

Or anguish in her heart, is hard to tell;
Upon her arm, a silver anchor lay,
Wherewith she lenced ever, as befit;
And ever up to Heaven, as she did pray,
Her steadfast eyes were bent, nor sweeted other way.

THE WORLD.

Having felt the severe pains of disappointment, and being much depressed and weary, I laid down on my sofa and gently fell into a state of apparent apathy; but fancy was awake in all its vigour, and I fled on the wings of imagination to a large plain called the World, where I observed two rival queens disputing for the sovereignty of mankind. The one seemed arrayed in dark attire, with a melancholy sadness depicted on her haggard countenance. In that part of the plain where she presided, all was dark and gloomy; she concealed the splendor of the sun from her subjects by the impenetrable mists which she caused to arise from the numerous lakes of distress which were stagnated in her dominions. She held in her right hand the glass of fatality, which being of a dark color made every object which was seen through it appear gloomy. Her left supported a huge massive chain, which she rattled over her subjects and terrified them to obedience.

On the other side stood a virgin neatly adorned in flowing robes of the purest white, with a beautiful smile upon her lively cheek and an amiable vivacity in her penetrating eyes. The flowing streams of contentment meandered through her meadows and gave a pleasing diversity to her cheerful dominions, all her subjects seemed happy, and discontent, expelled from her domains, unwillingly skulked away to the regions of despair. In one hand she held present happiness, and in the other future felicity. Whilst I was looking on these two rivals I was accosted by a venerable Sage, and my curiosity prompted me to enquire of him how two beings so opposite in their nature could preside over the same race of mortals. "Man, said my aged instructor, is a chargeable creature; those pursuits which engaged his anxious attention to day are, perhaps to-morrow at least endeavouring to obtain possession of some other good which has started upon his novel and consequently to him, more interesting; the person whom he loved to day, is perhaps on some unexpected account, become the object of his hatred to-morrow; sometimes he is elevated with the most melancholy fears. The name of the first whom you observed is Despair, she is a cruel Tyrant and takes her chief delight in increasing the weight of those sorrows which were sufficiently oppressive before. Many who have been unfortunate in life seem determined to increase their misery by submitting themselves to her horrid sovereignty. Instead of endeavouring to soothe their minds with the healing balm of sympathy, her subjects only esteem those as friends who endeavour to fill their minds with melancholy ideas by painting their situations in the darkest colors. In the anticipation of future events they think that each will be unfortunate, and thus their imaginations make every future occurrence partake of the present gloom which envelopes their minds. They see not any consolation in future hopes, nor do they elevate their expectations to those eternal rewards which piety promises in that scene of un fading bliss to which their noblest anticipation should aspire. In lamenting their woe they forget the means of alleviating it, and present pain makes them lose sight of those glorious hopes which are full of immortality, and intended to console the mind of man amidst all his disappointments and distresses.

The other whom you observed is Hope, man's noblest friend; she enlivens the most gloomy prospect and diffuses a pleasing satisfaction over the most dejected mind.

She does not lead us to bury our souls in insensibility, but she directs our attention to scenes in futurity, which enlarge the joys and lessen the sorrows of life. She directs the immortal soul to wing its way to the regions of eternity, and not to content itself with the trivial and insecure enjoyments of this restricted state. Learn then my son, concluded this sage instructor, from the lips of experience, when you anticipate as future to confide in the Supreme power which controls every event, can disappoint our most sanguine hopes or disappoint our most melancholy fears."

Gratitude is a duty none can be excused from because it is always in our own disposal.

ELEGANT EXTRACT.

Alas! how little do we appreciate a mother's tenderness while living. How heedless are we, in youth, of all her anxieties and kindness. But when she is dead and gone; when the cares and coldness of the world come withering to our hearts; when we find how hard it is to find true sympathy, how few love us for ourselves, how few will befriend us in our misfortunes; then it is we think of the mother we have lost. It is true I had always loved my mother, even in my most heedless days; but I felt how inconsiderate and ineffectual had been my love. My heart melted as I retraced the days of infancy, when I was led by a mother's hand, and rocked to sleep in a mother's arms, and was without care or sorrow. "Oh, my mother," exclaimed I, burying my face in the grass of the grave—"Oh, that I were once more by your side;—sleeping, never to wake again, on the cares and troubles of this world."

REGULARITY.

There is in many people, especially in youth, a strange aversion to regularity; a desire to delay what ought to be done immediately in order to do something else, which might as well be done afterwards. Be assured it is of more consequence than you can conceive, to get the better of this idle procrastinating spirit, and to acquire habits of constancy and steadiness, even in the most trifling matters; without them there can be no regularity or consistency of action or character, no dependence on your best intentions, which a sudden humour may attempt to lay aside for a time, and which a thousand unforeseen accidents will afterwards render it more and more difficult to execute: no one can say what important consequences may follow a neglect of this kind. Mrs. Chapone.

ANECDOTES.

Never, perhaps, was the character of a Christian missionary carried higher than in the person of the late venerable Mr. Schwartz, who commenced his work under the sanction of the Danish Mission College in 1750, and closed his career in triumph in 1798, after having laboured almost half a century. Such was the esteem that he had acquired among the heathen, that, when amidst a barbarous and lawless banditti, he was suffered to pass with his catechumens unmolested, unsuspected, and through contending parties of them. They said, "Let him alone; let him pass; he is a man of God!" This apostle of the eighteenth century has saved the inhabitants of a fort from perishing by famine, when the neighbouring heathen have refused to supply it with provisions, on any other assurance than that of his word. Even that tyrant Hyder Ally, while he refused to negotiate in a certain treaty with others, said, "Send me Schwartz; send me the Christian missionary; I will treat with him, for him only can I trust."

Another fact, relative to this great man, is worth mentioning. When the late Rajah of Tanjore was dying, and desired to commit his adopted son, the present Rajah, to this missionary, and with him of course, the care of his dominions, the Christian, after the example of his Master, was not to be dazzled by the kingdoms of this world, nor the glory of them. He persuaded the dying prince to place the government of his son and of his affairs in other hands. But a

greater honour was reserved for him, which he could not refuse. At his death, the Hindoo Rajah shed a flood of tears over his body; and afterwards wrote to England for a monument, which was executed by Mr. Flaxman; conveyed to Tanjore at the expense of the East India Company, and erected in the church founded by Mr. Schwartz, and in which he preached.

At the funeral of Mr. Schwartz, the Rajah came to do honour to his memory in the presence of his Brahmical court. He covered the body with a gold cloth, and shed a flood of tears. He afterwards composed an epitaph for him, whom he called "his Father and his Friend," and caused it to be inscribed on the stone which covers Schwartz's grave, in one of the Christian churches of Tanjore.

The English also have pronounced a noble and affecting encomium on the character of this estimable missionary.

The Honourable the East India Company sent out to Madras a monument of marble, executed by Mr. Bacon, to be erected in the church of St. Mary at that place, to the memory of the Rev. Mr. Schwartz, with a suitable inscription; and they announced it, in their general letter, dated October 29, 1806, "as a testimony of the deep sense they entertained of his transcendent merit, of his unwearied labours in the cause of religion and piety, and of his public services at Tanjore, where the influence of his name and character was, for a long course of years, productive of important benefits to the Company." The honourable court further adds—"On no subject has the court of directors been more unanimous than in their anxious desire to perpetuate the memory of this eminent person, and to excite in others an emulation of his great example."

The ungrateful, says Xenophon, are neither fit to serve the gods, their country, nor their friends.

POETRY.

THE FADED ROSE.

I do remember in a lonely spot,
(Whose very beauty might be well forgot,)
There was a rose, of nature's choicest growth,
Such as the night-bird seeks, and makes her bow;
The breeze would sigh around it, as 'twere loth
To bear the perfume from so sweet a flower:
The dew of heaven lov'd it, and the ray
Of evening linger'd for its latest smile;
One would have deem'd that it could not decay,
So lov'd, so sweetly nurtur'd, but the gale
Of autumn night-winds stole its bloom away.
It died, and morning found a dewy gem,
Hung as in mockery on the wither'd stem.

And there was one, a lovely, lovely one,
Who faded like that rose; the worm of grief,
Of soul-lid sorrow that was told to none,
Of every bitterness that mock'd relief,
Pray'd on that lovely flower, and leaf by leaf
It fell to nothingness;

Some thought she strove
With that unslumbering serpent, blighted rose,

THE BATTLE SCENE.

When after battle I the field have seen,
Spread o'er with ghastly shapes which once were men,
A nation crush'd, a nation of the brave,
A realm of death, and on the side the grave,
Are there, said I, why from this sad survey,
This human chaos, carry smiles away?
How did my heart in indignation rise,
How honest nature swell'd into my eyes,
How was I shock'd to think the hero's trade,
Of such materials, fame and triumph made.