

laughter, and singing,—mingled with the monotonous roar of the city, “the clashing and careering streams of life hurrying to lose themselves in the impervious gloom of eternity.” And now the midnight is past, and amid the general silence the clock strikes—one, two. Far distant, from some belfry in the suburbs, comes the first sound, so indistinct as hardly to be distinguished from the crowing of a cock. Then close at hand the great bell of St. Paul’s, with a heavy, solemn sound—one, two. It is answered from Southwark; then at a distance like an echo; and then all around you, with various and intermingling clang, like a chime of bells, the clocks from a hundred belfries strike the hour. But the moon is already sinking, large and fiery, through the vapours of morning. It is just in the range of the chimneys and housetops, and seems to follow you with speed, as you float down the river, between unbroken ranks of ships. Day is dawning in the east, not with a pale streak in the horizon, but with a silver light spread through the sky, almost to the zenith. It is the mingling of moonlight and daylight. The water is tinged with a green hue, melting into purple and gold, like the brilliant scales of a fish. The air grows cool. It comes fresh from the eastern sea, toward which we are swiftly gliding; and dimly seen in the uncertain twilight, behind you rises

“A mighty mass of brick, and smoke, and shipping,
Dirty and dusky, but as wide as eye
Can reach; with here and there a sail just skipping
In sight, then lost amid the forestry
Of masts; a wilderness of steeples peeping
On tip-toe, through their sea-coal canopy;
A huge dun cupola, like a foolscap crown
On a fool’s head,—and there is London town.”

THE SOLDIER’S RETURN.

The following beautiful instance of filial affection, deserves to be handed down to the latest generations:—“Some travellers from Glasgow were obliged to stop at the small burg of Lanark, and having nothing better to engage our attention, said one of them, we amused ourselves by looking at the passengers from the window of our inn, which was right opposite the prison. Whilst we were thus occupied, a gentleman came upon horseback, very plainly dressed, attended by a servant. He had scarcely passed our window, when he alighted, left his horse, and advanced towards an old man who was engaged in paving the streets.

After having saluted him, he took hold of the hammer, struck some blows upon the pavement, at the same time addressing the old man, who stood amazed at the adventure:—“This work seems to me very painful for a person of your age: have you no sons who could share in your labor, and comfort your old age?” “Forgive me, Sir: I have three lads who inspired me with the brightest hopes; but the poor fellows are not now within reach to assist their father.” “Where are they then?” “The oldest has obtained the rank of captain in India, in the service of the Honorable Company. The second has likewise enlisted in the hope of rivalling his brother.” The old man here paused, and a momentary tear bedimmed his eye. “And what has become of the third?” “Alas! he became a security for me—the poor boy engaged to pay my debts and being unable to fulfil the undertaking, he is in prison!” At this recital, the gentleman stepped aside a few paces, and covered his face with his hands. After having thus given vent to his feelings, he returned to the old man, and resumed the discourse.—“And has this oldest, this degenerate son, this captain, never sent you any thing to extricate you from your miseries?” “Ah! call him not degenerate: my son is virtuous: he both loves and respects his father. He has oftener than once sent me money, even more than what was sufficient for my wants; but I had the misfortune to lose it by becoming security for a very worthy man, my landlord, who was burdened with a large family. Unfortunately, finding himself unable to pay, he has caused my ruin. They have taken my all, and nothing now remains for me.”

At that moment, a young man, passing his head through the bars of a window in the prison, began to cry, “Father, if my brother William is alive, that is he who speaks with you.” “Yes, my friend, it is he, replied

the gentleman, throwing himself into the old man’s arms, who like one beside himself, attempted to speak and sobbing, had not recovered his senses, when an old woman, decently dressed, rushed from a poor looking hut, crying “Where is he then? Where art thou, my dear William? Come to me, and embrace your mother!” The captain no sooner observed her, than he quitted his father, and went to throw himself upon the neck of the good old dame.

The scene was now overpowering; the travellers left their room, and increased the number of spectators, to witness this most affecting scene. Mr. Wilson, one of the travellers, made his way through the crowd, and addressed the gentleman thus: “Captain, we ask the honor of your acquaintance, and request the favor of you and your’s to dinner at the inn.”—The captain, alive to the invitation, accepted it with politeness; but at the same time replied, that he would neither eat nor drink, until his youngest brother had recovered his liberty. At the same instant, he deposited the sum for which he had been incarcerated, and in a very short time after, his brother joined the party.

As soon as there was an opportunity for free conversation, the good soldier unbosomed his heart to his parents and the travellers. “Gentlemen, (said he) to-day I feel in its full extent, the great kindness of Providence, to whom I owe every thing. My uncle brought me up to the business of a weaver; but I requited his attentions badly—for, having contracted a habit of idleness and dissipation, I enlisted in a corps belonging to the East India Company, when about 18. My soldier-like appearance had been observed by Lord Clifton, the commanding officer. My zeal for the service inspired him with regard, and I rose step by step to the rank of Captain. By dint of economy and the aid of commerce, I honorably amassed a stock of £30,000, and then I quit the service. It is true that I made three remittances to my father; but the first only, consisting of £200, reached him.

After dinner, the captain gave his father £200 to supply his most pressing wants; and secured to him, as well as to his mother, an annuity of £80, reversible to his brothers. Besides, he presented £500 as a marriage portion to his sister, who was married to a farmer in indifferent circumstances—and, after having distributed £50 among the poor, he gave an elegant dinner to the principal inhabitants of the burg. By this generous sensibility, too, he showed that he was worthy of the distinguished honors so profusely heaped upon him by the illustrious Lord Clifton.—*Edinburgh Literary Gazette.*

THE GREAT TEACHER.

Never man spake like this man. So Nicodemus thought, when, in reply to his complimentary address, he laid down the fundamental doctrine of his gospel, and said, “Verily, verily, I say unto thee, except a man be born of water and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God.” So Nathaniel thought, when casting at him his mild and piercing eye, he said, “Before that Philip called thee, when thou wast under the fig tree I saw thee.” So Zaccheus thought when he climbed up into the sycamore tree, because Jesus was to pass that way; and he turned unto him and cried, “Zaccheus, make haste, and come down; for to day I must abide at thy house.” So Peter thought, when he would have reproved his master; but the Lord turned and looked upon Peter, and said “Get thee behind me, Satan: thou art an offence unto me; for thou savourest not the things that be of God, but those that be of man.” So the scribes and pharisees thought, when he took off the mask of hypocrisy by which they sought to impose upon the people, and exhibited their character in all its true, and odious, and disgusting colours, and thundered out the anathema, “Woe unto you, scribes and pharisees, hypocrites! how can ye escape the damnation of hell?” So Pilate thought, when in reply to his question—half, perhaps, in veneration, and half in scorn, “Art thou a king?” he answered, “Thou sayest that I am a king.”

No matter where—no matter when—no matter what he said—whether in the temple, surrounded by the doctors of the law, hearing and asking them questions, or whether on the deck of the vessel, surrounded by the fishermen of

Galilee; or whether in the towns, and cities, and villages, and Judaea, healing the sick and raising the dead; or whether at the tribunal of Pilate, the object of contempt and scorn—“never man spake like that man.” There was a power and an authority, and an influence, in all he said that none could gainsay or resist. The grabbling scribes heard him and they were confounded. The haughty pharisees heard him, and they were abashed. The frantic demoniac heard him, and he was still. The diseased heard him, and felt impulses of health bent in all his veins. The dead heard him, and broke his silence and rose. “Never man spake like this man.” And yet the power and authority which he spoke was not that which thrones, and sceptres, and diadems could confer—it was not the power and authority of racks, and gibbets, and dungeons—it was not the power and authority of the princes and potentates of the world, who send the thunders of their artillery against all who dare to resist their mandate. No; it was the power of light beaming upon the understanding—it was the power of truth making its way to the conscience—it was the power of God speaking to mortals by his Son.—*Lt. Raffles.*

MATTER AND SPIRIT.

What is a spirit? Philosophy tells us it is something distinct from matter. Matter can be examined, can be analyzed: matter is known to possess certain positive qualities—solidity, extension, divisibility and so on. Philosophy will go into the examination of matter, and the laws of matter, and almost the whole encyclopedia of science is confined to the range of material existence. Astronomy expatiates amidst those huge masses of matter that move in solemn and silent pomp over the surface of the beautiful canopy above. There is the region of astronomy, with all its sublime, and all its glorious conceptions; but it is matter and subject to the laws of matter; for all the movements of those mysterious bodies are regulated by certain laws, which do not touch spirit. And when you have said all you can about the centrifugal and centripetal forces, when you have gone far into the arcana of these wonderful subjects, you have only touched matter; you have not found a single law or principle that touches spirit. You come down; you range over the surface of the earth: and though you may be acquainted with every thing, from the cedar that is in Lebanon, to the hyssop that springeth out of the wall, it is matter—matter vegetated—matter in diversified forms. You come to chemistry; you examine the various minerals, and so on; you go into the bowels of the earth, and explore its various strata; it is still matter. Let us pursue philosophy, and follow it into its deepest recesses, whether lofty or profound; let us go through the whole range of science—it is material. You take up the mysterious body of man: let it be dissected; let its anatomy be displayed to us, its mysterious structure unfolded—it is only the science of matter.

What is spirit. Tell me. We have treatises on the powers of the human mind; and we are told of perception, of intelligence, of volition, and of the various attributes that distinguish spirit from matter. What is spirit? Nobody can tell. The spirit! My spirit! Why, it is the seat of thought; it is the region of intelligence; it is the throne in which all affection is seated; it is the centre whence issues all that renders man agreeable to man. It is there that the Holy Ghost takes up his abode; it is there he pours forth his light; it is there he breathes his influence; it is there he exerts his power. And, my brethren, it is the spirit, after all, that constitutes the man.—*Theophilus Lessey.*

LIFE.—Life itself is a wonder, and in its principles, inexplicable: its preservation is not less so. Apparently it depends on the circulation of the blood through the heart, the lungs, and the whole system, by means of the arteries and veins; and this seems to depend on the inspiration and expiration of the air, by means of the lungs. While the pulsations of the heart continue, the blood circulates, and life is preserved. But this seems to depend on respiration, or the free inhaling of the atmospheric air, and expiration of the same. While therefore, we freely breathe; while the lungs receive and expel the air, by respiration of