

but neither money, goods, nor anything of value. This lesson has been most salutary to the King and his chiefs, to see that the man whom they considered was possessed of endless wealth, had died without the value of a keg of gunpowder in his stores to be fired over his remains, which is with them considered extreme poverty; thus confounding them, and shaking their confidence in the stability of the slave trade. Such was the end of one of the greatest slave dealers of modern times.

### WAS IT PROVIDENCE?

Take, for example, a young girl bred delicately in town, shut up in a nursery in her childhood, in a boarding school through her youth, never accustomed to air and exercise—two things that the law of God makes essential to health. She marries; her strength is inadequate to the demand upon it. Her beauty fades early. "What a strange providence that a mother should be taken in the midst of life from her children!" Was it Providence? No! Providence has assigned her three years and ten years, a term long enough to rear her children, and to see her children's children; but she did not obey the laws on which life depends, and of course, lost it.

A father too, is cut off in the midst of his days. He is a useful and distinguished citizen, and eminent in his profession. A general buzz rises on every side, of "What a striking providence!" This man has been in the habit of studying half the night, or passing his days in his office and the courts, and eating luxurious dinners, and of drinking various whines. His has every day violated the law on which health depends. Did providence cut him off? The evil rarely ends here. The diseases of the father are often transmitted; and a feeble mother rarely leaves behind her vigorous children.

It has been customary in some of our cities, for young ladies to walk in thin shoes and delicate stockings in mid winter. A healthy blooming girl who thus dresses, in violation of Heaven's laws pays the penalty—a checked circulation; cold fever and death. "What a sad providence!" exclaimed her friends. Was it Providence, or her own useless and sad folly?

A beautiful young bride goes, night after night, to parties made in honor of her marriage. She has a slight sore throat perhaps, and the weather inclement; but she must wear her neck and arms bare; for who ever heard of a bride in a close evening dress? She is consequently seized with inflammation of the lungs, and the grave receives her before her bridal day is over. What a Providence! exclaims the world. Alas! Did she not cut the thread of life her own self!

A girl in the country, exposed to our changeable climate, gets a new bonnet instead of getting a flannel garment. A rheumatism is the consequence. Should the girl sit down tranquilly with the idea that Providence has sent the rheumatism upon her, or should she charge it to her own vanity, and avoid the folly in future? Look my young friends at the mass of diseases that are incurred by intemperance in eating and drinking, in study or business; by neglect of exercise, cleanliness or pure air; by indirect dressing, tight lacing, &c., and all is quietly imputed to providence! Is there not impiety as well as ignorance in this? Were the physical laws strictly observed from generation to generation, there would be an end to the frightful diseases that cut life short, and a long list that make life a torment or trial. It is the opinion of those who best understand the physical system, that this wonderful machine, the body, "goodly temple, would gradually decay, and men would die as if falling asleep."

**THE TONGUE.**—Give not thy tongue too great liberty, lest it take thee prisoner. A word unspoken is, like the sword in the scabbard, thine. If vented, thy sword is in another's hand. If thou desire to be held wise, be so wise as to hold thy tongue.

**BE HAPPY.**—We ought to think ourselves very happy, in that we know enough to make us happy. If we are not so happy as we desire, it is well, we are not so miserable as we deserve. There are none but have received more good than they have done, and done more evil than they have suffered.

### THE RAINBOW.

Triumphal arch that fillest the sky,  
When storms prepare to part,  
I ask not proud philosophy,  
To teach me what thou art.  
Still seem as to my childhood's sight,  
A midway station given,  
For happy spirits to alight  
Betwixt the earth and heaven.  
Can all that optics teach, unfold  
Thy form to please me so,  
As when I dreamt of gems and gold  
Hid in thy radiant bow?  
When science from creation's face  
Enchantment's veil withdraws,  
What lovely visions yield their place  
To cold material laws!

And yet, fair bow, no fabled dreams,  
But words of the Most High,  
Have told why first thy robe of beams  
Was woven in the sky.

When o'er the green undeluged earth  
Heaven's covenant thou didst shine,  
How came the world's grey fathers forth  
To watch thy sacred sign?

And when its yellow lustre smiled,  
O'er mountains yet untrod,  
Each mother held aloft her child,  
To bless the bow of God.

Methinks thy jubilee to keep,  
The first-made anthem rang,  
On earth delivered from the deep,  
And the first poet sang.

Nor ever shall the Muse's eye,  
Entraptured greet thy beam;  
Thence of primeval prophecy,  
Be still the poet's theme.

The earth to thee its incense yields,  
The lark thy welcome sings,  
When glittering in the freshened fields  
The snowy mushroom springs.

How glorious is thy girle cast,  
O'er mountain, tower, and town,  
Or mirrored in the ocean vast,  
A thousand fathoms down.

As fresh in yon horizon dark,  
As young thy beauties seem,  
As when the eagle from the ark,  
First sported in thy beam.

For faithful is its sacred page,  
Heaven still rebuilds thy span,  
Nor lets the type grow pale with age,  
That first spoke peace to man.

CAMDELL.

### Receipts for the Magazine.

#### VOL. I.

Derry West—J McB.  
Saugeen—Mr G.

#### VOL. II.

Dunbarton—Rev Mr W.  
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Quebec—J S.  
Caledonia—Js W., Jn W., A S., Mrs G.  
Albion—P R.  
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### FRESH ARRIVALS OF NEW BOOKS.

THE Undersigned has just received from the United States, a choice assortment of NEW BOOKS, &c., and expects shortly to receive, direct from the Publishers in Britain, a large addition to his present Stock, consisting of STANDARD WORKS, ENGRAVINGS, &c., which he will offer for sale at the least possible advance.

CHARLES FLETCHER.

No. 56 Yonge Street,  
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