.

The dame who rules this lordly hall,  
With haughty pride inflated,  
Had with an old and churlish soul,  
Who even there held slight control,  
In early life been mated.

I culled a bunch of dewy buds,  
Just bursting freshly open,  
And wreathed a garland round my lyre,  
Of fragrant, wild and blushing 'Brier'—  
Love's purest, sweetest token.

With nervous hand I drew the bell,—  
A menial bade me enter :  
But something whispered in my ear,—  
'Poor Rose, you're off the track, my dear :—  
You hadn't better venture !'

The gaudy dame in state reclined  
Beside a gorgeous table,  
And, clad in gaily trimmed attire,  
Her 'daughter dear' stood by the fire,  
As prim as she was able.

The faltering maid approached the dame,  
And spoke in words unsteady :  
'Miss Rose, who decks her lyre and sings,  
A wreath of sweet 'Wild Brier' brings  
For you my noble lady.'

A frown came o'er the lady's brow,  
Like gust on placid water :  
She 'ministered a sharp reproof,

That fell like hail on cottage roof;—  
And flouncing went her daughter!

‘Indeed, Miss Rose, against your themes  
My heart I quite have hardened.  
I wish to know on what pretense  
You come, with upstart want of sense?—  
Such boldness won’t be pardoned!’

I told her I was struggling hard—  
And *meant to pay the printer*;  
‘Vain thing!’ she cried, ‘You’ve acted wrong,  
And that you’ll find ere very long,  
Such heavy debt to enter!’

‘Nay nay, good lady!’ I replied,  
And cast *one glance* upon her;  
‘The noble artizan, you see,  
No other pledge has asked of me,  
Except *my word of honor*.’

‘O, then,’ she cried, ‘the risk is his!—  
Good folks why should you trouble  
With childish rhymes so rough and rude;  
I wonder how you dare intrude  
On *me*, with such a bubble!’

I get *my* songs from *England old*—  
Not from *Provincial* rabble!  
’Twere fitter far *I* gave to *you*,  
Than *you presume* to bring to view,  
Or offer *me* such babble!’

I glided out the lordly hall ;—  
 I bowed a mild \*good morning ;'  
 With lofty spirit strong to bear  
 Their haughty, cold, unmeaning stare,  
 Their heartless, soulless scorning !

Had they but deigned, last night, to hear  
 Our noble Scottish Thistle,\*  
 Unfold the injured Poet's soul ;—  
 Portray the clouds that round him roll  
 When tyrants cast the missile.

(But as they were not there *to learn*,  
 They doubtless *did not know it* ;)  
 He told us it was never safe  
 With words of insult keen to chafe  
*The strong the deathless poet !*

The Jews possessed the promised land,  
 . Though Pharoah's heart was harden'd ;  
 And saw his host beneath the wave,—  
 A yawning, fierce, devouring grave,—  
 Go down to death unpardon'd.

So I will cull sweet buds and sing,  
 Despite this *jealous* woman ;  
 And all kind hearts will smile on me,  
 Save moles and bats that cannot see ;—  
 But, then, ' to err is human ' ”

The eyes of bold Sir Chesnut flashed—  
 He tossed his arms in anger,

\*Reference is here made to Professor Anderson's admirable lecture on  
 "Robert Burns," before the Young Men's Christian Association.

And fiery words escaped his lips,  
Like accents heard in battle ships,  
That fall with noisy clangor.

“A heart as hard as rock! A soul  
No larger than a maggot!  
With all her wealth and regal mien,  
O many nobler hearts have been  
Consumed by fire and faggot!”

“Ah, hush, good Chesnut,” Rose replied,  
“You shock my nervous system,”  
“Nay, Rose! I wish 'twere but a man;  
I'd take a more effectual plan,—  
I'd go to-night and fist him!”

“Nay, nay! bold Chesnut, that were wrong,  
Such style is quite beneath you;  
Just soothe your ruffled spirit down,  
Put on the smile, put off the frown,—  
One rule will I bequeath you:

Whene'er a mind of meaner mould  
Attempts your soul to trample,  
Let no revengeful word be heard,  
Let not your heart with wrath be stirred;  
But set a pure example.

Whene'er they try to tread you down  
Within their narrow limit,  
Look up beyond the azure sky,  
And light will beam from regions high,  
Above earth's loftiest summit.”

“Good Rose,” Sir Chesnut then replied,  
“Thou art an angel given,  
To calm the gales of passion down,  
To bring the smile, to chase the frown  
To fit the soul for Heaven!”

---

#### COME TO THE CONCERT.

O come to the concert, the charity concert!  
O come to the concert my dear cousin J;  
A youth of your musical taste and refinement  
Should certainly not stay away.

'Twill be such a great, such a grand entertainment;  
'Twill be such a brilliant affair;  
Gray sires and grave matrons, and beautiful maidens,  
And all the gay train will be there!

And lights will be flashing o'er figures quite dazzling,  
And banners be widely unroll'd;  
And bright eyes be sparkling with lustre more radiant  
Than comes from the diamond or gold.

And the music—how softly its sweet intonations  
Will quiver and thrill through each vein;  
Now lowly, now loudly, then faster and faster,  
Resound and vibrate back again.

And the seraphs!—the beautiful belles of the city!

All robed in celestial attire;

But oh! I can't summon up English to tell you—

You can but behold and admire!

Then come to the concert,—the soul-stirring concert,—

I've sent all my gallants away;

And—(little they guess so substantial a reason)—

Am waiting for dear cousin J.

#### THE ARTIST.

Walking out with an artist

While fitful breezes sigh;

Listening to words of worship,

While vapors cloud the sky,

Forth goes a beauteous maiden,

From misty Newfoundland—

An artist from brave old London,

Gallantly asked her hand.

Down by the Province Building,

Up by the Poplar Grove—

Under a large umbrella—

Whispering tales of love;

Watching each tranquil feature,

Catching each murmur'd tone—

Feelings of heartfelt friendship

Blending two souls into one;

## OAK LEAVES.

Peering into the future—  
 Picturing out "Sweet Home;"  
 Or the spot where the wild Niag'ra  
 Leaps to its chasm of foam,  
 In colors which only an artist  
 Can successfully use;  
 And pressing a suit on the maiden  
 A maiden could not refuse.  
 But down comes the misty vapor,  
 Down comes the pattering rain,  
 And the artist and maiden have parted—  
 Never to meet again!  
 Thus are the fond hopes scatter'd,  
 That oft young hearts unite;  
 Thus is their bright sun darken'd,  
 And sets in the mists of night;  
 Thus, ere the heart has treasured  
 All that a heart should know,  
 The gloom of life's dreary winter,  
 Drifting its wreaths of snow,  
 A sadness brings to the bosom—  
 A feeling akin to pain—  
 Telling us, "Never, oh, never  
 Will spring buds blossom again,  
 For the heart, by the frosts of winter,  
 Is stripp'd of its early bloom,  
 Till the form, in immortal beauty,  
 Comes from the mouldering tomb."  
*Halifax, May, 1, 186*

## TWO DAYS IN WOODSTOCK.

I soon became weary of wandering the windings of Woodstock, but, wishing to walk in the ways of the wise and the witty, I went with a will, on the wings of the wild wind, till glorious hues in the west whispered daylight was waning, and wailing a welcome to "Will-o'-the-wild-fire," I wept a warm tear for the wan wasting "Wild Brier," and wished the wide world good night, with its whining, and whimpering, and watching, and whispering, and winking, and whisking, and whipping; and wheting, and wickedly waiting to waspishly wage such a warfare on women who will—the poor wretches—keep wasting their wits all in writing what *some* call bewitching, go waltzing and waving and winning, and waking the winds and the waves and the waters like wolves in the winter!

Then softly I sang a sweet sonorous strain, and the sorrow that sighed forth so sadly, swept off like the silvery sound of a cymbal, and strong as the strength of the south wind that sways the stout stem of the citron, the soul that in sadness had sought the still silence, soared steadily up to the sapphire, sloped off to its slumber and slept till the sunshine and sound of the second bell summoned the sluggard to slip like a snail from his snugness, and snuff the sweet scent of the savory sauces that steamed up the stairways and seemed to insist on the scapegrace to sip them.

I rapidly rose from my rest and ran round, with a rush, to the room where the rest were recruiting, and readily reaching a roll of the rye bread, and risking the loss of

my relish for roast-meat, returned to the rarest of rivers and rustics, and roamed till the rainbow-like, ruby-cheeked, rose-coloured radiantly reddening, rough, rolling clouds, wrapped round the sunset, reminded me *rovers* might ramble the roadsides, and roses, in reason, be rather less redolent there, and be much more refulgent *at home*. But already the rowdies had raised such a riot, were rowing, and raging and ramping, and rocks, like the rockets of red-crested ruffians, were rousing the red clay: and ribbons, and ruffles, and robes were all rustling, and rude ragamuffins were racing, and ladies were rushing half-flying, and red-coats were running, and rioters roaring and railing and raving—for RUM had been raining around!!!

---

#### SERMON BY THE REV. R. C. NELSON.

August 5th, 1866, dawned upon Woodstock rather gloomily, but, notwithstanding the appearance of rain, we proceeded to Richmond, a distance of five or six miles, in order to attend divine service. Outside that little church the waters of heaven descended profusely, but within, the dews of the spirit abundantly watered the thirsty souls there assembled. We shall here take the liberty of introducing the entire discourse to which we listened with so much delight and edification, hoping that it may produce upon other minds the same happy effects which it did, that day, upon ours.

"There are, it may be, so many kind of voices in the world, and none of them is without significance."—1 COR. xiv. 10.

In the chapter from which this verse is taken, St. Paul's object is to show the superiority of teaching, as a spiritual gift, over that of speaking with tongues. The spiritual gift of teaching is called by St. Paul "prophecy." Under the old dispensation the office of the prophet was that of a public teacher. It was only occasionally that the prophets were illuminated by the Holy Ghost to foretell future events. This was the exception, and not the rule, although we now attach no other meaning to the word. But it is necessary to bear this fact in mind, or the meaning of the Apostle may be misunderstood. When therefore, he exhorts the Corinthians to follow after charity, "I desire spiritual gifts," he does so for a particular and definite reason; and this reason he gives, "but rather that ye may prophesy," that is, 'teach': for he goes on to explain, "he that prophesieth unto men to edification, and exhorteth unto comfort." It is clear, then, from the very terms of this definition, that no other meaning can be attached to the word "prophecy" which gift he places in direct antagonism with that of speaking with tongues,—and lays down the general rule that all spiritual gifts must be referred to edification. "Forasmuch as ye are zealous of spiritual gifts, seek that ye may excel to the edifying of the church." The illustration used to enforce the general line of argument is that drawn from the different sounds produced by various instruments of music. Each instrument has a sound peculiar and distinct, which once heard can be easily known. The trumpet gives one sound, the harp another, and I think further, that here St. Paul intends us to understand that each instrument of music awakens some distinct emotion, or calls into being some distinct passion: and as a climax enters our thoughts upon that most perfect and glorious of all musical instruments, the human voice. And then as it were, he loses himself in a dreamy

contemplation of the entire world and sees the same deep principle at work through the length and breadth of our planet.

There are also various significations. It is not to the illustration, but to the great principle that I would now direct your thoughts, and show that there is nothing in the world "without signification."

The word used by St. Paul, translated "voice" is a very indefinite one, and from its very indefiniteness is admirably suited to convey the Apostle's meaning. The same word is employed in the 19th Psalm, "There is neither speech nor language, but their voices are heard among them." The very same word, with a negative prefixed, is employed in the phrase translated "without signification." "There are it may be, so many voices in the world, and not one of them is without a voice, dumb." Each has some truth to proclaim, some tale to tell, some witness to bear.

This great principle is carried through all creation: nothing is without a voice, from the highest manifestation of God's goodness and power down to the lowest depths of the works of Antichrist. But our thoughts now lie midway between these extremes, we are to contemplate the "voices in the world," and see how significant they are. To whatever point we turn our thoughts, whether to the material or moral world, the countless voices come to us in the deep signification of unnumbered utterances. Here they are if we will but listen to them—nay, they are calling to us, in vain, and we will fully close up our ears against their pleadings, and care not to be influenced by their eloquence. For there is an eloquence in anguish, an eloquence in the serenity of the quiet of evening, as well as in the mighty roll of the thunder. Nothing is without "signification." Every blade of grass, every dew-drop that glistens upon the summer flower, every insect that spends its tiny existence in conscious joy has a voice proclaiming the minute care which God takes of

the lowest and humblest of his creatures—how he cares for them, how he loves them. "Therefore, if God so clothe the grass of the field, which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall he not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?"

The mighty ocean, with the regular and appointed pulsations of its vast bosom; the earth, as it rolls in un-deviating accuracy along its orbit, the planets and unnumbered centres of other systems; nay, the remotest nebulae which human sagacity and perseverance has succeeded in detecting, whose periods and distances bewilder the intellect—each has a voice, proclaiming with all the mightiness of their meaning, the power, the omnipotence of their Creator, and God of Heaven's work. Whether, then, we regard the material world in its minuteness or in its vastness; but one conviction must force itself home to us, unless we are naturally blind, and deaf, and mad, and that one conviction is that He who made, who sustains these things, who made and sustains us, is in very deed and in truth a most loving and most powerful God. This is the blessed truth which the voices of the material world are ever proclaiming to us, "The Hand that made us is Divine." And this truth may be, and is intended to be a source of deep consolation to us. What joy, what unutterable joy it is for us, sinful and erring as we are, to be able to go to that High and Lofty One, that inhabiteth eternity, whose name is Holy, with the words "Our Father" upon our lips. Yes, if the voice of creation in her vastness tells of the power of God, the voice of creation in her minuteness shall tell that God loves us—with a love as great as the greatest of his works—that he cares for us, that unto Him each is an object of solicitude, and a destined inheritor of the Kingdom of Heaven.

But there are other voices in the world which we must notice—voices of a different kind, but certainly not "without signification." There is a moral world—a

world which comprehends good or evil, right or wrong, truth and falsehood. Surely the voices from such a world must have their deep signification—indeed they have—the highest utterances are God's own words and works, as manifested in the person of the incarnate Son—the lowest are the words and works of the Devil and his ministers. Between Heaven and Hell, half Divine, half demon, toils and strives man, now mixing with the world's sins, becoming impregnated with them to such an extent that we shudder; now drawing near to the Majesty of God and becoming softened, melted, purified, ennobled. Surely the utterances and voices of a world like this cannot be few, or without "deep signification." A world where troops of Satan's emissaries sweep off unnumbered souls, a world, too, where (thank God) good angels are at work, where souls are being harvested for a blessed eternity, and the mark of the Son of Man is being imprinted upon the brows of mortals. Oh! it is fearful to think how good and evil are interwoven within us,—how one hour the face of our guardian angel may be shrouded in deepest gloom, and the next lighted up in all the radiance of celestial joy. There is no neutral ground, nothing but the power of God and of Satan—the two are antagonistic, in open and perpetual warfare, and the theatre of that ceaseless strife is the world.

O then listen to its voices in the deep signification of their meaning, and know that each action, each motive has a voice which is very significant. The experience thus gained may be applied either for warning or encouragement—and remember as other men's actions warn or encourage you, so yours have the same effect upon other men. The frank avowal of a fault, the heart opened with sympathy, the spontaneous act of kindness, these may appear little matters, but they shall not lose their reward. They are voices which are deeply significant. On the other hand the act of meanness, the falsehood which you suffer yourself to be guilty of, the unfair bar-

gain which you may consider a very clever thing, these may appear little matters, but they shall not be forgotten by God. They are voices which are deeply significant.

Again, the actions and dispositions of many men combined, which we call custom or the usages of society, have voices by no means without their signification.

At one time the voice is that of unbelief, at another time, of superstition, at another of luxury. Each age has its voice or character. There is one voice which is very significant, and which I am afraid is characteristic of this age, and that is the voice of *selfishness*. It seems to pervade the whole earth; kingdoms, empires and republics seem bent on territorial aggrandizement, and so thoroughly has this spirit of selfishness insinuated itself, that honor, justice, humanity, are all set aside whenever the acquisition of wealth and power seem within their grasp. It is a voice uttered by individuals as well as peoples—a voice we hear in the shop, meet with in the street, and find in the sacred precincts of home, which has for its certain results either idleness or self-indulgence.

Are there, then, no counteracting voices? none but the utterances of the *woes* of striving humanity, the groanings and travailing in pain of creation. Is there no antidote to the poison of the cup of life? Oh! my toiling though erring brother, think not so—laden with sin you may be, you are conscious of your weakness, and of the might of the hour of temptation, and you feel well nigh broken with your burden, but there are voices which speak to your soul, which speak of peace, of victory, of joy: voices which come to the soul in moments of calmness after the blasts of passion and the storms of worldly trouble have spent themselves, a great and strong wind may rend the mountains and break them in pieces before the Lord. The earthquake may furrow the earth with furious rents; the fire may sweep by in desolating might, but the Lord will be in "the still small voice." "I will

harken what the Lord God will say concerning me, for He will speak peace unto his people, and to His Saints, that they turn not again."

There are voices from God which can be heard during the sorest waves and storms of adversity, which have the blessed power of soothing and comforting, of sustaining and of winning us back when we have erred. There is the voice of conscience—the monitor within, the Holy Spirit in His Temple—Oh! listen to the promptings and pleadings of conscience. It can never lead you astray—it is God speaking to you.

There is the voice of God's written word,—God's Will revealed for your salvation. Oh! read it, ponder upon it—pray over it—it will be a comfort and a joy. "Thy statutes have been my songs in the house of my pilgrimage." There is the voice of the example of our Lord, of Jesus coming to save you, to reconcile the Father to you, so that you may be able to say "Our Father"—to shed His blood—to suffer—to teach—to perform works of healing and of mercy.

There is the voice of the example of the Saints, who have lived, and are still striving to live in obedience to the pattern set them by Christ, who take his words for their guide and look to Him for all help and encouragement and grace, who long to be with Him, with those happy and blessed ones, who "Follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth."

To disregard, then, the signification of the many voices there are in the world, is to neglect a means of grace. Everything around us, within us, teems with deepest meaning, and speaks to the soul in loving earnestness of its Saviour and its God: pointing to a home where our longings shall be satisfied, where our unrest shall be removed, where the wants of true humanity shall be supplied by the love of God.

"O send thy light, and thy truth, that they lead me; and bring me to thy Holy Hill and to thy dwelling."

## MAN.

WHEN the Divine Architect had finished His work of Creation and looked with satisfaction on the glorious and beautiful world rolling in space, with such perfect regularity, He pronounced it "very good;" and well may we respond, as we gaze on the bursting verdure of Spring, clothing mountain and ravine in robes of gorgeous beauty, or cast our eye upon the sparkling waters, bearing on her bosom the commerce of all nations,—well may we answer Yea, verily it is good. Truly it is a fitting habitation for beings possessed of intelligence and capable of understanding and admiring the harmony of this grand structure. Here the most perfect system of law and order prevails, and to these laws nature is always true. Should the order of nature once be violated, then confusion would ensue; disaster and destruction would take the place of order and system, and the beautiful plan on which the great mechanism of nature is based would be marred or destroyed. But while we behold with admiration and delight this suitable dwelling-place provided by Omnipotence, let us for a brief space of time, turn our attention to its not less interesting and admirable inhabitant—*Man*. Let us look for a moment at his wonderful organization, and endeavour to understand it.

As in the other works of Creation there are certain laws observed, so also there are organic laws to be observed in order to preserve every function of the human system in perfect order, or, in other words, to secure health. Let any of these laws be violated, and how sad the result, how palpable the error. True, we are at all

times liable to accident, and many of the diseases that afflict the human family result from misfortune, or are induced by circumstances over which we have no control ; but should we on this account neglect the use of means in order to secure comfort and ease? Does this fact form any excuse for ignorance of ourselves, and our own natural tendencies? I feel persuaded you will answer—*No*.

Have you ever looked upon the bright, happy, innocent face of childhood, when perfect health gave light to the eye and bloom to the cheek, without feeling in your inmost heart that you beheld a perfect type of beauty : something to be loved and cherished very tenderly. Have you looked again on that same face cold and silent in death, that same form of matchless symmetry wrapped in the cerements of the grave? Have you seen the dark coffin-lid close upon the beautiful sleeper, and felt that the star of a household had departed, then I know that you must have longed to hear of some certain remedy for suffering, dying, humanity ; some effectual mode of treatment by which to restore to health and happiness the afflicted children of earth.

Have you seen the strong man in the meridian of life, the man of majestic form and noble intellect, ruling well his own household, providing amply for its every necessity, carefully considering how he might most enhance the amount of happiness to be enjoyed by each member of his loving family ; have you looked upon this honorable specimen of humanity without a heart-felt wish that he might live long to comfort and support those to whom it was his chief joy to minister? But, again, have you seen him struggling in the agonies of dissolution, his

manly strength gone, his lofty brow damp with the last drop of moisture that will ever bedew it, the devoted companion of his life taken from the apartment because unable to bear the closing scene?—Have you witnessed all this, and not fervently desired to gain some antidote for this severing of the ties of nature before *ripe old age*? Come then, my friends, and I will give you, not merely my own judgement, but the received opinion of the most deeply skilled Physicians, both of the present day, and of former ages.

If you would avoid disease and premature decay, do not violate the laws of health. Ascertain what these laws are, and abide by them. Be temperate in all things. Be regular in your habits. Breathe as pure air as you can obtain. Give your limbs a sufficient amount of exercise daily. Avoid narcotics, and strong stimulants, but above all, cultivate a cheerful and happy temper. If gloomy thoughts intrude, banish them. If anger, jealousy, revenge, or any other unholy passion inclines to make its home in your heart, drive it from you as you would a wolf from your door. Cultivate the affections. Make it your constant aim to benefit your fellow mortals, remembering the old adage,—“To be good is to be happy;” and happiness promotes *health*. Do not neglect the bath. Live in clean houses. Sleep in clean sheets. Wear clean apparel, and carry about with you clean *consciences*. Body and mind are so intimately connected that they are constantly influencing and acting upon each other. They are during this present life, *inseparable*. Cheerfulness and peace of mind are, therefore, indispensable to perfect health. During the earliest ages of which

history has furnished us with any record, we are informed concerning the art of healing, that the practitioner was looked upon as a supernatural being; he was supposed to have received his miraculous powers from some source unseen by, and unknown to ordinary mortals; and up to the present day the Faculty make a point of concealing and mystifying as far as possible the art by which they act upon the human system. There is a certain reluctance on the part of many eminent Physicians to impart any information to a patient concerning the disease from which he suffers, or its origin; and instead of enlightening the mind of his fellow man, his aim is only to puzzle it, or at least to leave him exactly as wise as he found him. But the nineteenth century will not pass away without the dawn of a more refulgent day, when the wise, the good, the educated, the noble among mankind will find pleasure in disseminating light where formerly thick darkness prevailed, and count it an honor to be instrumental in bringing about that happy time when knowledge shall cover the whole earth as the waters cover the face of the great deep.

In those nations which cannot be included within the pale of civilization, who still retain their primitive ideas and superstitions, the medical man practices his art by the aid of astrology, pretending to gain his knowledge by mysterious means, and thus deluding the people, who, being ignorant, are consequently credulous; and centuries ago, this position was assumed by all who devoted themselves to the practice of medicine. As ages advanced, and minds became more enlightened, enlarged experience brought forth more perfect fruits, which were divided

among the different schools. This excited antagonistic feeling, which at this day is exhibited with a virulence equally as intense as that with which differences in politics or religion are discussed. Each class boldly asserts the right of being the only correct one, and scornfully denounces all the others as imposters. In our day the class calling themselves "Old School" are the men of the generation passing away;—men of both general and classical education, who were thoroughly prepared for their profession, as far as the limited knowledge of the day would permit. But as science made its rapid strides, and invention and discovery added to the store of medical knowledge, they clung to their own ideas, and refused to adopt these discoveries, but pronounced them imposturers, and regarded their advocates as mere deceivers, whose object was to delude the people. There are, however, a few honorable exceptions, which we do not overlook; there are physicians of the "Old School" who possess a wider range of thought, more liberality of feeling, and less narrow prejudices; men who examine carefully and earnestly into the new theories and practices, and by thus adding constantly to their store of knowledge discharge successfully the duties of their office, lessen the aggregate of human misery, call down the fervent blessings of the afflicted, and the undisguised envy of their late professional brethren.

As the department in medical science which this dissertation is designed to embrace is *diseases of the lungs*, we shall endeavour to place before you a distinct view of this wonderful piece of mechanism, so beautifully adapted to the use for which it was designed, viz: to convey the atmos-

pheric air into contact with the circulating blood. The position occupied by these two soft and compressible bodies, is the two lateral cavities of the chest. They consist principally of a cellular texture, and air tubes communicating with the atmospheric air. The degree of fleshy consistence and solidity which they possess, is owing to the many vessels which carry blood through them, and the firm texture of membrane necessary to support them. Their function is respiration. It is through the larynx, trachia, and lungs that we respire, and respiration is a complicated as well as important function. It carries away the superfluous carbon of the blood, bestows heat, and stimulates the system; endows us with the power of speech; affords us the sense of smelling; or greatly contributes to the perfection of the sense. The lungs also bestow due buoyancy to the bodies of men and animals. In form the lungs correspond with the cavity which contains them. When taken from their place and extended, they are wide below, forming a base, and rise conically upward; they are concave when they lie on the arch of the diaphragm, obtuse above, convex forward, and more slightly so on the side, their borders, behind, are obtuse, while they are pointed and firm before. The lungs have a deep sulcus behind, for the spine, and within the projecting lobes, there is a place of lodgment for the pericardium and heart. Attending to this form, we see why the lungs are spoken of as double, for unless by the connection of the common wind-pipe there are two great lateral portions, each of which belongs to a distinct cavity, and when we observe the lungs of the two sides, we discover that they are not perfectly alike. On each lung there is

a fissure commencing a little above the apex, and runs obliquely forward and downward to the base. This fissure on the left side divides the lung into two lobes. On the right side there is a lesser fissure, which consequently forms a lesser triangular lobe.

The perpetual and rapid motion of the blood through the lungs produces several very interesting chemical changes in all parts of the system. There it comes in contact with our atmosphere, which gives it a bright red colour, renews its stimulant power, and communicates heat to the whole body. That which we inhale is a mixed fluid, not consisting merely of air fit to be breathed, but formed chiefly of an air which is fatal to animal life, and is called Azotic gas. One hundred measures of atmospheric air contain only twenty one of vital, or pure air, which is termed oxygen; seventy-eight consist of azotic air or nitrogen, as it is called, which is fatal to animal life; and one measure only is fixed air, which is also unrespirable, and is called carbonic acid. Of these twenty-one parts of pure air, seventeen only are affected by respiration, so that we use in respiration less than one-fifth, even of the small quantity of air which we inhale at each breath. The air in passing through the lungs is diminished by the abstraction of a part of the oxygen; the carbon of the blood uniting with the oxygen, forms a quantity of carbonic acid gas, and with these is discharged a quantity of watery habitus. Atmospheric air, after it has been inhaled and has performed its work, and is expelled from the lungs is found to have undergone several changes. It now contains a considerable quantity of carbonic acid, which is readily discovered, and can be even weighed: when

acaustic alkali is exposed to it, the alkali absorbs the fixed air and becomes mild. It has also less of the vital air, as is easily ascertained by the erediometer, which measures the purity of the whole. All that remains is merely azotic air, unfit for animal life, or to support flame.

---

(Written at the request of Miss C. Vickerson.)

#### A VISIT TO DUNDAS TEMPLE.

The brethren and sisters of Banner went forth  
On a visit of friendship and love  
To the ranks of the noble and famous Dundas,  
Their affection and kindness to prove.

The ice was all covered with crystalline snow,  
Which gave our good nags a hard tug,  
But we whipped up the ponies, and soon we sat down  
With our brethren and sisters quite snug.

The speeches were good, but we shivered with cold,  
For the frost had all day been severe—  
But the warmth of affection that brightened each face  
Was sufficient our spirits to cheer.

They made us right welcome, and gave us the hand  
Of fellowship trusty and true;  
And long we'll remember that keen winter night,  
And the bitter cold blast that it blew.

St. Perer's Road, Feb. 7, 1866.

## OAK LEAVES.

## TO DR. STILLWELL,

ON REMOVING ACUTE RHEUMATISM BY APPLYING THE GETTYSBURG  
MINERAL WATERS.

I saw a well, 'twas very still,  
Its depths were shining clearly ;  
I looked within that fount so pure,  
And oh, I loved it dearly.

I sat beside its pleasant brim ;  
Its waters sparkled rarely ;  
I tasted one delicious draught—  
Its sweetness witched me fairly !

I lay a victim tortured through ;  
With pain each nerve did quiver ;  
One hour the fever's parching thirst,—  
The next a freezing shiver.

And oh, I longed for one cool drop  
Of these refreshing waters,  
Whose healing springs give life and health  
To earth's afflicted daughters.

When icy chills my frame possessed,  
Their tepid warmth around me,  
I sadly, vainly, did request,  
While twinging fetters bound me.

Three times I asked in vain for aid,  
In grief and sadness dreary ;  
At length I drained the healing draught,  
And slumber soothed the weary.

I woke—I stirr'd—the pain was gone !  
I rose, no more to languish !

I blessed the hand that brought relief,  
The balm that soothed my anguish.

Could I but stay beside that well,  
I'd wander from it never ;  
But rest beside the crystal fount  
Forever and forever.

For there serenest joys are found,  
And health, that priceless treasure ;  
The pure, the bright, the deep, that still  
Will turn our pain to pleasure.

Lovejoy's Hotel, Park Row. }  
New York City, Feb. 9, 1868. }

---

#### ADVERTISEMENT

WRITTEN FOR J. H. M'ELLENHNY, TRURO.

He'll paint you a portrait, a carriage or sleigh,  
To answer the one or the many,  
So put on your boots and at once step along  
To the rooms of Monsieur McEllhenny.  
With a man of such artistic knowledge and taste  
You never invested a penny,  
Though painters and poets may cheat you betimes,  
Yet be sure it is not McEllhenny.  
His paints and his varnishes can't be surpassed ;  
His match with the brush there's not any  
So folks if you'r anxious to judge for yourselves,  
Just come and employ McEllhenny.

## LIFE.

BRILLIANT, beautiful and diversified are the productions which have arisen teeming with life, from the creative hand of an all-powerful and glorious first cause. Where can the eye turn, where can it rest for any considerable period, that it is not met by symptoms of vitality in some form or other.

In the sparkling element of which we daily partake, and which is so very essential to our enjoyment, exists an infinitesimal number of animalculæ, too minute for the unassisted eye to discern, yet possessed of this inexplicable property called life.

In the briny ocean countless myriads of animated creatures sport, and subsist. The same power made "the leviathan to play there," and also provided for the necessities of his nature. The same hand that sent all the bright orbs wheeling into space, the same voice that commanded the light to shine forth and illumine with golden beams the chaos of night, crowned our globe with deep-tangled forests, decked in vernal sheen, and placed within their precincts various tribes of living animals, there to find their homes and range at will. There the lowly worm creeps, the delicate insect flutters, the tiny bird warbles, the gigantic elephant stalks forth, the strong lion "roars for his prey and seeks his meat from God."

What is Life? This is a question which the wisest sages the world ever saw have failed to answer. We cannot indeed fully tell; we only see certain effects produced in the animal and vegetable, and we call that Life. We see in man a principle by which he can apply, and also devise means to an end, and this is the grand

distinction between man and the lower animals. One characteristic of life is, that it is limited. It is transitory and uncertain. In Scripture it is compared to a vapor that appears for a little time and then vanishes away.

Life is self-sustaining and reproductive. Every plant, and every animal has the power of producing its own species. We cannot make a plant produce any but its own kind.

Substances are indispensable to the growth of vegetables. The plant depends on the mineral, and the animal on the plant. It is beautiful to observe the polity of nature, or, the dependance of one thing on another. The provision the Almighty has made for the support of life is, that there is a correspondence between the soil and the wants of the creatures he has placed upon it as occupants.

The seasons advance, and this gives rise to temperature and the vitality of plants. In all vegetable and animal life there is a constant waste and repair going on, and there must be food to replenish that waste, so long as the plant or animal is in a perfect state of health.

Every class of objects or bodies has certain properties that we cannot change or remove. We cannot make oats produce wheat or any kind of plant but its own. These are the characteristics enstamped on them by the Creator. The human species is the animal best adapted to all climates.

We see different races quite distinct, yet still the same species, though of different colours. Some have endeavoured to show that the African race is not belonging to the human family. This fact, of every organization producing its own kind, is at the foundation of all science.

All plants are made up of certain tissues. There are 12,000 different kinds of plants belonging to the vegetable kingdom.

The study of animal and vegetable life is most curious and interesting, but the limits of this essay forbids going into details.

Without this principle of life the world would indeed be a desert—a dreary waste, doleful and desolate. But what an animated scene it presents. In the vegetable kingdom, how refreshing is the covering which envelopes every living thing, from the high majestic oak to the modest violet that peeps from the grassy turf.

How rich, yet how delicate are the tints in which the Creator of all things has been pleased to array the flowers of the field. He has given them life and beauty, yet what this life is, must still continue to be to us, as it has been, shrouded in mystery.

---

#### TO A BELOVED FRIEND.

We love thee because thou art true and sincere ;  
To thy country thy name is unspeakably dear ;  
And the hearts that adore thee thou wilt not disdain,  
But till life's latest moment their hero remain.

We love thee because thou art daring and brave ;  
All fearless and bold on the land or the wave ;  
We deem thee so noble, so worthy to be,  
That our whole heart is centred forever on thee.

We love thee because thou art gentle and kind,  
All glowing and warm is thy generous mind ;  
For virtue, that gem, finds a home in thy heart,  
And vice must shrink back from the spot where thou art.

We love thee because of thy beauty most rare ;  
Where thy bright eye is beaming our hearts must be there :  
Where the light of thy smile and thy presence we see,  
Oh, there shall our home and our resting place be.

---

### JOY AND SORROW.

“The one shall be taken and the other left.”

Sweetly sank the golden sun to his purple couch in the west, as the wild bird warbled his closing note, and gently nestled his tiny head behind his ruffled wing for the night. The gorgeous dahlias seemed to say in their stately loveliness “He hath made everything beautiful in its season.”

Bright and joyous was the laughing throng of gentle maidens that approached with elastic steps the pretty residence of the kind widow B., on that eve of radiant sunset. It was our birthday, and the good lady had designed a little surprise party in honour of the occasion. Gay and courteous she appeared as she met on the threshold the smiling party, and greeted them with words of hearty welcome. Her beautiful daughter Jesamine, whose graceful neck bowed like a swaying lily, was all

animation and kindness; and that social tea-taking was like a love-feast to us all.

We were soon seated in the fairy little parlour, each feeling that this was to be one of the *very* pleasant evenings. The door was flung open and the elegant Jesamine advanced towards us and placed on each of our heads a wreath of snowy flowers, and never shall I forget the sweet grace—the expression of irresistible love on her beaming countenance at that moment. She seemed indeed like a ministering spirit sent forth to execute a commission of peculiar tenderness on this oft too cold and chilling earth. There was one present on that cheerful night who gazed with an entrancing rapture on the winning face of the lovely Jesamine. Tall and manly was his form—warm and generous his heart. Report said that the spirited young Fielding sought the hand of the blooming Jesamine, and that it was not refused. And who could have looked upon them in their trusting affection and youth, and not have wished them many and happy days to bless and cherish each other on the journey of life?

---

Twelve months have elapsed since the little birthday party, and now another group has assembled in that same sweet parlour. The blushing Jesamine stands in her robes of matchless whiteness and gives her young heart in all its devotion to the happy Fielding. 'Twas a quiet pleasant party; all were well satisfied, and the gentle, loving bride prepared to enter her new home in the picturesque village of S—. Many were the warm wishes poured out for the happiness of the youthful pair, and a

fond mother's blessing descended on their heads as they turned their steps to the door of Jesamine's pretty cottage home—the home of her childhood—with a promise soon to revisit it again. But alas! we know not what a day may bring forth!" Well has the sacred writer said, "Boast not thyself of to-morrow, for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth." The evening of their arrival at S—, the bride complained of an unusual sensation of languor and fatigue, which was succeeded by severe pain in the temples. Next day she was unable to leave her couch, and symptoms of typhoid fever set in. Constantly did the faithful husband watch beside her bed; every remedy was resorted to; the best and most experienced physicians were summoned, but all in vain! Stern death his work must do; and despite all the impassioned prayers for her recovery the bride of a week was consigned to the dark and loathsome tomb, there to await the final reckoning. Called from the sweet home of her young husband, from all the endearments of life, and with changed countenance was sent away; the bridal robe was exchanged for the cerements of death, and the devoted partner of her love now weeps by his widowed hearth.

Oh! ye young and gay, whose forms are yet untouched by disease, whose spirits are buoyant with life and hope, to you this mournful event speaks in tones of touching earnestness—"Be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of Man cometh." "I say unto ye all watch." Oh! come without delay and present yourselves a living sacrifice, holy and acceptable to God which is your reasonable service. Oh! banish all thoughts

of earth and its fleeting enjoyments; "for what is your life? it is even a vapour that appeareth for a little time and then vanisheth away." Oh! that your footsteps may be planted securely on the Rock of Ages, so that on the day of adversity and death the arm of the Allsufficient may be underneath and around you, and His strength be made perfect in your weakness.

---

The Essay entitled "Man" was written for the *Working Women's Journal*, New York.