

ANECDOTES.

FORBEARANCE, KINDNESS, &c.

"All that is great and good in the universe is on the side of clemency and mercy. If we look into the history of mankind, we shall find that, in every age, those who have been respected as worthy have been distinguished for this virtue. Revenge dwells in little minds: a noble and magnanimous spirit is superior to it. Collected within itself, it stands unmoved by the impotent assaults of our enemies; and with generous pity, rather than with anger, looks down on their unworthy conduct. It has been truly said, that the greatest man on earth can no sooner commit an injury, than a good man can make himself greater by forgiving it."

Anger and revenge are uneasy passions; "hence," says Seod, "it appears that the command of *bring our enemies*, which has been thought a *hard saying*, and impossible to be fulfilled, is really no more, when resolved into its first principle, than bidding us to be at peace with ourselves, which we cannot be, so long as we continue at enmity with others."

The heathens themselves saw the reasonableness of the spirit which we are now inculcating, and approved of it. It is said concerning Julius Cæsar, that upon any provocation he would repeat the Roman alphabet before he suffered himself to speak, that he might be more just and calm in his resentments, and also that he could forget nothing but wrongs, and remember nothing but benefits.

"It becomes a man," says Antonius "to love even those that offend him." "A man hurts himself," says Epictetus, "by injuring me: and what then? Shall I therefore hurt myself by him?" "In heat fits," says Seneca "it is a disgrace to be outdone; in injuries, to get the better." Another heathen, when he was angry with one by him, said, "I would beat thee; but I am angry."

Philip, the King of Macedon, discovered great moderation, even when he was spoken to in shocking and injurious terms. At the close of an audience which he gave to some Athenian ambassadors who were come to complain of some act of hostility, he asked whether he could do them any service. "The greatest service thou couldst do us," said Demochares, "will be to hang thyself." Philip, though he perceived all the persons present were highly offended at these words, made the following answer, with the utmost kindness of temper: "Go, tell your superiors, that those who dare make use of such insolent language are more haughty and less peaceable inclined than those who can forgive them."

ANAGRAM.—Every one has heard of the celebrated anagram on Lord Nelson's name. The following, however, is superior, and is unquestionably the happiest in any language.—it is made from Pilate's question to our Saviour—"Quid est veritas?" (What is truth?) These three words make the following anagrammatic sentence:—*est vir qui adest*—(The man whom you see before you.)

The only way for a rich man to be healthy, is by exercise and abstinence; to live as if he was poor,—which are esteemed the worst parts of poverty.

POETRY.

THE THUNDER STORM.

O'er evening's brownest shade!
Where the breezes play by stealth
In the forest-encircled glade,
Round the hermitage of health:
While the noon-bright mountains blaze
In the sun's tormenting rays.

O'er the silk and sultry plains,
Through the dim delirious air
Agonizing silence reigns,
And the wanness of despair:
Nature faints with fervent heat,
Ah! her pulse hath ceased to beat.

Now, in deep and dreadful gloom,
Clouds on clouds portentous spread;
Black as if the day of doom
Hung o'er nature's shrinking head;
Lo! the lightnings break from high,
God's coming!—God is nigh!

Hear ye not his chariot wheels,
As the mighty thunder rolls?
Nature, startled nature reels,
From the centre to the poles!
Tremble! ocean, earth, and sky!
Tremble! God is passing by!

Darkness wild with horror, forms
His mysterious hiding place;
Should He, from his ark of storms
Rend the veil, and show His face,
At the judgement of His eye,
All the universe would die.

Brighter, broader lightnings flash,
Hail and rain, tempestuous fall,
Louder, deeper thunders crash,
Desolation threatens all;
Struggling nature grasps for breath
In the agony of death.

God of vengeance! from above
While Thine awful bolts are hurl'd,
O remember Thou art love!
Spare! O spare a guilty world;
Stay Thy flaming wrath awhile,
See Thy bow of promise smile.

Welcome in the eastern cloud,
Messenger of mercy still!
Now, ye winds proclaim aloud,
"Peace on earth, to man good will!"
Nature! God's repentant child,
See thy Parent reconcil'd!

Hark! the nightingale afar
Sweetly sings the sun to rest,
And awakes the evening star
In the rosy-tinted west,
While the moon's enchanting eye
Opens paradise on high!

Cool and tranquil is the night
Nature's sore afflictions cease;
For the storm: that spent its might,
Was a covenant of peace;
Vengeance drops her harmless rod,
Mercy is the power of God!

THE PASSENGER AND PILOT'S SON.—A Fable.

In books of voyages we find,
What much affects the feeling mind.
An incident from one of these,
I hope will both instruct and please.

A crowd of passengers there came,
Aboard a ship, I think her name
Was Providence; well built and mann'd,
Sufficient for the voyage plann'd:
What sea she plow'd, I have forgot,

Baltic or British, boots it not.
With pleasant gales they left the port,
Some days to sail seem'd only sport,
But adverse gusts preesse a storm,
Now dismal clouds the sky deform,
The thunders roar, the light'nings fly,
The foaming waves roll mountain-high,
Approaching night, with pitchy face,
The horrors of the scene increase,
While angry winds tremendous roar,
The passengers their fate deplore;
Bereft of hope, their helpless cries
Accent the tumult of the skies.
Now in the dark, their gloomy minds,
Create new woes of various kinds,
Fear hidden rocks, and fatal sands,
And shelly shores, and hostile lands:
Confusion reign'd among the crowd,
Some deeply groan'd, some cry'd aloud,
A leak! a leak! the mast is sprung,
The anchor's lost, the helm's unlung.

In vain the mariners proclaim,
The vessel's strength, her sainted name,
The storm will end, the harbour's near,
Their steady Pilot's skill and care.

Not one of all the crew was seen,
But one, a pretty boy serene,
Compos'd he pass'd the stormy night,
Now hum'd a tune, now struck a light,
Stood steady 'neath the billow spray,
Then smil'd to see it pass away.

Now when the wish'd-for morning shone,
The winds were hush'd, the tempest gone,
A passenger this boy address'd:—
"We all were equally distress'd,
"Pray, child, what is the reason now,
"That we were more afraid than thou?"
The youth reply'd, "The reason's clear,
"My FATHER is the Pilot here."

In life's short voyage the christian finds
The force of adverse waves and winds,
Bleak sorrows of incessant roar,
And clouds of woe his course obscure;
But let him not in storms despair,
His Father is the Pilot there.

Christian! thy bark thou needst not fear,
He will protect and wisely steer,
How'er the waves of trouble rage,
His presence may thy tears assuage,
Be like the Pilot's son serene,
Thy Father trust in every scene,
Ho weigh's the winds, ho rule's the storm,
Some sacred purpose to perform,
Now checks or fans the growing breeze,
Now swells or smooths Affliction's seas;
Just that his children may obtain
Some sovereign good, some lasting gain.

While passions base with noisy force,
Disturb thee in thy heav'nly course,
Refuse to hear, though fear suggest,
Thou ne'er shall reach the port of rest.
Distrust may doubt the faithful chart,
Thy Pilot's skill, or tender heart,
Tho' Sloth strike sail, his par resign,
Tho' discontent envious passions
Yet on thy Father's love depend,
He's wise to guide, great to defend,
O'er board each vexing Jonah cast,
Keep Hope thy anchor to the last,
By faith survey the farther shore,
Contented sing, tho' tempests roar;
With patience wait till they remove,
Thy Father will thy Pilot prove:
He'll waft thee safely through thy woes,
Unto the port of sweet repose.

ANSWER TO THE ENIGMA, PAGE 44.

"Go, if they call thee" "was the answer given
To BALAAM, when the heathen King besought:
They called not, yet he went—and slighted Heav'n
Stood in the way—endowed his Ass with thought,
And Speech, and power—till he who had contem'd
The voice of God, stood by his beast condemn'd.