

Raffsmann's Journal.

COME AND TAKE ME.—DUIVIER.

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Poetry.

A GEM FROM FANNY FORRESTER.

We extract from the proof-sheet of "Aldersbrook," now in press, by Ticknor & Co., the following touching stanza by Mrs. J. Booth to her mother, previous to her departure from this port a few years ago.—*Boston Atlas.*

Give me my old dear mother,
With my head upon thy knee;
I've passed through many a changing scene
Since thou hast left me here.
Oh, let me look into thine eyes—
Their look is like a gleam of dawn;
Falls like a gleam of holiness,
Upon my heart to-night.
I've not been long away, mother;
Few days have I been gone;
Since last I saw thee in thy check
My lips in kisses met.
'Tis but a little time, I know,
But very long it seems.
Though every night I come to thee,
Dear mother, in my dreams.
This world has kindly dealt, mother—
By the child thou lovest so well;
Thy prayers have circled round her path,
And 'twas thy love that kept her true.
Which gave thee light and cast the gloom
On every trial of her life.
I bear a happy heart, mother,
A happier heart than thou;
And even now, now, when I look
At thee, I feel I'm not alone.
Oh mother, life may be a dream,
But if such dreams are given,
While at the portals thus we stand,
What are the truths of Heaven?
I bear a happy heart, mother;
Yet, when I look at thee,
And hear soft tones and winning words,
I feel I'm not alone.
And thou art like the dawn of day,
Though sunny smiles and blossoming lips,
While love's tones meet my ear,
My mother, one fond glance of thine
Were a thousand times more dear.

Miscellaneous.

SOME PASSAGES IN THE LIFE

MAJOR GAHAGAN.

BY TRACKER.

When I first went to India in 1802, I was a raw cornet of seventeen, with blinding red hair, six feet seven in height, athletic at all kinds of exercises, owing money to my tailor and everybody else who would trust me, possessing an Irish brogue, and my full pay of £120 a year. I need not say that with all these advantages I did not find a number of clever fellows have done before me—I fell in love, and proposed to marry immediately.

But how to overcome the difficulty?—It is true that I loved Julia Jowler—loved her to madness; but her father intended her for a member of council at least, and not for a beggarly Irish ensign. It was, however, my fate to make the passage to India (on board of the Samuel Snob East Indianer, Captain Duffey) with this lovely creature, and my misfortune instantly to fall in love with her. We were not out of the Channel before I adored her, worshipped the deck which she stood upon, kissed a thousand times the cuddy-chair on which she used to sit. The same madness fell on every man in the ship. The two mates fought about her at the Cape—the surgeon, a sober, pious Scotchman, from disappointed affection, took so dreadfully to drinking as to threaten spontaneous combustion—and old Colonel Lilywhite, carrying his wife and seven daughters to Bengal, swore that he would have a divorce from Mrs. L., and made an attempt at suicide—the captain himself told me, with tears in his eyes, that he hated his hitherto-adored Mrs. Duffey, although he had had nineteen children by her.

We used to call her the witch—there was magic in her beauty and her voice. I was spell-bound when I looked at her, and stark, staring mad when she looked at me! Oh, lustrous black eyes!—Oh, glossy night-black ringlets!—Oh, lips!—Oh, dimpled cheeks of white marble!—Oh, tiny kidalippers!—though old and gouty, Gahagan sees you still! I recollect of Ascension, she looked at me in her particular way one day at dinner, just as I happened to be blowing on a piece of scalding hot green fat. I was stupefied at once—I thrust the entire morsel (about half a pound) into my mouth. I made no attempt to swallow or to masticate it, but left it there for many minutes burning, burning! I had no skin to my palate for seven weeks after, and lived on rice water during the rest of the voyage. The anecdote is trivial, but it shows the power of Julia Jowler over me.

The writers of marine novels have so exhausted the subject of storms, ship-wrecks, mutinies, engagements, sea-sickness, and so forth, that (although I have experienced each of these in many varieties) I think it quite unnecessary to recount such trifling adventures,

suffice it to say, that during our five months' voyage, my mad passion for Julia daily increased; so did the captain's and the surgeon's; so did Colonel Lilywhite's; so did the doctor's, the mate's—that of most part of the passengers, and a considerable number of the crew. For myself, I swore—enough as I was—I would win her for my wife; I vowed that I would make her glorious with my sword—that as I had made a favorable impression on my commanding officer, (which I did not doubt to create,) I would lay open to him the state of my affections, and demand his daughter's hand. With such sentimental outpourings did our voyage continue and conclude.

We landed at the Sunderbunds on a grilling hot day in December, 1802, and then for the moment Julia and I separated. She was carried off to her papa's arms in a palanquin, surrounded by at least forty Hookabatters; whilst the poor cornet, attended by two dandies and a solitary beast, (by which unnatural name these blackmoors are called,) made his way to humbly join the regiment at headquarters.

The 11th regiment of Bengal Cavalry, then under the command of Lieut.-Colonel Julius Jowler, C. B., was known throughout Asia and Europe by the proud title of Bundelcund Invincibles—so great was his character for bravery, so remarkable were its services in that delightful district of India. Major Sir George Gutch was next in command, and Tom Thrupp, a kind of fellow as ever ran a Maharratta through the body, was second Major. We were on the eve of that remarkable war which was speedily to spread throughout the whole of India, to call forth the valor of a Wellesly, and the indomitable gallantry of a Gahagan; which was illustrated by our victories at Ahmednagar, (where I was first over the barricade at Argam, where I slew with my own sword twenty-three match-lock-men, and cut a drumhead in two; and by that terrible day of Assaye, where Wellesley had been beaten but for me—me alone; I headed nineteen charges of cavalry, took (aided by only four men of my own troop) seventeen field-pieces, killing the scoundrelly French artillery-men; on that day I had eleven elephants shot under me, and carried away Scindia's nose-ring with a pistol ball. Wellesley is a duke and a marshal, I but a simple major of irregulars; such is fortune and war! But my feelings carry me away from my narrative, which had better proceed with more order.

On arriving, I say, at our barracks at Dum-Dum, I for the first time put on the beautiful uniform of the Invincibles: a light blue swallow-tailed jacket with silver buttons, rhubarb-colored leather inexpressibles, (tight,) and red morocco boots with silver spurs and tassels, set off to the admiration the handsome persons of the officers of our corps. We wore powder in those days, and a regulation pigtail of seventeen inches, a brass helmet surrounded by leopard skin, with a bear skin top, and a horse-tail feather, gave the head a fierce and chivalrous appearance, which is far more easily imagined than described.

Arrived in this magnificent costume, I first presented myself before Colonel Jowler. He was habited in a manner precisely similar, but not being more than five feet in height, and weighing at least fifteen stone, the dress he wore did not become him quite so much as allover and taller men. Flanked by his tall majors, Thrupp and Gutch, he looked like a stumpy skittle-ball between two attenuated skittles. The plump little Colonel received me with vast cordiality, and I speedily became a prime favorite with himself and the other officers of the corps. Jowler was the most hospitable of men, and gratifying my appetite and my love together, I continually partook of his dinners, and feasted on the sweet presence of Julia.

I can see now, what I would not and could not perceive in those early days, that this Miss Jowler, on whom I had lavished my first and warmest love, whom I had endowed with all perfection and purity, was no better than a little impudent flirt, who played with my feelings, because during the monotony of a sea voyage she had no other toy to play with; and who deserted others for me, and me for others, just as her whim or her interest might guide her. She had not been three weeks at headquarters when half the regiment was in love with her. Each and all of the candidates had some favor to bestow, or some encouraging hopes on which to build. It was the scene of the Samuel Snob over again, only heightened in interest by a number of duels.

The following list will give the reader a notion of some of them:—

1. Cornet Gahagan. Ensign Hicks, of the Sappers and Miners. Hicks received a ball in his jaw and was half choked by a quantity of carotid snaker forced down his throat with the ball.
 2. Capt. Macgillivuddy, B. N. I. Cornet Gahagan. "I was run through the body, but the sword passed between the ribs, and injured me slightly."
 3. Capt. Macgillivuddy, B. N. I. Mr. Mulligan, B. C. S., Deputy-Assistant, Vice Sub-Controller of the Boggywhalloah Indigo grounds, Bangally branch.
- Macgillivuddy should have stuck to the sword's play, and he might have come off in his second duel as well as in his first; as was the civilian placed a ball and a part of Mac's gold repeater in his stomach. A remarkable circumstance attended this shot, an account of which I sent home to the Philosophical Transactions: the surgeon had extracted the ball,

and was going off, thinking that all was well, when the gold repeater struck thirteen in poor Macgillivuddy's abdomen. I suppose that the works must have been disarranged in some way by the bullet, for the repeater was one of Barraud's, never known to fail before, and the circumstance occurred at seven o'clock.

I could continue, almost *ad infinitum*, an account of the wars which this Helen occasioned, but the above three specimens will, I should think, satisfy the peaceful reader. I delight not in the scenes of blood, Heaven knows, but I was compelled in the course of a few weeks, and for the sake of this one woman, to fight nine duels myself, and I know that four times as many took place concerning her.

I forgot to say that Jowler's wife was a half caste woman, who had been born and bred entirely in India, and whom the Colonel had married from the house of her mother, a native. There were some singular rumors abroad regarding the latter lady's history—it was reported that she was the daughter of a native Rajah, and had been carried off by a poor English subaltern in Lord Clive's time. The young man was killed very soon after, and left his child with its mother. The black Prince forgave his daughter and bequeathed to her a handsome sum of money. I suppose that it was on this account that Jowler married Mrs. J., a creature who had not, I do believe, a Christian name, or a single Christian quality—she was a hideous, bloated, yellow creature, with a beard, black teeth, and red eyes: she was fat, lying, ugly, and stingy—she hated and was hated by all the world, and by her jolly husband as devoutly as by any other. She did not pass a month in the year with him, but spent most of her time with her native friends. I wonder how she could have given birth to so lovely a creature as her daughter. This woman was of course with the Colonel when Julia arrived, and the spice of the devil in her daughter's composition was most carefully nourished and fed by her. If Julia had been a flirt before, she was a downright jilt now; she set the whole cantonment by the ears; she made wives jealous and husbands miserable; she caused all those duels of which I have discoursed already, and yet such was the fascination of *the wren* that I still thought her an angel. I made court to the nasty mother in order to be near the daughter; and I listened intently to Jowler's interminable dull stories, because I was occupied all the time in watching the graceful movements of Miss Julia.

But the trumpet of war was soon ringing in our ears; and on the battle-field Gahagan is a man! The Bundelcund Invincibles received orders to march, and Jowler, Hector-like, donned his helmet, and prepared to part from his Andromache. And now arose his perplexity: what must be done with his daughter, his Julia? He knew his wife's peculiarities of living, and did not much care to trust his daughter to her keeping; but in vain he tried to find her an asylum among the respectable ladies of his regiment. Lady Gutch offered to receive her, but would have nothing to do with Mrs. Jowler, the surgeon's wife, Mrs. Sawbone, would have neither mother and daughter; there was no help for it, Julia and her mother must have a house together, and Jowler knew that his wife would fill it with her odious blackmoor friends.

I could not, however, go forth satisfied to the campaign until I learned from Julia my fate. I watched twenty opportunities to see her alone, and wandered about the Colonel's bungalow as an inferior does about a public-house marking the incomings and the outgoings of the family, and longing to seize the moment when Miss Jowler, unattended by her mother or her papa, might listen, perhaps, to my eloquence, and melt at the tale of my love.

But it would not do—old Jowler seemed to have taken all of a sudden to such a fit of domesticity, that there was no finding him out of doors, and his rhubarb-colored wife (I believe that her skin gave the first idea of our regimental breeches), who before had been gadding ceaselessly abroad, and poking her broad nose into every *menage* in the cantonment, stopped faithfully at home with her spouse. My only chance was to beard the old couple in their den, and ask them at once for their *cut*.

So I called one day at tiffin—old Jowler was always happy to have my company at this meal; it amused him, he said, to see me drink Hodgson's pale ale (I drank two hundred and thirty-four dozen the first year I was in Bengal) and it was no small piece of fun, certainly, to see old Mrs. Jowler attack the currie-bhant;—she was exactly the color of it, as I have had already the honor to remark, and she swallowed the mixture with a gusto which was never equalled, except by my poor friend Dando, a *propos d'honneur*. She consumed the first three platefuls with a fork and spoon, like a Christian; but as she warmed to her work, the old hag would throw away the silver implements, and, dragging the dishes towards her, go to work with her hands, flip the rice into her mouth with her fingers, and stow away a quantity of eatables sufficient for a sepoy company. But why do I diverge from the main point of my story?

Julia, then, Jowler, and Mrs. J., were at luncheon: the dear girl was in the act to *sabler* a glass of Hodgson as I entered. "How do you do, Mr. Gagin?" said the old hag, leeringly; "eat a bit o' currie-bhant?"—and she thrust the dish towards me, securing a heap as it passed. "What, Gagy, my boy, how do, how do?" said the fat old Colonel; "what, run through the body?—got well again—have some Hodgson—run through your body too!" and at this, I may say, coarse joke (alluding to the fact that in these hot climates the ale oozes out as it were from the pores of the skin,) old Jowler laughed: a host of swarthy chobdars, kitmagars, sices, consumers, and bobby-chies laughed too, as they provided me, unasked, with the grateful fluid. Swallowing six tumblerfuls of it, I passed nervously for a moment, and then said—

"Bobbachy, consomah, ballybaloo hoga." The black ruffians took the hint and retired. "Colonel and Mrs. Jowler," said I, solemnly, "we are alone; and you, Miss Jowler, you are alone too; that is—I mean—I take this opportunity to—(another glass of ale if you please), to express, once for all, before departing on a dangerous campaign—(Julia turned pale)—before entering, I say, upon a war which may stretch in the dust my high-raised hopes and me, to express my hopes while life still remains to me, and to declare in the face of heaven, earth, and Colonel Jowler, that I love you, Julia!" The Colonel, astonished, let fall a steel fork, which stuck quivering for some minutes in the calf of my leg; but I heeded not the palsy interruption. "Yes, by your bright heaven," continued I, "I love you, Julia! I respect my commander, I esteem your excellent and beautiful mother; tell me, before I leave you, if I may hope for a return of my affection. Say that you love me, and I will do such deeds in the coming war, as shall make you proud of the name of your Gahagan!"

The old woman, as I delivered these touching words, stared, snuffed, and ground her teeth, like an enraged monkey. Julia was now red, now white; the Colonel stretched forward, took the fork out of the calf of my leg, wiped it, and then seized a bundle of letters, which I had remarked by his side. "A cornet!" said he, in a voice choking with emotion; "a pitiful, beggarly, Irish cornet, aspire to hand of Julia Jowler! Gag—Gahagan, are you mad, or laughing at us? Look at these letters, young man, at these letters, I say—one hundred and twenty-four epistles from every part of India (not including one from the governor-general and six from his brother, Colonel Wellesly)—one hundred and twenty-four proposals for the hand of Miss Jowler. Cornet Gahagan," continued he, "I wish to think well of you; you are the bravest, the most modest, and perhaps, the handsomest man in the corps, but you have not got a single rupee. You ask me for Julia, and you do not possess even an anna!—(Here the old rogue grinned, as if he had a capital pun.) No, no," said he, waxing good-natured; Gagy, my boy, it is nonsense! Julia, love, retire with your mamma; this silly young gentleman will remain and smoke a pipe with me."

I took one: it was the bitterest chillum I ever smoked in my life.—[To be Continued.]

THE DRUNKARD.
Drunkard, stand forward that we may have a look at you, and draw your picture. There he stands! the mouth of a drunkard, you may observe, contracts a singularly sensitive appearance, seemingly red and raw, and he is perpetually licking and smacking his lips, as if his palate were dry and dusty. His is a thirst that water will not quench. He might as well drink air. His whole being burns for a dram. The world is contracted into a caulk. He would sell his soul in such extremity, were the black bottle denied him, for a gulp. Not to save his soul from eternal fire would he refrain from pulling out the plug, and sucking away at destitution. What at sunset he turns up to the morning air! Inflamed, pimply, snubby and snorty, and with a nob at the end on't, like one carved out of the end of a stick by the knife of a school-boy—rough and hot to the very eye—a nose which, rather than pull, you would submit to be in some degree insulted. A perpetual cold harasses and exhausts him, and a perpetual expectation. How his hand trembles! It is an effort to sign his name; one of his sides is certainly not by any means as sound as the other; there has been a touch of palsy there, and the next dint will draw down his chin to the collar-bone, and convert him, a month before dissolution, into a slavering idiot. There is no occupation, small or great, insignificant or important, to which he can turn for any length of time his hand his heart, or his head.—*Prof. Wilson.*

An old gentleman named Raddleburn, in New York, becoming apprehensive that he had not a single relation in the world, published an advertisement, desiring all who could claim kindred with the Raddleburn family to come forward, as there was a fortune of over \$150,000 to be divided among them; in less than twenty-four hours he was visited by no less than six aunts, nineteen uncles, twenty-nine nephews, ninety-four nieces and one hundred and seventy-five cousins.

THE COUNTESS VS. THE TRAGEDIAN.

During Lola Montes' first engagement at the Metropolitan Theatre, at San Francisco, Mr. J. B. Booth, Jr., the acting manager, while behind the scenes one morning at rehearsal, espied the fair Countess smoking a cigarette. Civilly accosting her, he observed: "Excuse me, Madam la Comtesse, but smoking is positively against Mrs. Sinclair's regulations."

"*C'est est rien!* I shall smoke." "Pardon me, Madam, it is absolutely prohibited in the theatre."

"What is that to me? Go away—you are a Jesuit."

"I don't profess, Madam, to belong to any established church, but I do profess to discharge my duty as acting manager for Mrs. Sinclair, and I must politely, but positively, ask you to desist from smoking."

With great reluctance Lola threw away the cigar, and the tragedian passed on; but returning soon after, what was his surprise to observe her again indulging in smoking a Havana.

"This is unworthy of you, Mlle. Lola," he observed, "and I must again ask of you to extinguish that cigar."

"*Copain que vous êtes!*" shouted the indignant belle, "I am Marie de Lausfeldt Heald. You have insulted me. If the good King Louis were living you should repeat this."

Lola looked at him, and saw that he was more than a match for her. Leaving the theatre in a towering rage, she rushed to the abode of her *cavalier servente*, whom we will call Worgon.

"I have been insulted! I must have blood! A catarrh of blood!"

"You shall have a sanguinary Niagara if you like; but what's the matter?"

Lola detailed the occurrence, and Worgon went to seek Booth. He was a firm friend of the young tragedian, and the two quickly concocted a plot. Worgon wrote as follows:—

"M'AMIE—There is a secluded spot near the broad waters of the Sacramento. I meet him there to-morrow. *Plais-ten* paces. If I fall, 'tis for thee. Pary to the Virgin for me. *Adieu, carissima, mia.* Thine.

P. S.—Enclosed is a lock of my hair. The letter dispatched, the twin left for Sacramento, and prepared for a "good time," for a day or two. Lola was in agony—repenting of her folly—until her friend appeared before her.

"He is dead!" "Dead!" "I must leave you now and conceal myself for a day or two. *Adieu!*" And he made a frantic rush from the room.

The next day news was sent her that Booth was not dead but dangerously ill. The next day he was improving—the next convalescent—and at the end of a fortnight, the two parties returned, having had a very pleasant fortnight's frolic.

Lola's honor was avenged—she forgave and forgot—and to this day she does not know the trick played upon her.—*Boston Gazette.*

A TEMPERANCE STORY.—One evening last week we took our place at the supper table of a Cincinnati and Louisville packet. Supper and conversation had progressed some before we were seated. An animated discourse was going on between an old gentleman and an exceedingly sober-faced lady, not less than thirty years old, on the subject of temperance.

"Oh!" exclaimed she, with horror depicted on her thin lips, "I do despise the whiskey drinker!"

The gentleman dropped his knife and fork, seized her hand and gave it a hearty shake; we thought tears were going to drop from his twinkling eyes.

"Madam!" said he, "I respect your sentiments and the heart that dictated them. I permit no person to go beyond me in despising the whiskey drinker. I have been disgusted on this very boat, and I say it now before our worthy captain's face. What, I ask you, can be more disgusting than to see a well-dressed, respectable, aye, virtuous looking young man, whose mother is probably even now praying that the tender instruction by which his youth was illumined may bring forth precious fruit in his maturity. I say, to see a young man step up to the bar of this boat, and without the fear of observing eyes, or the condemnation of enlightened opinion, brazenly ask for old Bourbon, or Rye, or Monongahela whiskey, when in that bar he knew there is the very best old Cognac Brandy."

Vermont must have a remarkable moral and law obeying population, for it seems that the jails of that State only average three occupants each. Three are entirely empty, two have but one prisoner each, two others have four each, one has six, and another seven.

Sabbath Reading.

NO GOD!

"The fool hath said in his heart there is no God."

Psalm.
"No God! No God!" The simplest flower,
That on the wild is found,
Shrinks, as it drinks its cup of dew,
And trembles at the sound:
"No God!"—astonished Echo cries
From out her cavern hoar,
And every wandering bird that flies
Republishes the Atheist's lore.

The solemn forest lifts its head,
The Almighty to proclaim,
The brooklet, on its crystal urn,
Doth leap to grave his name,
How swells the deep and vengeful sea,
Along his billowy track,
The red Vesuvius opens his mouth
To hurl the falsehood back.

The palm-tree, with its princely crest,
The cypress' leafy shade,
The broad fruit bending to its lord,
In you for island glade;
The winged seed, that borne by winds,
The roving sparrow feed,
The meadow, on the desert sands,
Confound the scorner's creed.

"No God!" With indignation high,
The fervent Sun is stirred,
And the pale Moon turns paler still,
At such an impious word;
And from their burning thrones, the Stars
Look down with angry eye,
That thus a worm of dust should mock
Eternal majesty.

THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION.

The Historical sketch of Latin Christianity, in the London *Quarterly Review* closes with the following hopeful paragraph:

"But the course of the Christian religion, in spite of the darkness which has from time to time clouded the fate of Christendom, has always moved onwards, and from that onward movement derived its main strength. Christianity has not drooped—it has lived, it has flourished, it has expanded, it has grown, not in proportion as it has remained with the influences of its first home, but (so far at least as European history is concerned) in proportion as it has receded further and further from it. Westward the Star of Empire has held its course; and Westward has the Sun of Christendom moved also—shedding its lights not only on Arabian deserts and Indian palms, but on the endless variety of western life and scenery, on the cities and homes, on the empires and the families, of the Grecian, the Roman, and the Teutonic world; the omega no less than the alpha; the end no less than the beginning, of the history of civilized man."

VIRTUE IN MAN.

We love to believe there is more moral goodness than depravity in human nature.—When we see one tear of pity drop from the eye, it gives us more pleasure than would the finding of a diamond. There is goodness—real and unselfish—in the heart, and we have often seen it manifest itself, to the making of a scene of sorrow the vestibule of heaven.—For him who is always picking out flaws in his neighbor's character, we have no sympathy. He reminds us of those birds which resort to dead and decayed limbs of trees to feast on the worms. In the character of most men we shall find more good than evil, more kindness than hatred—and why should we seek to pick out the flaws and pass over the sterling traits of character? We hold this to be the true doctrine: to portray real goodness and hold it up to the gaze and admiration of all, while we suffer the evil to remain in the shade and die. If every picture of human nature were only pure and beautiful, we are inclined to believe that we should have thousands of such characters living and loving around us.

A CHILD'S INFLUENCE.

An English lady of respectability resided for a few years, after becoming a widow, with her little son, in one of the chief cities in Canada. The child had been faithfully instructed in the elements of the Christian faith. He was about four years of age, very lovely and promising, and greatly caressed by the fellow-boarders. An elderly gentleman in the family, Mr. B., was exceedingly fond of him, and invited him one day, upon the removal of the cloth after dinner, to remain upon his knees. The ladies had retired, and free conversation ensued. The gentleman alluded to was given to expressions which ever shock a pious mind. "Well, Tommy," said one at the table, in high glee, "what do you think of Mr. B?" The child hesitated for a moment and then replied, "I think he did not have a good mother; for, if he had, he would not use such *naughty words*." The gentleman was a Scotchman; home and a pious mother rose in all their freshness, to his mind. The effect upon him was overpowering; he rose from the table without speaking, retired, and was never after allowed known to make use of similar expressions.

The path of duty is the only path of happiness. All the "goodness which the Lord hath laid up for them that fear him," is strown along the path; as the flowers which He has given to gladden our way, grow beside it, and wells of living water spring up all along it; while the way of selfishness leads through the wilderness; it is as barren as the desert; owls hoot by it, and the wild beast has his lair there.

It is only while we put our reliance on God that we can walk safely.