

Wassard's Gazette.

VOL. 21.

CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1851.

NO. 1128.

Army Contract.

SEALED TENDERS will be received at this Office, on MONDAY, the 10th November, 1851, until noon, for the under-mentioned Supplies, viz:—

FRESH BEEF.

Such quantities of Ox or Heifer Beef, of the best marketable quality, as may be required for Her Majesty's forces in Prince Edward Island, for the term of one year, commencing 1st of January, 1852. The Meat to consist of fore and hind quarters, and to be subject to the inspection and approval of the Commissariat Officer.

The Tenders (printed Forms of which may be had at this Office), to state the price per 100lbs., in Sterling, in words at length, to be accompanied with a guarantee from two persons of known responsibility, in the penal sum of £300 Sterling, for the due performance of the Contract. Payment will be made monthly in Dollars, or British Specie.

BAKING BREAD.

For one year, from the 1st January next, for the Troops and Departments, in such quantities as may be required; the Tenders to state the number of pounds of Bread that will be delivered for every 100 pounds of Flour provided by the Commissariat—the Flour to be taken from the Commissariat Magazines, and the Bread to be delivered at the respective Quarters of Officers and Troops, &c., in the Garrison, at the Contractor's expense, he being allowed the empty barrels. Two approved securities will be required in the penal sum of £100 sterling each, for the due performance of the Contract.

FIREWOOD.

For one year, from the 1st January next, in such quantities as may be required, (say 400 cords.) It is to be distinctly understood that the Firewood is to consist of Beech, Black and Yellow Birch, Ash, and Rock Maple; and that no crooked or rotten Wood will be received, and a sufficient supply to be kept at all times in the Fuel Yard, towards the necessary issue. Two responsible persons will be required to give security for the due performance of this Contract.

The Firewood to be piled six feet high.
Payment will be made after the delivery of every 50 cords.

FORAGE.

For one year, from the 1st January next, for three Horses, to be issued in detail from the Contractor's stores.—The Tender to state the rate per ration, consisting of

10 lbs. Oats } Of the best quality.
14 " Hay }
6 " Straw }

to be subject to the usual commutation of Bran for Oats for sick Horses.

TRUCKAGE.

For one year, for such quantities of Firewood as may be delivered from the Fuel Yard of Troops and Departments, and conveyance of Troops, Baggage, Ordnance and Commissariat Stores, &c. to and from the Queen's Wharf to the Barracks, &c. The Tender to state the rate per cord, in Sterling, and at per load of not less than 6 cwt.

Payment will be made in Dollars or British Specie at the Army rate.
Printed Forms of Tender and any further particulars can be had at the Commissariat Office. No written Tender to be received.

Commissariat Charlottetown,
P. E. Island, October, 7, 1851. }

BAZAAR,

IN AID OF

Furnishing the New Temperance Hall.

(Under the Patronage of Lady Bannerman.)

THE New Temperance Hall in this Town being nearly completed it has become necessary to provide the requisite funds for suitably furnishing the same. A Bazaar will therefore be held, for this purpose, in the said Building, on

Wednesday and Thursday,

The 16th and 17th days of December next.

The projectors of this Bazaar deem it essential to the prosperity of the cause in which they are engaged, to render the Hall as comfortable and attractive as possible—to make it at once a rallying point for the Sons and their friends, and a credit to the community. To accomplish this object, however, from the Funds of the several Town Divisions, was found to be totally impracticable, without causing serious embarrassment thereto. An appeal to the liberality of the public has, therefore, been determined upon; and it is hoped that those friends who feel disposed to further this object, but who have not yet commenced their labors, will do so without delay. Ladies can promote this object, not only by working for it themselves, but also by directing the attention of their friends towards it, and soliciting their aid.

The following is a List of Ladies who have kindly consented to receive contributions:—

Mrs. Fitzgerald,	Mrs. Young,
— Yates,	Miss P. Davies,
— Lydiard,	— Cundall,
Miss P. DesBrisay,	— W. B. Dawson,
Mrs. Owen,	Miss Chappell,
— Orlebar,	Mrs. Heard,
— H. Hazard,	— G. Hazard,
— I. Smith,	— B. Moore,
— J. J. Pippy,	— W. C. Trowan,
— A. H. Yates,	— M. Butcher.

Articles may also be sent to the Rev. Mr. Fitzgerald, Messrs. W. B. Dawson, W. Heard, J. Rider and B. Moore.

N. B.—Every parcel should be labelled, FOR THE TEMPERANCE BAZAAR, with a list of the Articles, the name of the contributor and the price set upon each Article. As a guide to those who may wish to contribute, the following is a List of such Articles as are most likely to be useful:—Ornamental needle-work of all kinds, Millinery, Baby Linen, Toys of all sorts, Dolls dressed in the costume of different nations, as the peasants of France, Italy, Wales, Scotland, &c., Miniature Articles of Furniture, as chairs, tables, beds, &c.—Models of Public Buildings, ships, &c.—Basket work, Turner's goods, Engravings, Drawings of all kinds, Paintings, Curious Mineral specimens, Dried Botanical specimens, as Heaths, Mosses, &c.—Shells, Prepared Insects, Choice Plants, Books, Sweetmeats, Cakes, &c.—Materials for Needlework, and Money to buy Materials.

On the Evening of the 17th,

(immediately after the Bazaar)

A Vocal and Instrumental Concert

will be given in the Hall by

Several talented Vocalists and Musicians,

who have kindly volunteered their services for the occasion. Tickets to be had at the Bazaar.

By order of the Committee,
W. B. DAWSON, Chairman.

October 6, 1851.

(I ew.)

ALL PERSONS having legal demands against the Estate of ALEXANDER FERGUSON, late of St. Peter's Road, Lot 34, Farmer, deceased, are requested to furnish their Accounts within 6 months, for settlement, and all persons indebted to the said Estate are required to make immediate payment.

JOHN FERGUSON,
Executor.

ALL persons having legal demands against the Estate of JOHN JOHNSTON, late of Township Number 25, Trader, deceased, are requested to furnish their accounts for settlement, and all persons indebted to the said Estate, are required to make immediate payment.

JAMES JOHNSTON,
Administrator.

Lot 25, Oct. 14, 1851.

Micmac Mission.

REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE

Of the Micmac Missionary Society, from Oct. 23d, 1850, to Sept. 30, 1851.

(Continued from our last.)

But it is high time to direct your attention to Mr. Rand's later operations. Early in June, he paid a visit to the Indians in some parts of Cape Breton, which has not been surpassed in interest, by any previous excursion. He took passage from Charlottetown, in H. M. Surveying Schooner *Gulnare*, and after a brief stay in Pictou, proceeded to the Strait of Cansau, expecting to find the Indians encamped there as usual for the Summer. Disappointed in this expectation, he returned to the vessel which was going on to St. Peter's, about eight miles from an Indian settlement. Here he met an old friend, in whose wigwam he had once stayed all night, and was asked to visit him the next day. The interesting narrative which follows, must be given in Mr. Rand's own words, extracted from his letter of date, June 24th, 1851.

It happened very well for me, that Captain Orlebar was to remain here for a week, and that his business led him down to Indian Island, where the Indian Chapel is, with a settlement of Indians contiguous, about (as I said before), 8 miles from our floating house. This gave me a capital chance of going and returning. At first, there were but few families at home, but as the Sabbath drew on, they began to assemble in greater numbers. I learned that that Sabbath was a high day among them, and that they were expected from all quarters. Providentially the priest would not be there. I proposed to them to go down into their chapel and keep quiet until their prayers were over, and then to come out and read to them in the open air. They assented to this, and a young man volunteered to come up and convey me down in a canoe. He came accordingly on Saturday evening, remained till morning, and the wind came ahead and blew pretty fresh, but we accomplished the passage without any trouble.—I found upwards of a hundred Indians, old and young, and was very politely introduced to them by my friend. They all gave me leave to go into the Chapel, where they provided me an eligible seat, and the service commenced. I cannot describe it, for want of time and space. I could not understand what I saw. The prostrations, the kissing of the floor, and the toe of an image of St. Ann, and the offering of a half penny in two several places, all this going on continuously was plain enough. One old man led on the rest, and after the singing was over, he gave them an exhortation. As he spoke slowly, and in measured style, I could understand the most of it. He said many good things, seated by the way, like the Rabbin of old, and some which were not so good. As soon as they issued out, my old friend said to me, "If you have any thing to say, now's your time before they scatter." It was proposed that we should occupy the Priest's house, which stands a few rods from the chapel. Thinking it had probably never been devoted to a better purpose, and very likely never would be again, I did not object. I found a table and a chair, which I immediately occupied. They crowded in, and filled up the room. "Are you ready?" I inquired. "Not quite; there are a few more to come yet." I assure you, dear brother, it was a solemn moment. For often have I addressed an audience, because custom had drawn them together, and custom required a sermon. It was different now. These immortal beings who sat before me had come, because they supposed I had a message for them. I had collected them because I had something to tell them. I was to address them extemporaneously in their own language. I looked up to Heaven for wisdom, and help. I had determined to tell them all about the mission for an introduction, then to read a chapter and expound it, by way of conclusion. I did so. I could see by their eyes that I was succeeding in making myself understood, and in riveting their attention. I cannot tell how long my address lasted; there was no necessity of taking out my watch. After a while, quite in Missionary style, I was interrupted with questions. They were all put, however, in a kindly manner, and I answered them as well as I could. The purport of the questions was to ascertain more fully my views and aims. "Did the Queen send you," they inquired; and had I any immediate benefits to bestow?—I explained. By and by, the bell rang for vesper. Most of them retired, but six or seven remained, some of them intelligent looking old fellows. "Never mind," said they, "we need not go. Tell us more about it." Finally one more gave his opinion. "If we contemplated instructing their children, and giving them books, it certainly could not be any thing evil we were designing. For his part he would not be afraid to send his children." I concluded the whole by prayer. Vespers were now nearly over. As soon as they issued out of the chapel, they collected in groups, repeated what had passed, and a very warm discussion ensued. This was just what I desired. Some sparks of thought would probably be elicited. I looked on and listened. The worthy old man who had played the preacher in the morning, was evidently not pleased.—He had not attended my lecture in the lodging of his "Reverence." I occasionally put in a word, helping each party as occasion required. All parties separated soon, apparently in friendly terms. I got a couple of Indians to convey me in a canoe a couple of miles across a cove, and then walked homewards. It was now past four o'clock. I had eaten a very early breakfast, and taken a bite in my pocket, which I gave nearly all to the Indians, who paddled me across the cove, on learning they had no breakfast. But I was neither hungry nor weary. Had I the pen of Leigh Richmond, I could tell you what a delightful winding road I travelled. How it would occasionally shoot into the woods, just putting on the livery of Spring, and then emerge out upon the Bras d'Or, studded with little Islands—then rise over an eminence, giving a most commanding view of the surrounding country. But let that pass. I reached home after a couple of hours, and found my friends just assembling on the half-deck for evening service. You will scarcely need to be told that after we assembled in the gun-room, I recounted the events of the day. We sang a few hymns, and prayed together, and betook us to our beds. It was long before I could go to sleep. The earnest, interesting countenances of those old, hoary-headed, venerable looking Indians were ringing through my head. I do think I could pray sincerely that the blessings of God would rest upon the labours of the day, notwithstanding all my defects and failings. Next day I went back in Captain Orlebar's boat. I again heard and saw their devotions, again I heard the old *Sakamow* preach. After chapel was out, we sat down together out of doors, and had a very interesting conversation. Finding that they did not get offended, I took the opportunity of telling them what we conceive to be their errors, both in principle and practice. They in turn tried to puzzle me. "Tell us," said one old man, "where is heaven." "It is above," said I. "And don't the earth turn over every day?" he rejoined. "Yes, it does." "Well then, if heaven is up at noon, where is it at midnight?" This was a difficulty, truly, but he seemed satisfied with my explanation.

But I will have done, and tell you the rest when I see you. I returned in the *Gulnare*, and arrived home Saturday before last. I expected my teacher would have been gone to Nova Scotia. Instead of that I found him sick. I took the opportunity to visit him and the Indians in that region. I found it a good opportunity to read and talk to him and others. My trip to Cape Breton answered a valuable purpose. The shy ones would draw near and listen, when they heard me telling news in Micmac. The Chapter which I had read in the *Padleogweem* came in as a matter of course, as a part of the story, and what I had said, and what they had said, worked in also.

Since that time, Mr. Rand has been presenting the claims of the Indian to christian sympathy and help, at Pictou, New Glasgow, Green Hill, West River, Onslow, Cornwallis and Peggwash. From some of these places, aid has been received, from others it is forthcoming. At Peggwash, Mr. Rand spent some time in correcting his translations. The portions of the Scriptures translated are the Book of Genesis, the Gospel of St. Luke, and the Acts of the Apostles. The portions which approach the nearest to the proper standard, are the two latter. The Gospel of St. Luke was first translated, but the Acts of the Apostles being more recently done, requires less labour in revision. Both will soon be in that state in which Mr. Rand will feel himself warranted in placing them in the hands of the Committee for publication; trusting that although imperfect, as they necessarily must be, yet that they will present to the Micmac, in his own tongue, the sayings and doings of our Lord Jesus Christ—the words of eternal life.

The Committee feel that they as well as the translator now occupy a responsible position.—They know how desirable it is that these, when issued, should remain for years, if not ages, standard productions. They know, however, that translations into the English and into other languages, which were marred by imperfections which increasing knowledge ultimately removed, were blessed to the salvation of souls. In these circumstances they have felt constrained to take the preliminary steps towards publishing, and are now in negotiation with the Secretary of the British and Foreign Bible Society for the accomplishment of the contemplated measure, so soon as Mr. Rand and the Committee shall have been satisfied that they are fully prepared for such a step.

In the mean time, the Committee think it desirable to state, that the subject on which the greatest difficulty was apprehended, and on which some predictions were hazarded by persons unfriendly to the Mission on its present basis, (the rendering of Baptizo and Baptisma) is likely to be arranged in a way, which, if not perfectly satisfactory to all, will not, it is hoped, prove very grievous to the conscientious scruples of any. By the Constitution of this Society, which was adopted after much deliberation, no part of the funds can be applied to the publishing of any translation till sanctioned by the Committee. It was therefore, and is now evident, that some concession must be made, else one object of our union must fail of its accomplishment. In these circumstances, Mr. Rand and his Baptist brethren while conscientiously differing from the Committee on the points referred to, have continued their co-operation with the Committee, a majority of whom have resolved on their own responsibility, that these words shall be transferred, after the example of the English authorized version.

The Committee in concluding, would, with increasing confidence and earnestness, recommend the prosecution of the work to the Christian public. The conversion of God of those poor ignorant children of nature is not impossible, is not impracticable. They need much, but not more than the death of the Saviour can provide for them, and not more than the Great Spirit can do for them. The Saviour lives, and by his life can secure all that is necessary to make the exertions of your Missionary successful. And the object for which he labours is dear to the Saviour. It is the object for which he poured out his soul unto death; and for which he now in his intercession, pours his soul into the bosom of his Father. And what He asks shall be granted. The Holy Ghost will be given. A blessing will descend on means, on such means as have his approval, and such are the circulation of His own word, and the preaching Christ. Union among ourselves in applying these will also have his approval. How striking are his own words! "Neither pray I for these alone, but for them also who shall believe on me through their words; that they all may be one; as thou Father art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be one in us, that the world may believe that thou has sent me." Surely with this example before us, we should pray that the Lord would guide and bless our Missionary, that the Holy Spirit may descend upon him, and upon the Indians, to whom he bears the tidings of salvation, and upon ourselves, that we may continue "like minded one toward another, according to Christ Jesus, that we may with one mind and heart glorify God, even the father of our Lord Jesus Christ." "Come then, O Spirit of the Lord, from the four winds, breathe on the dead that they may live, and let the wilderness become a fruitful field, and the fruitful field be counted for a forest!" "Then shall judgment dwell in the wilderness, and righteousness remain in the fruitful field, and the work of righteousness shall be peace, and the effect of righteousness, quietness and assurance for ever."

If good men in some instances, decline our union, and prefer other departments of the Master's service, we wish them God-speed; and feel assured, that a sufficient number will remain, who feel it an unspeakable honour to be employed in the effort to save their brethren, and to be associated with the Redeemer himself in the highest and holiest of enterprises.

Miscellaneous.

(From Hamilton's Royal Preacher)

PLEASURE, FAME, AND POWER.

The experience of most worldlings has been Solomon's sorrow repeated with the variations incident to altered circumstances, and the diminished intensity to be expected in feeble men—vanity and vexation of spirit all over again. And as we are sometimes more impressed by modern instances than by Bible examples, we could call to court nearly as many witnesses as there have been hunters of happiness—mighty Nimrods in the chase of pleasure, fame and power.

We might ask the statesman, and as we wish him a "happy new year," Lord Dundas would answer, "I had need to be happier than the last, for I never knew one happy day in it." We might ask the successful lawyer, and the warriest, luckiest, most self-complacent of them all would answer, as Lord Eldon was privately recording when the whole bar envied the Chancellor, "A few weeks will send me to dear Encombe, as a short resting-place between vexation and the grave." We might ask the golden millionaire, "You must be a happy man, Mr. Rothschild?" "Happy! me happy? What, happy! when just as you are going to dine you have a letter placed in your hands, saying, 'If you do not send me £500, I will blow your brains out?' Happy! when you have to sleep with pistols at your pillow?" We might ask the world-favoured warrior, and get for another answer the "Miserere" of the emperor-monk, Charles V., or the sigh of a broken heart from St. Helena. We might ask the brilliant courtier, and Lord Chesterfield would tell us, "I have enjoyed all the pleasures of the world, and I do not regret their loss. I have been behind the scenes. I have seen all the coarse pulleys and dirty ropes which move the gaudy machines; and I have seen and smelled the tallow-candles which illuminate the whole decorations, to the astonishment of an ignorant audience." We might ask the dazzling wit, faint with a glut of glory, yet disgusted with the creatures who adored him, Voltaire would condense the essence of his existence into one word, "Ennuï." And we might ask the world's poet, and we would be answered with an imprecation by that splendid genius Byron, who

"Drank every cup of joy—heard every trump
Of frank; drank early, deeply drank; drank draughts
That common millions might have quenched—then died
Of thirst, because there was no more to drink."

(From the Halifax Acadian Recorder.)

EXTRAORDINARY MYSTERY.

Our readers may remember, that not many weeks back, just before the departure of the 1st Royals hence for home, we reported the disclosure which a private belonging to that Regiment, named Thompson, voluntarily made at our Police Office, relating to the murder of a young woman, by himself, at Norwich, England, about 8 years since. Although we were the first to furnish any account of the circumstance, yet cotemporaries far and near pirated, or assumed the paternity of it, till at length, strange to say, the Press of Great Britain at large, credit the New York Express with the authorship of the information. It will be recollected that the confession Thompson made, was that he belonged to Dumfriesshire, Scotland; that the victim was a young woman with whom he had been on terms of intimacy, and the crime was perpetrated by drowning in what he termed a canal. The crime had so preyed on the offender's mind, that he at length determined to give himself up to justice, and allow the law to take its course. Subsequent occurrences have confirmed the truth of the principal circumstances narrated. Thompson, having arrived in England, is now in Winchester gaol, and one of the superintendents of that district, Mr. Habbersty, late of the Norfolk constabulary, has visited Lynn, for the purpose of instituting inquiries. Thompson gives the name of his victim as Hannah Barber, and both he and the girl were well known to many people still living in Norwich, the crime having been perpetrated so recently as 1846. Thompson himself states, that it was in the month of August of that year, and Mr. Habbersty has learned from several sources, that Thompson was at that time a private of the regiment of Carbineers then lying at Ipswich, having just left Norwich, and that a girl named Hannah Barber had shortly before been rejected by one of the band of the same regi-

ment, in consequence of her intimacy with Thompson and other men; that Thompson got a day's leave of absence, and came down to Norwich; saw the girl there again, and walked out with her in the evening.

It appears, also that a Mr. J. Taylor, of Pockthorpe, well remembers, that between 12 and 1 o'clock one night in the same month, while bobbing for cels in the river, near St. George's bridge he heard some blows struck, and immediately afterwards a splash in the water. He also distinctly heard the footsteps of a person running away. He unmoored his boat as quickly as possible, and hastened to the spot, and succeeded in rescuing a young woman from a watery grave. After she recovered herself a little, he placed her on the steps leading to the house of Mr. Brooks, builder. Mr. Taylor, together with Mr. Rix, a brewer, who came up at the time, attempted to learn from her her name, but she positively refused to tell, or to reveal any of the circumstances connected with the event which had just occurred. She shortly afterwards left the spot, no one knowing who she was, or whither she went. Two or three persons now state, that they have seen Hannah Barber in Norwich within the last 12 months, but have no knowledge as to where she is to be found. She is said to be a country girl, and her visits to Norwich were only occasional. It is very desirable, that she should be found, in order that it may be ascertained whether she is really the girl whom Mr. Taylor rescued. Under any circumstances, however, it appears probable, that Thompson's victim escaped the death to which he has till now, thought he had hurried her.—Shortly after August, Thompson left the Carbineers and joined the 1st Royals, who were lying in New Brunswick, whither he was sent to join them; and he has doubtless been living since that time under great mental suffering.

LAST WORDS OF DISTINGUISHED PERSONS.

"A death-bed's a detector of the heart,
Here, tried dissimulation drops her mask,
Through life's grimace that mistress of the scene;
Here real and apparent are the same."
Head of the Army.—Napoleon.
I must sleep now.—Byron.
It matters little how the dead lie.—Sir Walter Raleigh.
Kiss me, Hardy.—Lord Nelson.
Don't give up the ship.—Laurence.
Is this your fidelity?—Nero.
Clasp my hand, my dear friend, I die.—Alfieri.
Give Dryades a chair.—Lord Chesterfield.
God preserve the Emperor.—Hayden.
The artery ceases to beat.—Iialler.
Let the light enter.—Gothe.
All my possessions for a moment of time.—Queen Elizabeth.
What! is there no bribing death?—Cardinal Beaufort.
I have loved God, my father, and liberty.—Madame de Staël.
Be serious.—Grotius.
Into thy hands, O Lord.—Tasso.
It is small, very small indeed; (clasping her neck).—Anne Boleyn.
I pray you, to see me safe up, and for my coming down, let me shift for myself. (Ascending the scaffold).—Sir Thomas More.
Don't let that awkward squad fire over my grave.—Robert Burns.
I feel as if I were to be myself again.—Sir Walter Scott.
I resign my soul to God, and my daughter to my country.—Jef-ferson.
It is well.—Washington.
Independence for ever.—Adams.
This is the last of earth.—J. Q. Adams.
I wish you to understand the true principles of the government, I wish them carried out. I ask nothing more.—Gen. Harrison.
I am prepared; I have endeavored to do my duty.—General Taylor.
There is not a single drop of blood on my hands.—Frederick V. of Denmark.
A dying man can do nothing easy.—Franklin.
Let me die to the sounds of delicious music.—Mirabeau.
I die for my beloved Cuba.—Lopez.

REAPING MACHINE.

We copy the following from the *Morning Chronicle*:—An exhibition of Hussey's American Reaping Machine took place on Thursday, at Haddam-hall, Herts, before a very large concourse of agriculturists, many of whom came from a considerable distance to witness this (to us) novel feature in farming operations. The first display was upon a field of barley, which although very much laid, was taken up by the machine in a very satisfactory manner. The reaper was then set to work upon a piece of clover. The manner in which its resistless blades swept through the crop was a matter of great astonishment. This feeling was freely expressed by all who witnessed it. It might be compared to the sweeping of a strong wind over the surface of a lake, so rapid and comparatively effortless was its progress through the standing crop. The crowning effort was made in a field of wheat. The success of the machine, perhaps, chiefly depends upon its capability of reaping the "golden grain," and its powers were fully put to the proof in this instance, the crop being very thin, and drooping from over-ripeness. This, though a great disadvantage, afforded the implement an opportunity to show its peculiar advantages. Its projecting blades, cutting as they do from right to left and from left to right (the grain being held by an upper row of tines), have something of the effect of a long row of scissors; thus as the reaper pressed forward the grain fell over on the platform, regularly and without difficulty. The machine performed its work at a very rapid rate, to the evident astonishment of the labourers present. A little incident which occurred speaks volumes as to the efficiency of the day's work. A herculean figure, in a smock frock, after earnestly contemplating the execution performed before his eyes, took his reaping-hook and deliberately broke it over his knee, throwing the pieces away in despair. The inventor (Mr. Hussey), who was present the whole day, and the gentleman representing the proprietors (Messrs. Wm. Dray & Co., Swan-lane, London,) consented to make a second trial on the following day, the result of which was, we are informed, equally satisfactory.

AN ALLEGORY.—An Angel from the realms of light sat by the wayside as a rosy-cheeked child came playing by in pursuit of a gaudy butterfly which ever and anon lit upon some sweet flower; but as the little one put out its tiny hands to grasp the prize, the insect wafted on, until the child, weary with its exertions, lay down on a shady bank and soon fell asleep.

The angel then came lightly up to where it lay—breathed upon it, when a sweet smile stole over its features, resembling that of the angel's face.

"What seest thou child?" said the being of light, in a sweet, harmonious voice, which sounded like dying music on the air.
"I see a great number of people all in pursuit of one thing, but none succeed in securing it, for as they approach, it recedes from them. Many fall asleep by the way and wake not."

"These are the people of the world in pursuit of happiness, which is never obtained in this life. The sleep is death, and the end of the chase. Look again and tell me what thou seest now."

"Oh! what a beautiful garden! it is filled with rare flowers and ripe fruits. There are thousands of beautiful beings with wings who seem to waft themselves through the sweet scented groves without any apparent exertion; singing sweet songs, partaking of the rich fruits. A soft radiant light adorns their countenances, their conversation is like music; I can understand what they say, but their language is not like ours.—It is entrancing, and I long to join them, but there seems to be a space between us, which I cannot pass, although they can come to me. There is one who looks like my mother—she comes towards me—how sweetly she smiles upon me; may I not go to her?"

"Not yet, child; the bright beings which you saw in the garden are those who have passed from this life into the Celestial World. The flowers are the purity of their repose and the perfume of their good works. The fruits are the result of their labours and the happiness upon which they subsist.—Therefore, follow no more after the gilded phantom, but seek after wisdom; and you shall find the true happiness."

As the angel concluded, the spirit mother kissed her child; the sleeper awoke—the scenes of this beautiful dream had vanished, but though long years of earthly life were his, he never forgot the vision of Heaven.