

him, and he was seen no more. — The poor landman, who, at a small distance, witnessed and escaped his fate, was exceedingly shocked at what had happened; nor was he much less terrified under the apprehensions of his own danger. He saw no prospect of escape by land, and, indeed, there was not, at that time, any refuge from impending destruction, but what the wreck itself afforded. Thither, a gracious Providence directed his attention, and, contrary to all human expectation, enabled him to regain it before the night closed upon him. Here he continued for four or five days, until he was rescued from his solitary and dreary abode by some of the crew who remained at an island near the wreck. To them, with much honest simplicity, he related the foregoing particulars of himself, and the unhappy G. H.

EASTERN BOYS.

One cannot but be struck with the remarkable intelligence of the youths of this country, whose understandings seem to be matured before the age at which it first unfolds itself in more northern regions. Their acuteness of perception is often followed up by a corresponding power of reasoning, which very soon fits them for the society of their elders, so that, notwithstanding they are kept at a very humble distance by their own immediate parents, they are admitted to a great equality with grown up strangers. When men scold them, a proper answer is always sure to be returned; and if they, in their turn, address a stranger, it would be considered an unpardonable rudeness for the stranger not to return them some complimentary expression. It is thus, that they become early habituated to social intercourse, and I scarcely remember an instance of what we call "mauvaise honte" among them, though this is so common among the children of our own country.

In the caravan, we had a little slave boy, named Feradj, born of Abyssinian parents, in the service of the Hadjee Abdel Rakhman, who, though only eight years old, had accompanied his master to Mecca, and was now as useful in superintending the loading and discharge of the Hadjee's personal baggage, and in waiting on him at table, as any servant of the suite. We had another, named Zechariah, not yet ten years of age, who had accompanied his father across the desert, from Bagdad to Aleppo, and after a stay of some months there, was going back with us by way of Mouzul. The intelligence with which these boys would make purchases, execute errands, or answer enquiries, was really admirable, and excited constant regret, that such fine capacities should remain uncultivated.

Whether it be that the premature development of their powers naturally leads to as early a decline, or whether, from the want of that exercise which the vivacity of youth demands, the understandings of their age are not proportionably good, I know not; but though in infancy, they are naturally superior to Europeans, yet, the distance between their wisest men, and the merely well informed gentlemen of England, is really immeasurable.

Buckingham's Travels in Mesopotamia.

ANECDOTES.

THE REFLECTING CHILD.

"What occasions that melancholy look?" said I to one of my young favourites one morning. He turned

away to hide a tear ready to start into his eye: his brother answered for him, "Mether is very angry with him because he would not say his prayers last night, and cried all day because a little sparrow died that he was fond of." At this the little mourner hastily turned round, and looking at me exclaimed, "I could not say thy will be done, because of my poor bird." I took him by the hand, and pointing to his school-fellows, mark this observation, said I, from the youngest present, only six years old, for it explains the nature of prayer, of which, perhaps, some of you are ignorant. Many persons repeat words who never prayed in their lives. My dear boy, I am very glad to find you were afraid to say to God what you could not say truly from your heart. but you may beg of him to give you submission to his will, and you may try to forget the loss of your sparrow, and find another to supply its place; for that is what all wise persons do, instead of fretting and vexing themselves, they consider how to retrieve their losses by other means.

A pious member of a church in the north of England, had often entreated a friend of his (who was quite a man of the world) to accompany him to the house of God, and an often entreated in vain; till one Sunday evening, on meeting him on his way to divine worship, and thinking it a favorable opportunity, he renewed his opportunities, and after many refusals persuaded him to accompany him; he displayed the utmost indifference to the first part of the sermon, and seemed impatient to be gone; but all at once his attention became fixed, and the deepest seriousness pervaded his countenance. The minister, through divine grace, had awakened him to a sense of his danger, and he felt his situation as a sinner. After service he opened his mind to his friend, and entreated his advice; an evident change took place in his future conduct he was no longer the gay, the dissipated man of the world, but the pious, humble christian, devoting himself to the service and interest of the gospel. Ought not such an example as this my young friends, to encourage us to persevere in the cause of Christ, and never to be cast down by difficulties which may at first appear insurmountable; and let this motive acute us—that if we are the means of saving but one soul during our whole lives we shall have gained a greater victory, through Christ, than the conqueror of a world.

SELECT SENTENCES.

Satan labors to put off the sinner with delays. Flitting thoughts of repenting he fears not. He can give sinners leave to talk what they will do, so that he can keep such thoughts from coming to a head, and ripening to a present resolution. Few are in hell but what thought of repenting, only they could never fix upon the time in earnest when to do it. The command saith, "Now repent." God saith, "To day, while it is called to-day." Satan saith, "To-morrow." Which will you obey, God or him? Thou sayest, thou meanest at last to do it; then why not now? which is the morrow thou meanest? thou hast but a day in thy life for aught thou knowest: where then canst thou find a morrow for repentance?

Were we called upon to name the object under the sun which excites the deepest commiseration in the heart of Christ? in sensibility, which includes in itself the most affecting incongruities which contains the sum and substance of human misery, we would not hesitate to say, "an arraigned old age."—*Hannah More.*

The difference is not great between fearing a danger and feeling it, except that the evil one feels has some bounds, whereas one's apprehen-

sions have none. For we can suffer no more than what actually has, but we fear all that possibly may have happened.

To be great is not in every one's power, but to be good is in the power of all.

The utmost perfection we are capable of in this world, is to govern our lives and actions by the rules which nature hath set us, and keeping the order of our creation.

He is a wise man, who, though not skilled in science, knows how to govern his passions and affections. Our passions are our infirmities. He that can make a sacrifice of his will, is lord of himself.

Passion has its foundation in nature; virtue is acquired by the improvement of our reason.

No man is master of himself, so long as he is a slave to any thing else.

Prudence governs the wise; but there are but a few of that sort and the most wise are not so at all times; whereas passion governs almost all the world, and at most times.

They that have the fewest desires, hopes, and such like agitations of mind, are ever the most serene and quiet.

It is the basest of passions, to like what we have not, and slight what we possess.

Physic hath not more remedies against the diseases of the body, than reason hath preservatives against the passions of the mind.

He who indulges his sense in any excess renders himself obnoxious to his own reason; and to gratify the brute in him, displeases the man, and set his two natures at variance.

POETRY.

"THERE REMAINETH THEREFORE A REST."

While through life's low and rugged vale
We pilgrims onward stray;
Though bright awhile, oft sorrows veil
Englooms our weary way:
Some secret foe, the bosom's guest,
Will never let the spirit rest.

Perchance with feelings keen endued,
The world's embittering scorn:
With gall embues our gratitude,
And midst our joys we mourn:
While cold unkindness wrings the breast,
How can the wounded spirit rest?

Though struggling 'gainst the tempter's power,
We feel returning sin;
Though oft subdued, each passing hour
Still shows its trace within:
While sin thus struggles in the breast,
How can the wearied spirit rest?

The child beloved—the bosom's friend
Oft shun the narrow road,
O'er pleasure's path their way they wend,
Lost aliens from our God:
While mourning o'er their fate, unblest,
How can the grieving spirit rest?

Is there no rest?—Yes! grieve no more—
A day of rest will come!
Mere pilgrims here, life's trial o'er,
We soon shall reach our home:
That Home where cares no more molest—
There shall the wearied spirit rest.

There sin no more shall wound the soul,
Nor human wrongs overwhelm;
Pure holiness maintain control
Throughout that peaceful realm:
From dust redeemed, amidst the blest—
There shall we know a perfect rest!