

standing, will, and the several members of our bodies. Let us suppose that in each minute our soul performs only thirty operations, and only reckon, according to the calculations of physicians, 6000 different parts in our bodies, which God every moment supports; and what wonders of preservation do we not discover! For according to this calculation, we receive every minute from God 12 blessings relative to respiration; 30 relative to our understanding and will; and 6000 relative to the different parts of our bodies; consequently, God grants us, each minute, 6042 blessings, which will amount to 362,520 every hour of our life.

May these daily proofs of the providence and goodness of our God make the deepest and most durable impressions upon our hearts, and they certainly will, if our souls be susceptible of gratitude at all. Yes! if we have any adequate sense of the greatness of God's mercy, and our own unworthiness, it is impossible that we should not feel the most lively gratitude to the Preserver of our life.

But, in order to maintain a lively sense of God's benefits in our hearts, let us often endeavour to compute them. The more we employ ourselves thus, the more we shall be disposed to magnify the Lord our God, and the more shall we be delighted in celebrating his praise.

INGRATITUDE.

Ingratitude is a crime so shameful, that there never was a man found who would own himself guilty of it. Ingratitude perverts all the measures of religion and society, by making it dangerous to be charitable and good-natured; however, it is better to expose ourselves to ingratitude than to be wanting to the distressed. He that promotes gratitude pleads the cause both of God and man, for without it we can neither be sociable nor religious. An ungrateful man is a reproach to the creation; an exception from all the visible world; neither the heavens above, nor the earth beneath, affording any thing like him: and, therefore, if he would find his parallel, he

must go to the regions of darkness; for, besides himself, there is nothing but hell that is receiving and never restoring.

TRAVELS.

SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATION.

(From Emerson's Letters from the *Egean*.)

The morning rose pure and beautiful; all sail was set; and we hoped, ere noon, to reach the open sea to the south of *Sara*. As we were seated at breakfast, a sailor put his head within the door, and saying briefly that it looked squally to the windward, hurried again upon deck. We all followed; one, on coming up, saw a little black cloud on the verge of the horizon towards the south, which was every instant spreading over the sky, and drawing nearer to us.—The captain altered his course instantly, preparing to scud before it; and in the mean time ordered all hands aloft to take in sail. But scarcely an instant had elapsed ere the squall was upon us, and all grew black around.

The wind came rushing and crisping over the water, and in a moment the ship was running almost gunwale down, whilst the rain was dashing in torrents on the decks. As quick as thought the foresail was torn from the yards; and as the gusts rushed through the rigging, the sheet and ropes were snapping and cracking with a fearful noise. The crew, however, accustomed to such sudden visitants, were not slow in reefing the necessary sails, trimming the rigging, and bringing back the vessel to her proper course; and in about a quarter of an hour, or even less, the hurricane had all passed by; the sun burst again through the clouds that swept in its impetuous train; the wind sank to its former gentleness, and all was once more at peace, with the exception of the agitated sea, which continued, for the remainder of the day, rough and billowy.

It is the dread of such sudden boutrasques as the present, that compels almost every vessel in the Levant to shorten sail at the close of the day; since, in cloudy weather, it would be next to impossible, during the night, to