

an often accompanying the progress of religion in the soul. Still the idea that his death was fast approaching, and that there was no hope of his mind being convinced before it arrived, quite overwhelmed him. Feeling ourselves to be very inadequate guides and comforters in these afflictive circumstances, we gladly adopted a suggestion of a friend, that we should request a neighbouring clergyman of piety and judgment to visit him. Dr Bateman himself grasped eagerly at the proposal, and I wrote immediately to the clergyman in question; but he was from home, and was not expected to return for two or three weeks. A few days after this unwelcome intelligence, Dr Bateman told me, he had no doubt this disappointment was for his good; and that it was better for him to be left to himself, as he did not think any thing could have convinced him so fully of the efficacy of prayer, as the sensible relief which he experienced from it during those conflicts of doubt and unbelief, which his mind continued to be harassed. He added, that he now spent whole nights in prayer. He felt perfectly assured that these doubts were the suggestions of the great adversary of souls, and remarked, that they were vividly and marvellously darted, as it were, into his mind, instead of arising from his own reflections, or resulting from any train of reasoning; and the absurdity of them, in many instances, was so obvious, that his judgment detected it at once, though he still had no power to drive them from the hold they took on his imagination, or to banish them, for the time, from his thoughts.

To these paroxysms of distress and conflict, which sometimes lasted many hours, he continued subject for about a fortnight: but they gradually became less long and violent, and he experienced increasing relief from prayer during their continuance, till at length they subsided entirely, and left his mind satisfied on all those points which had before presented so many obstacles to his belief.

About this time he received an unexpected visit from a medical friend whose pious and truly Christian character distinguished him still more than his eminent abilities and professional skill. This gentleman, with great difficulty, succeeded in persuading him that he was by no means in that state of danger and debility which he had apprehended, and that he had the power of taking exercise if he could but exert sufficient resolution to attempt it. Experiment convinced him that this opinion was correct: he was prevailed upon to leave his bed, and in a very few days was able to be some hours daily in the open air, and to take considerable exercise; and it is remarkable, that from this time he had no return of languor after fatigue, except in one instance. Thus was he delivered, by the gracious providence of God, from those overwhelming apprehensions of immediate death which had been so instrumental in bringing him to Christ, as soon as they had effected that blessed purpose.

He now rarely spoke of the state of his mind and feelings; for such was the extreme reserve of his character, that it could be overcome by deep & powerful emotions only; & when no longer agitated by these, he returned to his natural habits, and was silent on the subject that most deeply interested him. Still it was abundantly evident that it did interest him. The avidity with which he listened to the word of God—his

eagerness to attend public worship, (which for many years he had entirely neglected,) and the heartfelt and devout interest which he obviously took in the service—his enlarged and active benevolence—the change which had taken place in his tastes, inclinations, and pursuits—all testified that he was indeed "brought out of darkness into marvellous light:" that "old things had passed away, and all things had become new"—[To be Continued]

THE ACCOMPLISHED YOUTH.

INDUSTRY AND APPLICATION.

Deligence, industry, and proper improvement of time, are maternal duties of the young. To no purpose are they endowed with the best abilities, if they want activity for exerting them. Unavailing, in this case, will be every direction that can be given them, either for their temporal or spiritual welfare. In youth, the habits of industry are most easily acquired: in youth, the incentives to it are strongest, from ambition and from duty, from emulation and hope, from all the prospects which the beginning of life affords. If, dead to these calls, you already languish in slothful inaction, what will be able to quicken the more sluggish current of advancing years? Industry is not only the instrument of improvement, but the foundation of pleasure. Nothing is so opposite to the true enjoyment of life, as the relaxed and idle state of an indolent mind. He who is a stranger to industry, may possess, but he cannot enjoy. For it is labour only which gives the relish to pleasure. It is the appointed vehicle of every good to man. It is the indispensable condition of our possessing a sound mind in a sound body. Sloth is so inconsistent with both, that it is hard to determine, whether it be a greater foe to virtue, or to health and happiness. Inactive as it is in itself, its effects are fatally powerful. Though it appears a slowly flowing stream, yet it undermines all that is stable and flourishing. It not only saps the foundation of every virtue, but pours upon you a deluge of crimes and evils. It is like water, which first purifies by stagnation, and then sends up noxious vapours, and fills the atmosphere with death. Fly, therefore, from idleness, as the certain parent both of guilt and ruin. And under idleness I include, not mere inaction only, but all that circle of trifling occupations, in which too many saunter away their youth, perpetually engaged in frivolous society or public amusements; in the labour of dress, or the ostentation of their persons. Is this the foundation which you lay for future usefulness and esteem? By such accomplishments do you hope to recommend yourselves to the thinking part of the world, and to answer the expectations of your friends and your country? Amusements youth requires: it were vain, it were cruel, to prohibit them. But, though allowable as the relaxation, they are most culpable as the business of the young. For they then become the gulph of time and the poison of the mind. They foment bad passions. They weaken the manly powers. They sink the native vigour of youth into contemptible effeminacy. Blair.

POETRY.

THE SPELLS OF HOME.

By the soft green light in the woody glade,
On the banks of moss where thy childhood play'd;

By the waving tree through which thine eye—
First look'd in love to the summer sky;
By the dewy gleam, by the very breath
Of the primrose tufts, in the grass beneath,
Upon thy heart there is laid a spell—
Holy and precious—oh! guard it well!

By the sleepy ripple of the stream,
Which had lull'd thee into many a dream;
By the shiver of the ivy leaves
To the wind of morn, at thy casement eaves,
By the bee's deep murmur in the limes,
By the music of the sabbath chimes;
By every sound of thy native glade,
Stronger and dearer the spell is made.

By the gathering round the winter hearth,
When twilight call'd unto household mirth;
By the fairy tale or the legend old
In that ray of happy face told;
By the quiet hours when hearts unite
In the parting prayer, and the kind "good night;"
By the smiling eye and the loving tone,
Over thy life has the spell been thrown.

And bless the gift! it has gentle might,
A guardian power; and a guiding light!
It hath led the freeman forth to stand
In the mountain battles of his land;
It hath brought the wanderer, o'er the seas,
To die on the hills of his own fresh breeze;
And back to the gates of his father's hall,
It hath won the weeping prodigal.

Yes! when thy heart in its pride would stray,
From the loves of its guileless youth away;
When the sully breath of the world would come,
O'er the flowers it bro't from its childhood's home,
Think thou again of the woody glade,
And the sound by the rustling ivy made;
Think of the tree at thy parent's door,
And the kindly spell shall have power once more.

THE CHRISTIAN FEMALE.

I ask'd her when in beauty drest,
When youthful hope inspired her breast,
Where lives he whom thou lovest best?
She said: In Heaven.

I ask'd her when she fondly prest
Her smiling infant to her breast,
Where lives he whom thou lovest best?
She said: In Heaven.

I asked her when her bloom was lost,
When all her earthly hopes were crost,
Where lives he whom thou lovest most.
She said: In Heaven.

I ask'd her in her dying groan,
Who is this brightest, loveliest One,
'Tis God, she cried, my God alone,
And went—to Heaven.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MORAVIAN MISSIONS.

The names of Demosthenes, Cincinnatus, Columbus, and Washington, are held in universal reverence. The qualities which we venerate in them, should be revered no less when they shew forth in humbler circumstances. There is a class of men, eminent for similar qualities, whose deeds the lyre has never celebrated, and fiction never embellished. These are the Moravian Missionaries. The Society of United Brethren commenced their missionary exertions in the year 1732. They did not choose the fairest part of the pagan world, where the sun is mild, and storms are few, but they began in the West Indies, and labored for the instruction of the children of slavery. Next they turned their sites