

EFFECTS OF THE BIBLE.

I was travelling about four years ago in a remote district in Bengal, and I came to the house of a gentleman belonging to Portugal. I found him reading the scriptures, in the Bengalee, to seventy or eighty people, men, women, and children, of that country, who were all very attentive. The gentleman told me that he had been led to employ some of his leisure moments in this way. "And to-morrow," said he, "as you pass my farm, mention my name, and they will procure you a bed, and you will then see the effects of reading the Scriptures. The next day I called at his estate, where I saw one hundred men, women, and children, who had all become converts to Christianity within three or four years. I inquired how they found themselves; they appeared delighted, and thought it a happy thing for them that Europeans had translated the Scriptures that they may read, in their own tongue, the wonderful works of God. I had some intercourse, also, with an official person in that district; and I mention it, because some persons tell you that nothing is done by the missionaries. I asked the magistrate what was the conduct of those Christians, and he said, "There is something in them that does excite astonishment. The inhabitants of this district were particularly known as being so litigious and troublesome, that they had scarcely any matter but what they brought into a court of justice. But during three or four years, not one of these people has brought a cause against any one or any against them." I mention this to show that Christianity will produce, in all countries, peace and happiness to those who know the truth, as it is in the Lord Jesus.—*Col. Phipps.*

THE VILLAGE GRAVE-YARD.

A FRAGMENT.

THE burial place of a village awakens feelings and produces thoughts different from other grounds of interment. I have stood among the mausoleums of the great, and wondered at the pride that could so magnificently decorate its last tenement. I have walked amid the graves of the rich—I have bent over the vaults of heroes—of philosophers—but never have I had the emotions which arise within me in a village grave-yard.

I there feel as if I were among the patriarchs of other days—those who long ago acted their parts and formed their characters on the theatre of life. I see around me the memorials of many generations. I behold the common dwelling of ancestors and their posterity—the dust of parents mingling with the dust of children—friends, one in life and one in death, their community preserved, their society undestroyed. The inhabitants of a village in this respect have but a step from the cradle to the grave. The tomb is

ever before their eyes—it is ever impressed upon their hearts and in all their employments its influence is experienced. Content to live where their forefathers lived, they close their eyes on the scenes that first gladdened them, and in peacefulness they lie down among the hallowed ashes of their race.

We see there no exhibition of pride. All is simple. No expensive monuments are seen; for their memory is left to the charge of those who survive them. It is embalmed in their affections, and watered by their tears. Every thing is becoming the place. Nothing disgusting to the eye is witnessed.

Who can tell the influence which a grave-yard under such impressive circumstances, has upon the character? Who can conceive the power that it may exert over the thoughts and actions? It is an habitual monitor of the vanity of earthly things. Its voice is ever heard calling upon all to regard themselves as the transient inhabitants of a fleeting world. It restrains levity, and like the presence of some awful spirit, it controls the affections and governs the thoughts. Dissolution is an event that is prepared for in time, because of the perpetual exhortations individuals have had to attend to it. They read, in the fate of others, their own destiny. They feel and know that they must die, and hence they make it their business to obtain that purity, that indifference to earth, that love for heaven that can enable their possessor to depart with no bitter remembrances of misspent time and of neglected opportunities; with no regrets for the past and no evil apprehensions of the future.—*Baltimore Monument.*

TWO AGAINST TWO.

A gentleman, of the name of Man, residing near a private madhouse, met one of its poor inhabitants who had broken from his keeper. The maniac suddenly stopped, and resting upon a large stick, exclaimed, "Who are you, sir?" The gentleman was rather alarmed, but thinking to divert his attention by a pun, replied, "I am a double man; I am Man by name, and man by nature."—"Are you so?" rejoined the other; "why, I am a man beside myself, so we two will fight you two." He then knocked down poor Man, and ran away.

A PHILOSOPHICAL REPLY.

A man of learning had the misfortune to have his house burnt down, in which a very excellent library made part of the conflagration. His friends were very assiduous in using topics of consolation to him on this calamity. "I should have reaped very little advantage from my books formerly," replied the philosopher, "if I could not bear this misfortune without repining."