

THE MORNING NEWS,

AND SEMI-WEEKLY ADVERTISER.

DEVOTED TO GENERAL INTELLIGENCE, LITERATURE, &c.—NEUTRAL IN LOCAL POLITICS AND RELIGION.

VOL. I.

CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, MARCH 27, 1844.

NO. 59.

MOON'S PHASES.

MARCH.

- Full Moon, 4th day, 4h. 45m after.
- Last Quarter, 11th day, 9h. 5m morn.
- New Moon, 18th day, 8h. 3m even.
- First Quarter, 27th day, 0h. 47m morn.

INTERESTING EXTRACTS.

MADAGASCAR.—The people obtain their idols as property belonging to the family, and passing from one generation to another; or they purchase them from some person supposed to be famous for the success of those who purchase their gods from him: he makes and constitutes them, and the cost is a matter of bargain between the buyer and the seller. A married couple went, a few years since, to a person of this description, living about fifteen miles from the capital, and wished to purchase an idol. He had none to sell, but desired them to come next day. They went; he was still without any, but promised to have one by the evening. They remained till evening. The man went to a neighbouring forest, selected a tree, cut down his boy, brought it home, and prepared his idol, leaving the smaller branches littered about near his fireplace. In the evening he invited four married friends to take their meal of rice with him, and they saw him put some of the self-same branches in the fire to boil the rice. They returned home, having paid about two dollars for their new god. Shortly afterwards a young man, a Christian, called at their house, and happened to see the wife the graphic description of idolatry in the 41th chapter of Isaiah, "With part thereof he roasteth flesh, with it, warmeth himself, and the residue thereof he maketh a god, &c." He was astonished; it reminded her of that had just occurred, helped to convince her of the truth of the sacred volume, awakened deep attention, and led to the abandonment of the idol. She continued a learner, became a true disciple, and is well known as Laravavy.

PASSING FRUIT TREES.—It will be remembered, upon experiment, that a wound made on a tree in March or April, will heal black as soon as the sap begins to rise, and that the sap will ooze out until the wound is healed, and so on to receive. In June, when the wood made in June, will be white, and immediately commence healing. The wounds of a tree made in the spring, by being loaded with fruit, or otherwise, while the tree is in a vigorous and growing state, will heal, and the wood remain sound; while one made in the winter, by snow or from frost, will look black, and incline to decay.

It has been my humble lot to spend some of my time in the spring and fore part of summer, in engraving and pruning fruit trees, and my experience goes to prove that the best time for pruning is when the leaves are full grown, and the tree is in a vigorous and growing state. In this season, when the sap has begun to rise, the foliage, and the pores of the wood are filled, so that when the limb is cut off, the sun and warm weather will cause the sap to rise, and close the wound of the wood against the weather,

the sap will keep the limb alive to the very end, and the healing will be perceived immediately.—*Boston Cultivator.*

THE GRAVE.

AN AFFECTING STORY.

There is nothing in life so well calculated to humble the haughty, and bow down the stiff knee of pride, as to follow the remains of some young and gifted persons—to stand by the solemn, the mournful grave, to see the earth close over him forever. How many melancholy emotions crowd upon the heart, while we stand for a few moments around the last dwelling place of man. A wise God has given to the grave, for a good purpose, the power of exciting the most tender, the most touching sensibilities in the human heart. Lives there a man, lives there a woman who has not followed a father, a mother, a brother, sister, or some dear relative or friend, to the grave? And have they not felt while standing amid the tombs, and when they have returned to the desolate mansion, the fallacy of human pride, and the vanity of human ambition? Do they not feel, and are they not impressed with a sense that all human glory is transitory, and all human happiness perishable? Have they not resolved, as the sublime Dr. Young observes to keep those impressions fresh in memory, then re-resolved and died the same.

To meditate among the tombs, to me is a melancholy pleasure. There every guilty thought is suppressed—there every unholy passion subsides—there ambition, vanity, and pride, are swallowed up in reflection, and the mind abstracted from the world becomes calm as the summer lake, while the sublime current of contemplation lead it in pleasing though sad thought from life to the grave to immortality.

I have stood at the death-bed and at the grave of the gay and the young, the beautiful, and the gifted. And while I have stood there these thoughts have rushed upon my mind. Is man immortal? And if so, where and when does the spirit go? That the soul of man is immortal is proven by his longing after immortality, and as Cato observes, his fear of falling into annihilation. If the soul of man is not immortal, why should it have been given the power of progressing in knowledge and virtue? The acquirement of the mind is infinite, and it would seem strange to suppose that its duration were finite. I know not whether other men have the same consciousness, but for myself, I know that I have a soul, I can feel the distinction perceptibly between it and the body; yes, I can feel it as distinctly as I can see the yolk contained in the eggshell. That my soul is

immortal is proven by analogy in both the vegetable and animal kingdoms. The lofty oak is felled to the earth, and in the course of time another tall towering oak springs from its root. The rose tree "bears its blushing honors thick upon it," and they die; yet in the next year others of the same form bloom forth in their places. But the animal kingdom proves more precisely the immortality of the soul. I will give one example, which is sufficient. All the caterpillar tribe undergo a change which points plainly to the resurrection of man. Take the silkworm, for example. It had its infancy, and begins its labours so soon as it arrives at maturity. It spins its thread of existence, and at the end is silent in its tomb. More wise than man, its whole life is spent in preparing for its grave. In the course of fifteen days the change takes place, and the resurrection is at hand. It then breaks the barriers of the grave, and comes forth in the form of a fly, and far more beautiful and happy. It eats not now, but makes pleasure its sole object, constantly jumping and flying about. Unlike its former self, it no longer eats, or works, or is sick. It would seem as if the Deity had made these things as proofs to man of his own immortality. It is a complete picture of the resurrection.

But does the soul leave the body at the moment of dissolution, and does it fly to some far off star, to some place of happiness—or does it linger among us? It is true, as Milton observes that—

"Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth,
Both when we wake and when we sleep."

Dr. Priestly, and the sect called Materialists, taught the doctrine that the mind of man is not spiritual, but the mere result of the movement of the fibres of the brain. They believed that when man dies the mind ceases with the cessation of the brain's movement. They also as a consequence believed, that the mind is extinct or quiescent in the grave until the resurrection, when it would again come into existence at the same moment that the brain would move. In sleep, though alive, we have a very imperfect consciousness of the lapse of time, and, say they, in the grave, where there can be no consciousness of the flight of time, the soul might slumber on for millions of years, and wake with the supposition that only a moment had elapsed. But this is all conjecture, for all is hid in impenetrable darkness. It is enough for us to know that man is immortal.

Oh the grave—the grave—it covers all human hope and human affections! But a short time since I followed to the grave the lifeless form of an infant child of my sister. While I stood with each foot on a grave looking

down in the dark home of the infant, I asked myself the question, what is life and what its securities? Before me lies an infant whose life has extended to but a few short weeks, and the graves on which I stand are but short. What is life, that death should be so terrific—and how strange is it, that, though we dread his approach, we think so little of that change, and make so little preparation for that hour which must irrevocably come. It is true that life to the youthful mind, is bright and fraught with future hopes and happiness; and it is so because his heart is pure, and he knows not the hollow-heartedness of the world and the imperfection of human nature. The vista opens before him, and he sees not the end—flowers and sunshine charm his eye, and he thinks not of the darkness that will ere long enshroud him. Fancy is a foe to solemn reflection, and hence it is that the youthful mind thinks not of death. The heart has not the independence and fearlessness of the mind, or we should never reflect on a subject so humiliating and terrible.—There are but two sources of real pleasure in life, knowledge and virtue; by virtue, I mean religion in the widest acceptance of the word. Knowledge and virtue are progressive, and not perishable like that which the world calls pleasure. Some of the Grecian philosophers taught the doctrine that virtue and vice were only nominal, and there was no distinction only in the names. But there is as great a distinction as there is between light and darkness. He who commits a good action is richly repaid by pleasing consciousness which follows it, and he who commits a bad one is as surely punished by the pain which follows it.

What oceans of tears have been shed at the grave, and how many a heart has pined and sickened at the thought of separation. It is a melancholy truth that no less than ninety thousand of the human race are laid in the grave in one day. And how does the heart shrink when we look around us, and think that of all the active beings we have seen in the full pursuit of happiness, not one perhaps will be living one hundred years hence—that the child now in its mother's lap will then have been laid in the grave a grey-headed man, the father of several generations. How short is the period of sixty years to pass from generous-hearted youth to avaricious old age, and how humiliating is the fact, that the older we grow the more hardened the heart becomes, and the less fit for heaven. The youth who will welcome to his door the aged mendicant, will, in future life while grasping after wealth, deny him the pittance of a farthing. Money, money runs through every thing. It supplies the place of talent, wisdom, greatness