

pendious book in the world, and the most authentic and entertaining history that ever was published; it contains the most early antiquities, strange events, wonderful occurrences, heroic deeds, and unparalleled wars. It describes the celestial, terrestrial, and infernal worlds, and the origin of the angelic myriads, human tribes, and infernal legions. It will instruct the most skilful mechanic, and the finest artist; it will teach the best rhetorician, exercise every power of the most expert arithmetician, puzzle the wisest anatomist, and exercise the nicest critic. It corrects the vain philosopher, and guides the wise astronomer; it exposes the subtle sophist, and makes diviners mad. It is a complete code of laws, a perfect book of travels, and a book of voyages. It is the best covenant that ever was agreed on, the best deed that ever was sealed, the best evidence that ever was produced, the best will that ever was made, and the best testament that ever was signed. To understand it is to be wise indeed; to be ignorant of it is to be destitute of wisdom. It is the king's best copy, the magistrate's best rule, the housewife's best guide, the servant's best directory, and the young man's best companion. It is the school-boy's spelling-book, and the learned man's masterpiece; it contains a choice grammar for a novice, and a profound treatise for a sage; it is the ignorant man's dictionary, and the wise man's directory. It affords knowledge of witty inventions for the ingenious, and dark sayings for the grave; and it is its own interpreter. It encourages the wise, the warrior, the racer, and the overcomer; and promises an eternal reward to the conqueror. And that which crowns all is, that the author is without hypocrisy—in whom is no variableness, nor shadow of turning.

THE WORTH OF A DOLLAR.

The following narrative is a simple history of facts:—About the year 1797, Mr. M. was travelling from a town on the eastern border of Vermont, to another on the western side of the same state. Passing over the mountainous part of the country between the Connecticut and Onion rivers, he perceived the heavens to be gathering blackness; the sound of distant thunder was heard, and a heavy shower of rain was seen to be fast approaching. The traveller was then in a forest; no place of shelter appeared, and he hastened on until he arrived at a small cottage on the

extreme border of the woods. The rain, just then, began to rush down with power. He sprang from his horse, pulled off his saddle, and without ceremony darted into the house. Surprised to see no family but a single female with an infant child, he began to apologize for his sudden appearance; hoped she would not be alarmed, but permit him to tarry till the rain abated, it was so violent. The woman replied, she was glad that any one had happened to come in, for she was always much terrified by thunder. "But why, madam," said he, "should you be afraid of thunder? It is the voice of God, and will do no harm to those who love him, and commit themselves to his care." After conversing with her awhile on this topic, he inquired whether she had any neighbours who were religious. She told him she had neighbours about two miles off, but whether they were religious she knew not; only she had heard that some man was in the habit of coming there to preach once in a fortnight. Her husband went once, but she had never been to their meetings. In regard to every thing of a religious kind, she appeared to be profoundly ignorant.

The rain had now passed over, and the face of nature smiled. The pious traveller, about to depart, expressed to the woman his thanks for her hospitality, and his earnest desire for the salvation of her soul. He earnestly besought her to read her bible daily, and to give good heed to it as to "a light shining in a dark place." She, with tears in her eyes, confessed that she had no bible. They had never been able to buy one. "Could you read one, if you had it?" "Yes, sir, and would be glad to do so."—"Poor woman," said he, "I do heartily pity you; farewell."

He was preparing to pursue his journey. But he reflected:—"This woman is in very great need of a bible. O, that I had one to give her!