

of the Nazarites; his forehead very plain and smooth; his face without spot or wrinkle, beautified with a comely red; his nose and mouth so formed that nothing can be found fault with; his beard somewhat thick, agreeable to the hair of his head, not of any great length, but forked in the midst; of an inoffensive look; his eyes blue, clear and quick. In reproving, he is severe;

in admonishing, courteous and friendly; pleasant in speech, but mixed with gravity. It cannot be remembered that any have seen him laugh, but many have observed him to weep. In the proportion of body well shaped, and a man for singular beauty, exceeding the rest of mankind.

PUBLIUS LENTULUS,  
*Roman Procurator of Judea.*

## MORAL.

*To the Editor of the Youth's Monitor.*

SIR,—As you considered my former article worthy an insertion in your valuable Magazine, I now transmit another for your approval.

“Trace History's page.”

THE STUDY OF HISTORY is at once pleasing and instructive. The intelligent mind revels in the almost boundless region which the records of a past world, and its varied changes, raise and display before the enraptured view.

“Truth is strange—stranger than fiction.”

And even he who reads merely for amusement, will find in the records of past times much more vivid and deep interest than would be excited by the strongest drawn tale of imagination; and while fancy's sketches often render the reader dissatisfied with the “dull realities of life,” History teaches a lesson, which, though not the most pleasing, yet gives a firmness to the mind, and disposes us more willingly to brave the storms of life.

History lays before the student the experience of the past—shews what causes elevated states and empires to the greatest height of earthly glory, wealth, and power—and points by what means their decline and fall was occasioned or accelerated. It teaches what is worthy of emulation in the characters

of the men who filled elevated stations in the world, and also what deserves our reprobation—what would raise us on the one hand, and what would sink us on the other.

In general, it is the most unprejudiced channel from which learning can be derived; for as the envy and hate which too often assail eminent men passes away when they are no longer on the stage of action, the discriminating historian does that justice to their lives and principles which their own age and times would fail to do.

In this study we can trace the rise and progress of arts, science, and philosophy, and observe their gradual development; and while we see what has been discovered by former times, we are reminded how much there is yet to learn.

Before the eye of the Historian, Egypt, the cradle of science, rises to view—all her former grandeur sunk in ruins; her once pre-eminent knowledge now enveloped in mental darkness, famous only for the ruins of her former greatness—he turns to search for the once queen of the east, proud Babylon, but no trace, no vestige is left to tell the traveller she even existed. Persia, her destroyer, sunk in luxury, yields up the sceptre of empire, and the Grecian, in turn, bows to Roman power. His eye wanders from change to change, from revolution to revolution, till he is tempted to exclaim—