

## YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT.

## HOW OUR LOVE TO GOD IS TO BE EXPRESSED.

Since love is as my duty known,  
How must this love to God be shown?  
Sure I the highest thoughts should raise  
Of Him who is above all praise;—  
His favour most of all desire,  
And still to please Him should aspire;  
To Him be constant worship paid,  
And all His sacred laws obey'd!  
If to afflict me be His will,  
I'll bear it with submission still:  
A tender Father once He proves,  
And but corrects, because He loves.  
His word with diligence I'll hear—  
To Him present my daily prayer:  
And while new mercies I implore,  
For blessings past, I will adore;  
And every action shall express  
A heart full-charged with thankfulness.

P. Doddridge, D. D.

For the Colonial Churchman.

## INSTINCT AND HABITS OF ANIMALS.

Look around us which way we will into the works of nature we see much to admire and cause us to declare and admire the glory of our heavenly Father. Those who are the most conversant with the habits of animals and birds, most deeply admire the wisdom of Him who formed them, and furnished them with skill and contrivance. Language even, or signs and tones which answer its purpose, exist among them. You have probably, my young readers, seen how readily the chickens follow the anxious call of the hen, and how quickly they shelter under her wings when her shrill cry warns them of the approaching hawk. What but the same wise Creator instructs the birds to lay their eggs only in such places as those in which the young find food at hand; and bestows on the spider skill beyond the utmost reach of man to entangle.

And you have read too of that wonderful carpenter among animals—the Beaver. He selects his building spot near a rivulet or stream, in order that he may constantly bathe in clear waters: with wood and clay he then erects his dike in order to keep the water within a convenient level, and then builds a solid three story abode, surrounded with walls two feet thick;—their teeth form the saw, and their tails are their anvils.

Read that most eloquent chapter (39 Job) in which the Almighty Himself teaches us how compassionate he is to the inferior creatures, and takes tender care of them; furnishing them with instinct and guidance. What was true when the holy spirit indited those descriptions 3300 years ago, is now truth itself.

In Humboldt's travels is an interesting account of the mules in a district of South America. As many of you may not have seen this account, I now add to the above remarks.

"No sooner were our instruments unloaded, and safely placed, than our mules were set at liberty, to go, as they say here, 'and search for water in the savannah.' There are little pools around the farm, which the animals find, guided by their instinct, by the view of some scattered tufts of mauritia, and by the sensation of humid coolness, caused by little currents of air amid an atmosphere, which to us appears calm and tranquil. When the pools of water are far distant, and the people of the farm are too lazy to lead the cattle to these natural watering places, they confine them during five or six hours in a very hot stable, before they let them loose. Excess of thirst then augments their sagacity, sharpening as it were their senses and their instinct. No sooner is the stable opened, than you see the horses and mules, especially the latter, the penetration of which exceeds the intelligence of the horses, rush into the savannahs.

Their tail raised, their head thrown back, they run against the wind, stopping from time to time as if they were exploring space; they follow less the impressions of sight than of smell; and at length announce by prolonged neighings, that there is water in the direction of their course."

## From the Christian Witness.

## GENIUS APPRECIATED.

The late Dr. Alexander Nicol, Regius Professor of Hebrew, in the University of Oxford, and Canon of Christ Church, was a native of Monymusk, Aberdeenshire, Scotland. The son of a man in the lowest rank of life, he received the rudiments of his education under Mr. Duff, the present schoolmaster of the village. His daily occupation being that of tending cattle, it was only in the evenings that he could devote himself to the pursuit of knowledge. The late Bishop of Aberdeen was the first who had the merit of discerning his precocious genius. By his means he was sent to Oxford, where he soon became known as a linguist of the first excellence. From one step he rose to another, till at last his pre-eminent abilities attracted the attention of the sovereign.

The following is a copy of the letter which was written to him by the prime minister, intimating to him his appointment to the office in which he died.

FIFE HOUSE, 19th JUNE.

Sir,—In consequence of the promotion of Dr. Lawrence to the Archbishopric of Cashel, the Regius Professorship of Hebrew in the University of Oxford, together with the Canonry of Christ Church attached to it, becomes vacant. The high reputation you have acquired as an oriental scholar, and the value attached to your labors, have induced his majesty to approve of you as Dr. Lawrence's successor; and I can entertain no doubt that this mark of royal favor conferred upon you without solicitation, will be a strong inducement to you to persevere in those studies by which you have acquired so much credit, and to use your utmost endeavors to promote the study of Oriental Literature in the University of Oxford.

I have the honor to be

Sir,

Your obedient and faithful servant,

LIVERPOOL.

As an oriental scholar, Dr. Nicol had no equal of his time. Neither in his private character was he less an object of admiration. His personal demeanor was most unassuming. As an instance of the peculiar meekness with which he bore his faculties, it may be remarked that the preceding letter was several days in possession before he could be persuaded that it was otherwise than a piece of raillery, played off on him by some intimate friend.

For him an early death—that boon which the ancients supposed was accorded by heaven to its favorites—was reserved. He died at Oxford, on the 24th day of September, 1828, at the age of thirty-six,—a victim to those studies which had rendered him a proficient in almost every language spoken between the precincts of his Alma Mater and the walls of Persia.

## THE PATIENT CHRISTIAN.

Under the pressure of my affliction. Thy will be done, as it is the patient Christian's unceasing prayer, so it is the ground of his unvarying practice. In this brief petition he finds his whole duty comprized and expressed. It is the unprompted request of his lips—it is the motto inscribed on his heart—it is the principle which regulates his life—it is the voice which says to the stormy passions, 'Peace! be still!' Let others expostulate, he submits. Nay, even submission does not adequately express his feelings. We frequently submit not so much from duty as from necessity; we submit because we cannot help ourselves. Resignation sometimes may be mere acquiescence in

the sovereignty rather than conviction of the wisdom and goodness of God; while the patient Christian not only yields to the dispensation, but adores the Dispenser. He not only submits to the blow, but vindicates the hand which inflicts it: 'The Lord is righteous in all his ways.' He refers to the chastisement as a proof of the affection of the chastiser: 'I know that in very faithfulness thou hast caused me to be afflicted.' He recurs to thoughtlessness of his former prosperity: 'Before I was afflicted I went astray,' and alludes to the trial less as a punishment than a paternal correction. If he prays for a removal of the present suffering, he prays also that it may not be removed from him till it has been sanctified to him. He will not even part from the trial till he has laid hold on the benefit.—*Hannah More.*

## From the Christian Guardian.

## AFFECTING NARRATIVE OF THE CONVERSION AND DEATH OF A YOUNG FEMALE.

By Sarah E. Seaman.

A young lady in attending on divine service had her mind arrested by these words, "the heart is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked." She pondered many days upon their meaning; she could not understand how her heart could be wicked, when she did not remember to have indulged a sinful thought: but she was of an unsuspicious temper, and too innocent to disbelieve in the words of the preacher. She said, 'I cannot conceive that my heart is wicked, but, perhaps, it is deceitful and hides its wickedness from me: how shall I detect it?' She attended again and again at the same church, in hopes that she might be able to discover the true state of her heart: but the preacher knew not her peculiar case, and gave no clue to the discovery of the wickedness she desired to be made sensible of. She had a brother, kind and affectionate, but gay and thoughtless. He had ever been her confidant and companion. Left to his care in her childhood, she loved him more than all the world besides; and she herself possessed the warmest affections of his heart, accompanied by that jealous watchfulness which a virtuous brother exercises over a beloved and unprotected sister.

This brother noticed her sadness, and learning that her mind was oppressed with the fear of divine wrath, he first tried the force of ridicule, but her tears checked him. He then attempted to reason with her, and asked if her heart could accuse her of any wrong? 'No,' said she, 'my heart does not accuse me, because it is deceitful and desperately wicked.' 'How know you,' inquired the brother, 'that it is wicked, if it does not accuse you?' 'Because,' said she, 'it is deceitful, and deceit implies wickedness.' 'Well,' said the brother, 'what evidence have you of its deceit?' She reflected for a moment and then said, 'your question has awakened in my mind an evidence before unthought of; my heart has revelled in the delights of this world; it has lulled me to repose without bating that eternity might be near! Why has it not said, "Prepare to meet your God?" Is that heart to be trusted which only cares for a life, uncertain even of to-morrow—a life where joys last but a moment, and afflictions themselves are not long?'

The brother used every argument; brought gay companions to converse with her, but all was in vain. Her health, which had always been delicate, and for some time past unusually so, suffered severely from her own troubled conscience and from the importunities of her brother, who had an avowed hatred to religious women. This young man was at one time, absent for a few days, and his sister spent that interval in reading her Bible. On his return he was shocked at her appearance; he endeavoured to wrest the Bible from her hands; but she clasped it still closer. 'Never,' said she 'never will I part with this precious book, for it has shown me the wickedness, the deep sin of my heart.' 'And what sin,' said the brother, 'has that wonderful book made known to you?' 'It has shown to me,' she replied, 'that I was born in sin, born under condemnation; not an heir of glory, but an heir of divine wrath. That Christ, the Son of God, seeing my helpless and lost condition, came into the world and suffered the penalty due for my sins, that I through his righteous-